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THE NEW YORKER

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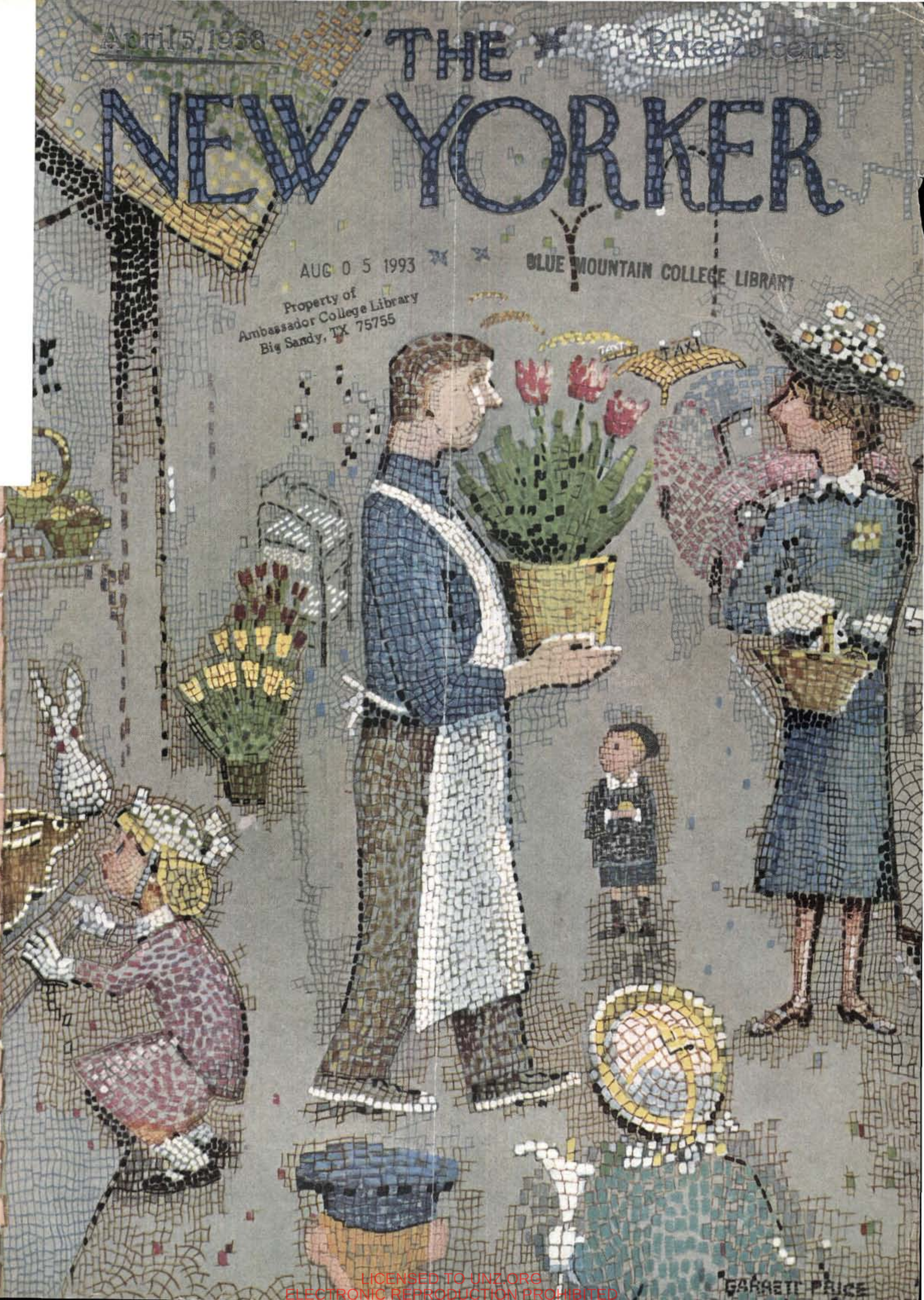
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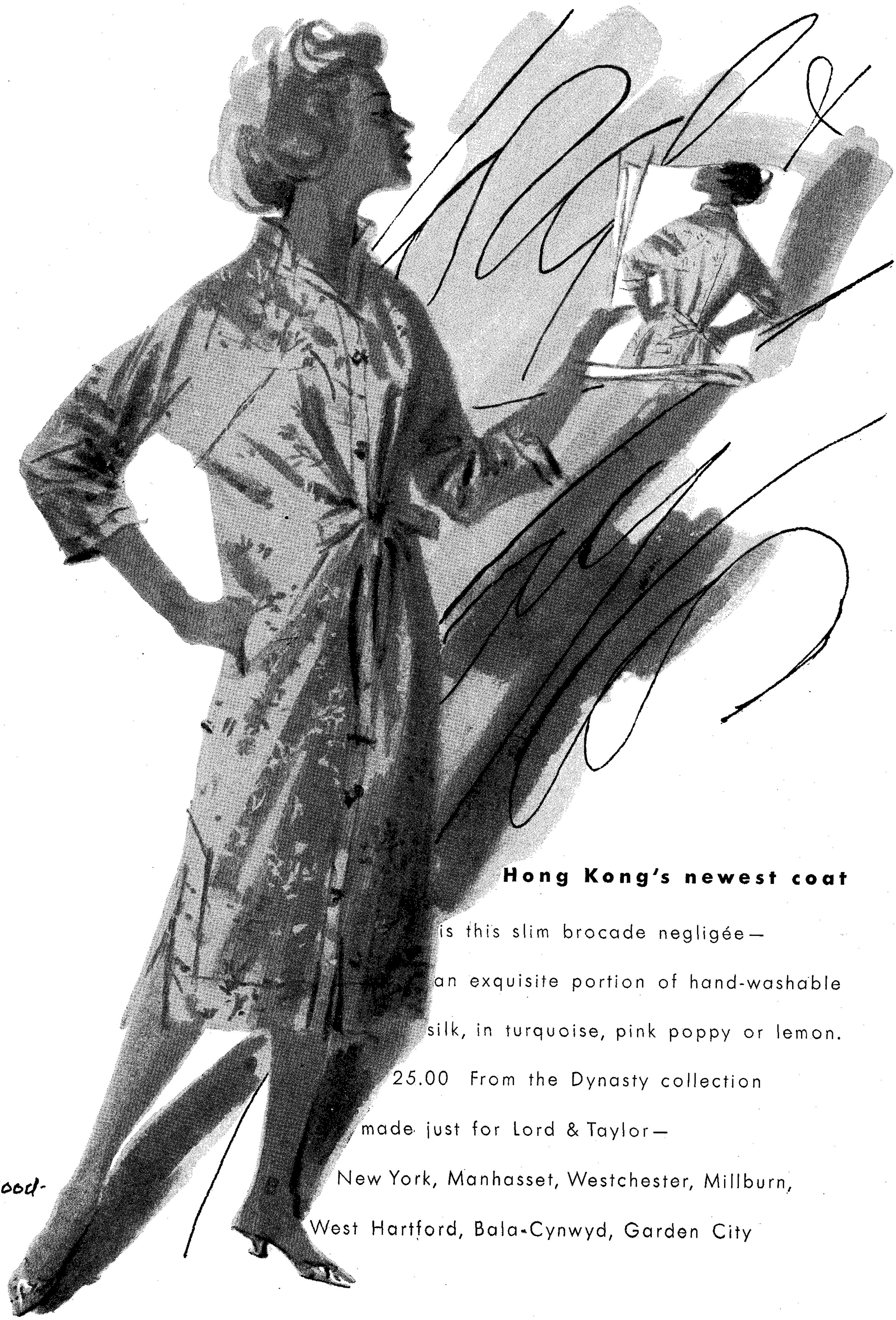

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Back to Methuselah—Arnold Moss has cut Shaw's play about immortality from ninety thousand to thirty thousand words, but it still seems interminable and perhaps a little ridiculous. Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher head the cast, which includes Mr. Moss, Valerie Bettis, and Richard Easton. Margaret Webster directed. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a memorable and wonderfully versatile performance as a seedy music-hall artist in John Osborne's somewhat vacant tragedy. The cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. After Saturday, April 5, no performances until Friday, April 11.)

Fair Game—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcee, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are first-rate as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play, and Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom are very satisfactory in supplementary roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are convincing in leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with enormous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy about a fine collection of lunatics and lovers is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Ray Walston, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Greer Garson now is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. E. Y. Harburg wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Fred Saidy on the libretto, and the cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Also with Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" that may lack some of the humor of the original but is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes in a musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **new girl in town:** George Abbott's rearrangement of O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Bob Merrill did the songs, and Thelma Ritter heads the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Say, Darling—A comedy about a musical, by Richard Bissell, Abe Burrows, and Marian Bissell. It is based on Mr. Bissell's novel and has songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne. David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head a cast directed by Mr. Burrows. Produced by Mr. Styne and Lester Osterman. Opens Thursday, April 3. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40;

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opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Joyce Grenfell—The British comedienne in a one-woman show of new monologues and songs, with music by Richard Addinsell. Presented by Roger L. Stevens and Laurier Lister for a four-week engagement, starting Monday, April 7. Preview Saturday, April 5, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Next President—A revue starring monologuist Mort Sahl and also employing the Jimmy Giuffre jazz trio and a group called the Folk Singers. Produced and directed by Frank B. Nichols. Opens Wednesday, April 9. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Me Little—Donald Cook and Joan Bennett in a comedy by John G. Fuller, adapted from Amanda Vail's novel of the same name. The director is Alfred Drake, the producer Alexander H. Cohen. Previews Monday through Saturday, April 7-12, at 8:30; matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, April 14. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, April 10, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Lester Rawlins. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Circle in the Square—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those who appear in it. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Gate Theatre—"The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Mews Theatre—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Martinique Theatre—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—The Stratford Festival Company of Canada in a six-week repertory of two plays. The schedule through Sunday, April 13: Donald Harron's "The Broken Jug," based on a comedy by Heinrich von Kleist, Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, and Tuesday through Sunday, April 8-13. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, April 27.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin and Frances Reid in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre 74—François Mauriac's "Asmodée," translated by Beverly Thurman, with Louis Edmonds and Elizabeth Farrar. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Thursday, April 3, at 2:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden" (première), and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8:30: "Night Journey," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Cave of the Heart." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Monday, April 7, at 8:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Embattled Garden," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30: "Night Journey," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 2: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8:30: "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:30: "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787.)

Les Ballets de Paris—A company headed by Jeanmaire and Roland Petit, in an engagement presented by Arthur Lesser. Three of four new ballets ("La Dame dans la Lune," "Counter Point," "La Rose des Vents," and "La Chambre"), plus "Carmen," will be offered at each performance. Opens Monday, April 7. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Juilliard Dance Theatre—A program of works by Doris Humphrey, José Limón (who will appear with members of his company), Donald McKayle, and Anna Sokolow. With the Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus, directed by Frederick Prausnitz, and Howard Lebow, piano. For the benefit of the Juilliard Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey rites of spring. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 12, at 10 A.M. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and Burnand and Sullivan's "Cox and Box." For the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 12, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—There are times when it looks like Academy Award Night; there are times when it looks like the opening of the Met. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's small dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Benee, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there is Jana Mason, a very pretty songbird with a Sunday punch (practically a Sugar Ray Robinson one) and the courage of her convictions, one of which is the innocent notion that she can improve on the lyrics of Larry Hart. She will have the floor through Tuesday, April 8; a night later, Jane Powell, of what's left of Hollywood movies, will have her first go, mainly vocal, at local life after dark. The engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys will be good until well into the spring. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which divides its time between audience participation (which you can get on television almost any old time) and dance music, some of it with a touch of Dixie. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or even sitting in the lap of luxury, can be practiced in the Maisonette, where one can also prance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. During dinner and supper, Florence Henderson and Bill Hayes, a couple of prepossessing graduates of musi-

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cal comedy, turn their voices loose. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—This is what has become of the Ambassador Hotel after a recent name-calling contest. The Embassy Club, happily intact, goes right on being one of the stately homes of Park Avenue. There's dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's thriving band contains almost more maracas, gourds, and other Latin toys than he, as conductor, can shake a stick at, so the vast Café Rouge sometimes suggests a West Indian hurricane. The boys blow intermittently for both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The artwork of Paris's Tin Pan Alley is on display at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The demonstrators are Varel and Bailly, two of the most active Alley cats, and their voices are backed by a glee club called Les Chanteurs de Paris. They do their final performance on Saturday, April 5. On Monday, April 7, Maurice Chevalier, the Parisian Ponce de León, will officially open New York's straw-hat season. Opening night will be a benefit for the New York Infirmary. The thunder of Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keeps the customers on the move all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the eminent Cy Walter, in charge of a trio, and a crew led by Jozsi Ribari plunk down genuine handmade New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Night owls feathering their nest with gags, gossip, and possibly a dash of gibberish. The professional part of the roundelay is Jack Banan's *sous-cloche* jazz piano, which is in the ancient-and-honorable groove. It starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at six. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his complex piano études have the place of honor on the supper menu (ten o'clock until one-thirty or two). Lights out on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Eternal Rome, city of musicians, city of chefs. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) is Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, plus a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A venerable institution revived in a nice new colonnade. The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Slinger Francisco, a West Indian with a guitar in his hands and island songs in his heart, has just reached this odd little art gallery, where Alex Kallao's trio is thumping at its musical saws. The sound begins at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, there's rambling piano by George Feyer all the way from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands every evening but Sunday, from five to eleven, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters fooling around at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays

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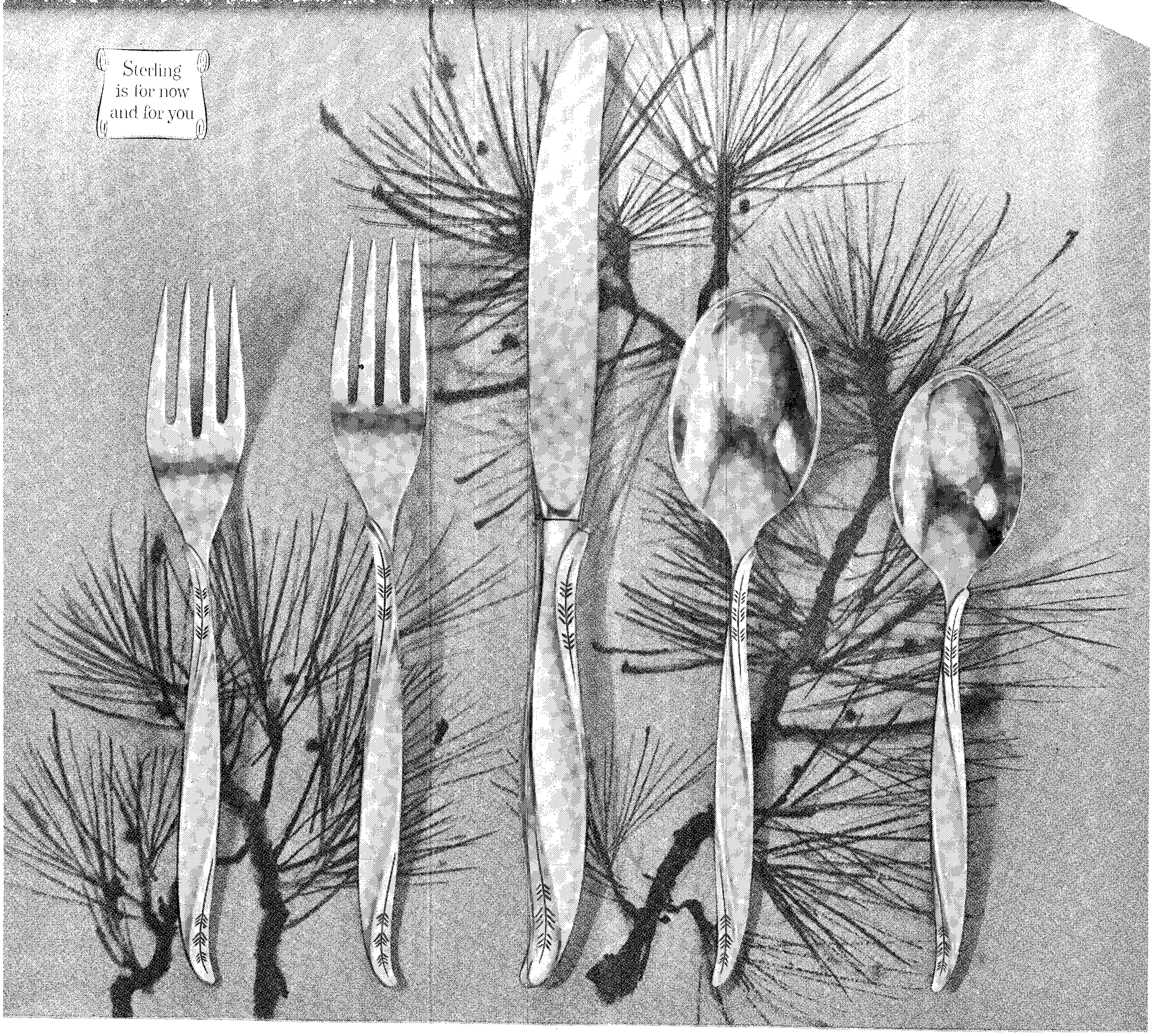
SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, who takes a dim view of anything you care to name, is being explicit about her reasons for this attitude; Anita Ellis, head in the clouds and heart in the highlands, is sounding suspiciously like the sweetest skylark this side of paradise. The silent partners in this enterprise are George LaFaye's puppets, in whom the souls of artists and the souls of clowns are neatly combined. George Matson, a flesh-and-blood pantomimist, artist, and clown, joins up on Thursday, April 10. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., Bobby Short, at his piano, plays and sings real wake-up-and-live music, and the Lyons trio runs riot. Mr. Short's finale occurs on Wednesday, April 9. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, which offers, amid some prankish décor, a steady diet of melodic line. Norman Paris and his short-hair chamber-music trio (Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia are his lifelong sidemen) take turns with the romantic piano and voice of Warren Vaughn. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Free-associational discourse by the graphic artist named Roger Price, whose most idle scrawls are filled with dire Rorschach implications; free-associational tremors by the quartet of Thelonious Monk, who helped invent modern music with a slide rule and a few old piano keys. Their soirée goes on every night but Monday, and from four to seven-thirty on Sundays, too. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An ample slice of anarchy whenever the local Nihilists really feel their oats. They are Sylvia Syms, dean of women (blues division); Phil Leeds, a wit advantageously located halfway between shyness and slyness; Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* who could drive any complaint department out of its mind; the Three Flames, musicians specializing in all-out extroversion; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As so often happens, the small bar is again a pedestal for Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of roustabout humorists. Undine Forrest, a great big beautiful thing, does the singing. The roustabouts lay off Sundays; she lays off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): An infant industry that is now branching out into the revue form. Two of the principals in this venture are Mary Harmon, an owlish child, and Jean Shepherd, an early-morning philosopher of the airwaves. Mickey Leonard's quartet provides the backdrop. Both décor and demeanor are exemplary. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The hindquarters of the wholly improbable Midtown Café, and looking like noth-



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The offer is good during the month of *April, 1958* only.

The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing so much as a Chinese ice-cream parlor. In one corner, Janice Mars sings, in a straightforward manner that conceals a considerable skill and an errant spirit of *vive le sport,* big-city songs of delight and despair, and Baldwin Bergerson, at the piano, plays his own show tunes and an eclectic collection of others. No action Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (for which Mousie Alexander has just signed up) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Tuesdays, the squad plays a team of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Easter Sunday and Monday, April 6-7, there'll be visiting firemen; namely, the St. James Society Band, from Holy Cross. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Bernard Peiffer, in whose active mind classicism and progressivism keep up a spectacular running fight. He heads a trio. Another is captained by Tal Farlow, an estimable scientist in the field of electronics, with particular attention to the guitar. Eddie Costa plays piano and vibes for him. Both groups are exponents of the music of tomorrow. The Peiffers take Sundays off, and the Farlows are away on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now under the jurisdiction of Maynard Ferguson's big band, which occasionally becomes a howling wilderness, and Les Jazz Modes quintet, which has learned to speak low. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Hearings of the interesting case of Don Shirley, a pianist whose legerdemain is second to none but who can't quite decide between jazz and a trip to the moon on gossamer wings. Both his aides are bassists. Edna Corbett, the interlude pianist, turns in a good, steady performance. All this starts at nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Musicians dedicated to living in the past gather weekends to shout "Down with progress!" Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, should be Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Cedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not everyone comes here to stop talking and listen, so down front is the best (in fact, the only) vantage point. The latter-day trios of Marian McPartland and Buddy Greco, both of which deserve attention rather than competition from the audience, report around nine. Sunday nights are set aside for guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that Jimmy Giuffre's trio, whose solemn ritual is occasionally illumined by a magic fire, will be around for a while and that Wilbur Ware's trio will replace Reese Markewich's Mark V quintet on Sunday, April 6. Bob Brookmeyer, by the way, is part of the Giuffre group. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A few nonconformists, headed by Lee Konitz, are in agreement on one point—that the farther out you get, the better. The Sunday hours are four to ten; other nights are later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the podium are Pepper Adams (one of *Down Beat's* recent knightings), Donald Byrd, and three other guys named Bop. Mondays, when they take the evening off, poets and peasants recite their innermost thoughts against an instrumental backdrop. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The perfect name for the nave of the Hotel Duane, a room that is just right acoustically for music to cut rugs to. An ample supply of this is delivered from ten o'clock or so by Max Kaminsky's hand-hewn sextet, in which you'll discover Dick Cary, Charlie Queener, Bob Wilber, Joe Benjamin, and Bobby Donaldson. Closed Sundays.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

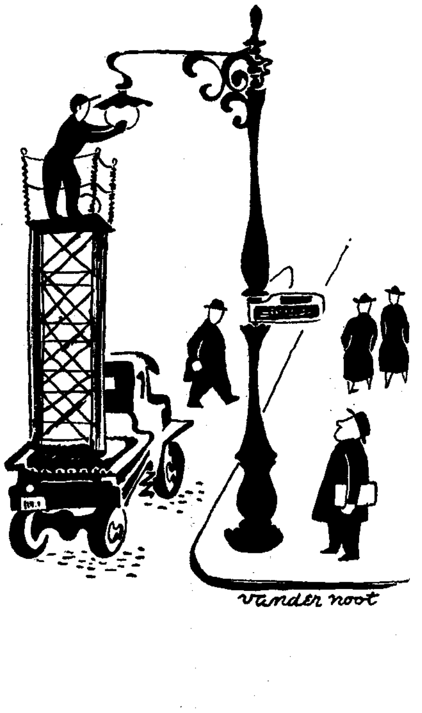
JOSEF ALBERS—A seventieth-birthday showing of recent oils, vigorously vibrant in color; through April 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings; through April 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—Semiabstract paintings; through Saturday, April 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings, unusually fluent in pattern, in his first exhibition in five years; through Saturday, April 12. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)



CHARLES CAJORI—Full-bodied, high-colored Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE CAPOGROSSI—Abstract paintings by an Italian artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A loan show of paintings; through April 26. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

ROBERT CONOVER—Abstract paintings, done in broad interlacing patterns; through Saturday, April 12. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Water colors (1939-53); through Saturday, April 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Water colors; through Saturday, April 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ—Water colors, drawings, and graphics; through April 19. (New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

ELIOT HODGKIN—Meticulously detailed still-life paintings, by a contemporary British artist; through April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALEXEJ AND ANDREAS VON JAWLENSKY—Oils by the early German Expressionist and by his son Andreas; starting Saturday, April 5. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

LUISE KAISH—New sculptures, mostly on Biblical subjects; through Friday, April 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

DONG KINGMAN—Water colors (of Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and London), full of playful, intricate detail, as usual; through Saturday, April 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT KNIPSCHILD—Abstract Impressionist paintings, in oil, encaustic, and gouache; through Saturday, April 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

IBRAM LASSAW—Welded-metal abstractions; through April 19. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—Semiabstract paintings; through April 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Oils by a Belgian Surrealist; through April 19. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

GERHARD MARCKS—Recent bronzes, suavely stylized, by this contemporary German sculptor; through Saturday, April 12. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MAXWELL—Nicely simplified, semiabstract oils, mainly landscapes; through Saturday, April 5. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

PAULA MODERSOHN-BECKER—Works by a forerunner of the German Expressionist movement. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 12. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE PAPASHVILY—Sculptures in stone; through Saturday, April 12. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

EDOUARD PIGNON—Semiabstract oils and water colors by a top-ranking member of the Paris school. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RALPH ROSENBORG—Paintings; through April 26. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

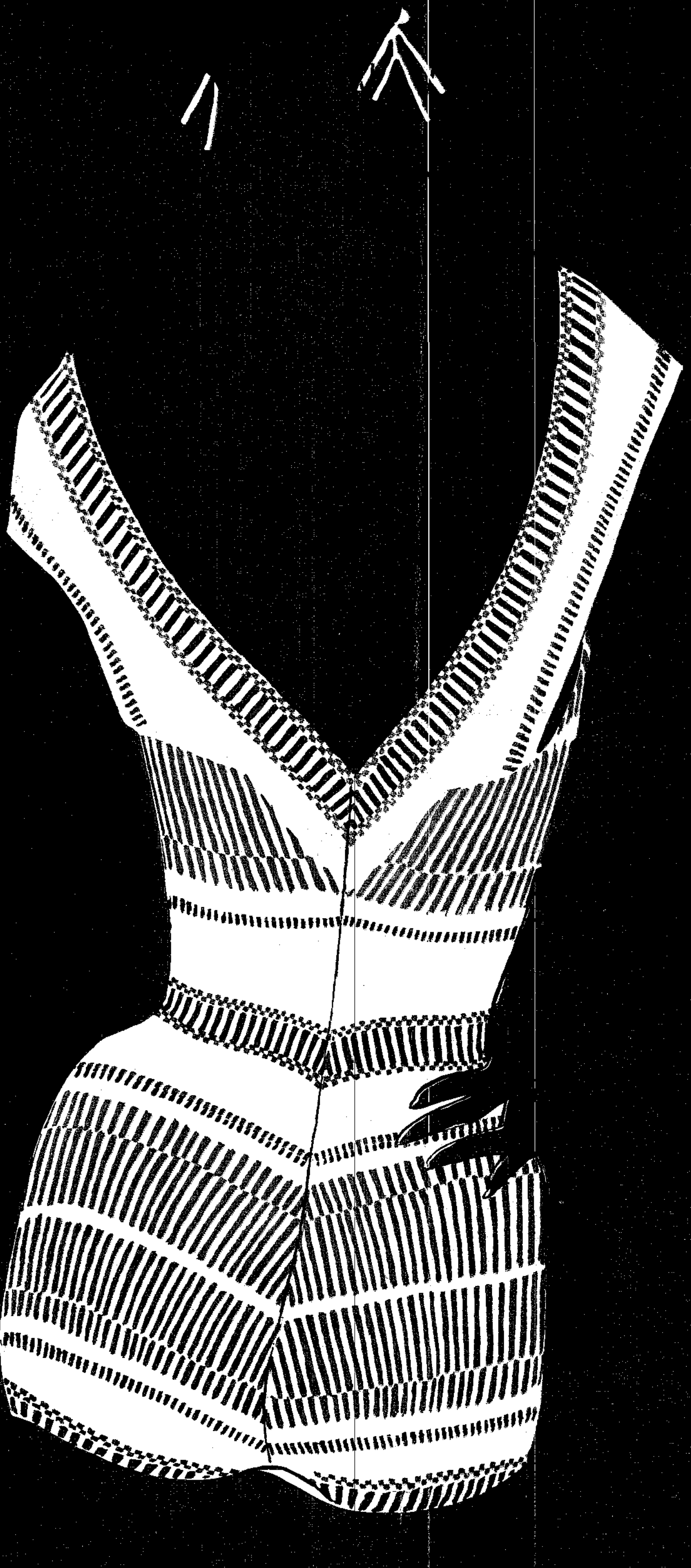
DAVID SAWIN—Pleasantly stylized still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 12. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

CHARLES SHEELER—New paintings, in his first showing in seven years; through April 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Non-objective oils; through April 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

STILL-LIFES—Examples from various schools and periods by European and American artists, including Eugène Boudin, Frans Snyders, Jan van Huysum, Paul Cézanne, William M. Harnett, and Joseph Stella; through April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—The *ninth annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphic work by candidates for* Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists represented are Milton Avery, Larry Rivers,



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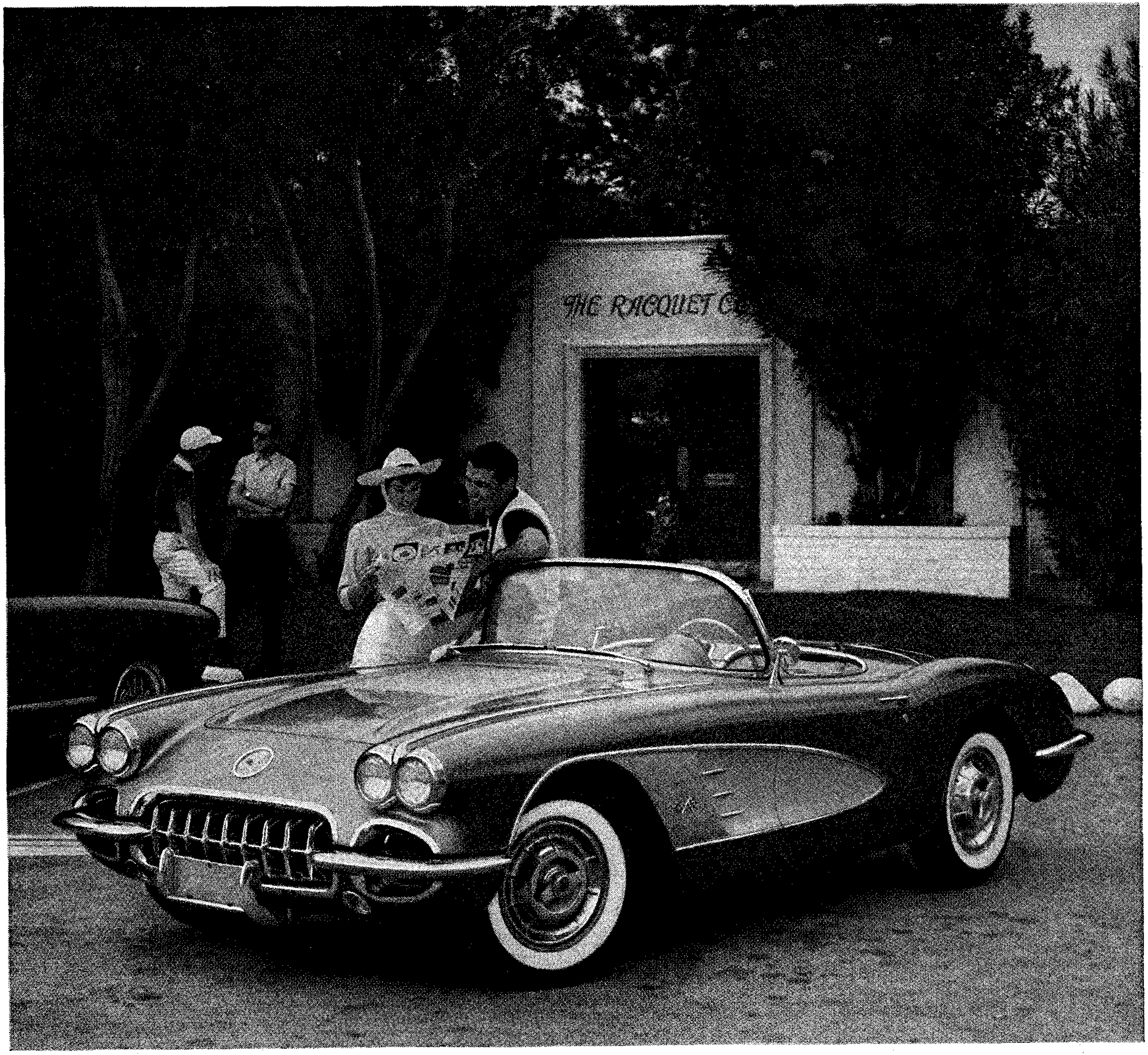

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seymour Lipton, and Leonard Baskin. Through Sunday, April 6. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, 2 to 5.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-first annual exhibition of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels; through April 20. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and other works by Joseph Stella, Leo Quanchi, and August Mosca; through Saturday, April 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Robert I. Russin, and others; through April 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, mostly by Picasso and Braque, together with sculptures by Fred Farr, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others; through April 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St., and, across the hall at the **HELLER** (weekdays, 11 to 6), Renato Guttuso; starting Monday, April 7. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: E. Powis Jones; starting Wednesday, April 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Shaw; starting Monday, April 7. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Alexander Russo; starting Monday, April 7. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: André Masson; starting Monday, April 7. . . . **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Gabriel Kohn; starting Friday, April 11. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 7. (Opening day, 8 P.M. to 10 P.M.; thereafter daily, 1 to 6, and Monday evenings until 9.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Renato Birolli; starting Monday, April 7. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Renoir; starting Wednesday, April 9. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through Thursday, April 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and drawings by the French Neo-Impressionist Georges Seurat; through May 11. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the Cubist works of Juan Gris; starting Wednesday, April 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An Easter exhibition of forty-five water colors illustrating the life of Christ, by James Joseph Jacques Tissot; through Sunday, April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—The first full-scale showing of Picasso's ceramics in New York; through May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4,

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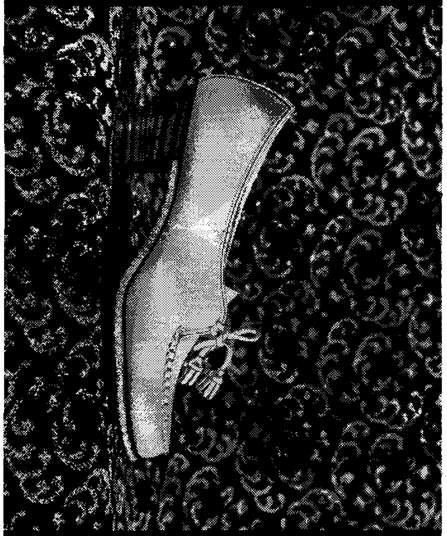

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Haymakers®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, George London, and Otto Edelmann. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce, Mario Zanasi, and Nicola Moscona. ...¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, George London, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena....¶ Monday, April 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Belen Amparan, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Zanasi....¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, George London, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena....¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Otello," with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren....¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, and George London.... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:15: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Mario Zanasi.

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of a season of American opera, which will continue through Sunday, May 4—Thursday, April 3, at 8: The New York première of Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with a book by John Latouche. ...¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."...¶ Sunday, April 6, at 8: The New York première of Mark Bucci's "Tale for a Deaf Ear;" and "Trouble in Tahiti."...¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8:15: "Lost in the Stars" (preview)....¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Lost in the Stars."... ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."...¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:15: "Tale for a Deaf Ear" and "Trouble in Tahiti." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Robert Shaw directing performances of Haydn's "The Creation" on Thursday, April 3, at 8:45; Friday, April 4, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 6, at 3 (all with Adele Addison and Louise Natale, sopranos; John McCollum, tenor; Mack Harrell and Paul Ukena, baritones; and the Robert Shaw Chorale).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 10, at 8:45, and Friday, April 11, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, April 12, at 8:45 (with John Corigliano, violin).

The Seven Last Words of Christ—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a performance of this work by Haydn, with Alexander Scourby, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at midnight.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

New Haven Chorale—Donald G. Loach directing, with an instrumental ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 12, at 8:40.)

Note—On Easter, at 3:30, about a hundred choristers, directed by John R. Jones, will take part in a program of Easter music in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center. Elisabeth Carron, soprano, will be the soloist.

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, with members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Irmgard Seefried and Wolfgang Schneiderhan—Soprano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Jean Shepherd, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, J. J. Johnson, Don Elliott, Sonny Stitt, Oscar Pettiford, Cannonball Adderley, and Philly Joe Jones are among those scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30 and 11:15.) ...¶ Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington with his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Operas-in-Brief—"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" make up the seventh program in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 5:30.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, April 12, at 2.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.) ...¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 12.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 10. The Gotham, Saturday, April 5, and the Experimental Handicap, Saturday, April 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, May 3.

Trapshooting—The Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 12, at 9:30 and noon, and Sunday, April 13, at 10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and Burnand and Sullivan's "Cox and Box." For the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 12, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

Plays—By the THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma," a musical play, Saturday, April 5....¶ "Taming of the Shrew," a musical play, Saturday, April 12. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.)... JUNIOR THEATRE: "Hansel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday through Friday, April 7-11, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)... CRICKET THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty," a musical play. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, at 11, 1, and 3, and Sunday, April 13, at 11 and 12:30.)... TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Enchanted Treasure," Wednesday, April 9, at 11 and 2:40....¶ "Pinocchio," Thursday, April 10, at 11. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)... KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Thursday, April 10, at 5.)

Recital—Pete Seeger in a program of folk songs. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 12, at 2.)

Variety Shows—The Folktale Puppet Studios presenting three of Aesop's Fables. (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 12, at 11 and 2:30.)...¶ "Peter Rab-

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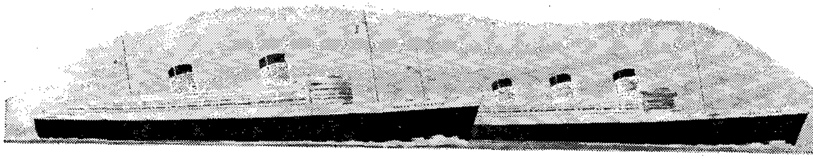

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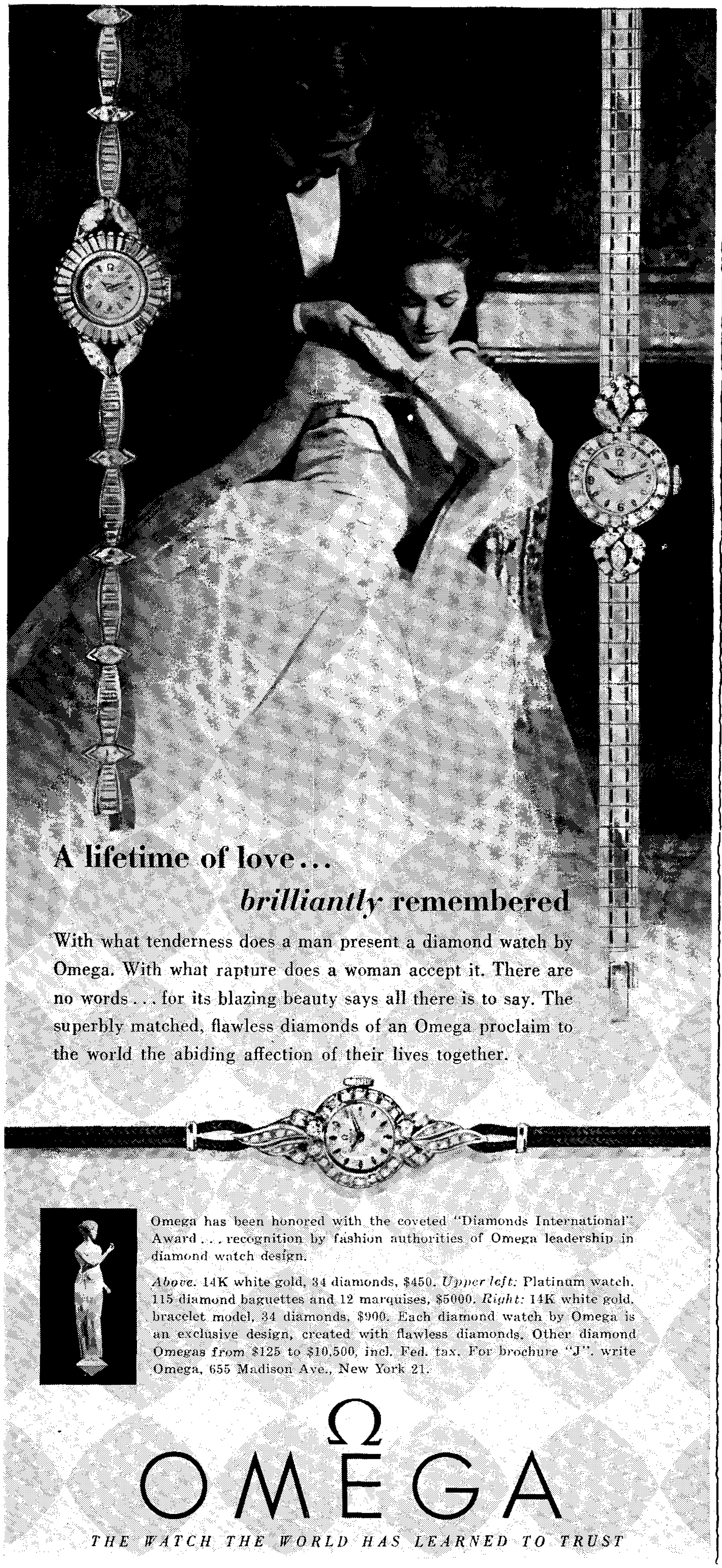

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Ω OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

bit," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 12, at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—Barney the Goose will again be host at the opening of the Zoo on Saturday, April 5. Among his numerous assistants will be such old favorites as Petunia the Skunk, George the Crow, and Gretchen the Angora Goat, and a flock of newborn kids, ducks, chickens, rabbits, and kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. An additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the astronomical background of Easter and Passover, will be shown through Monday, April 14. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 3, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 5, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 7, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 8-11, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until April 15, when the Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—E. E. Cummings reading from his own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 6, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers, with special displays of Easter lilies and primroses, and a children's exhibit, featuring rabbits and a large Easter egg. (Daily, 10 to 4:30, and Easter until 5:30; through April 13.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—A vast array of new cars, among them sports, economy, family, and luxury models, from manufacturers in the United States, England, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Sweden. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 5, through Sunday, April 13. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 3, and Saturday, April 5, both at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and prints by such artists as Buffet, Jean Dufy, Matisse, and Toulouse-Lautrec, along with French furniture and decorations; owned by Davis Brown and others.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through April 5, showings at 3: "Seventh Heaven"

(1927), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ April 6-9, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: April 18-22, April 29-30, May 2-4, and May 6-15.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 26.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. May 3.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Annapolis. May 3.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. May 3.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 10.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Club (Spring) Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 26-27.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Sugartown, Pa. May 3.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 8-10.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 19.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 19.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 26.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 3.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 10.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: May 3-31. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 3. . . . BELMONT PARK: May 12-July 5. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 17.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: April 27.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 25-26.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 3.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. May 9-11.)

MUSIC—CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 27. . . . ¶ Gloria Lind, soprano; Albert Da Costa, tenor; Louis Sgarro, bass; and the Symphony of the Air, in a benefit concert, April 13. . . . ¶ Yale Glee Club, Smith College Glee Club, and Yale University Orchestra, April 20. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 22. . . . ¶ Deutschmeister Band, April 28. . . . ¶ Interracial Fellowship Chorus, May 4. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 8. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Mac Morgan, baritone, April 13. . . . ¶ Licia Albanese and Victoria de los Angeles, sopranos; Cornelia Otis Skinner, monologuist; José and Amparo Iturbi, pianos; and Leonard Warren, baritone, in a benefit concert, April 15. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 18. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 19. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 22. . . . ¶ Paulist Choristers, May 8.

DANCE PROGRAMS—The Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 14-May 3.

THEATRE—Scheduled to open during the next several weeks are: "The Firstborn," Christopher Fry's verse drama, starring Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle, Roddy McDowall, and Torin Thatcher. . . . ¶ Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Visit," a play by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, adapted by Maurice Valency.

POETRY READINGS—At the Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (TR 6-2366): Robert Frost, April 19. . . . ¶ Robert Lowell, April 23.

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 14-20. . . . ¶ Federal income-tax returns for 1957 and estimates for 1958, as well as New York State returns, are due Tuesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Spring Show, at Essex House, April 23. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 27. . . . ¶ United States World Trade Fair, at the Coliseum, May 7-17.

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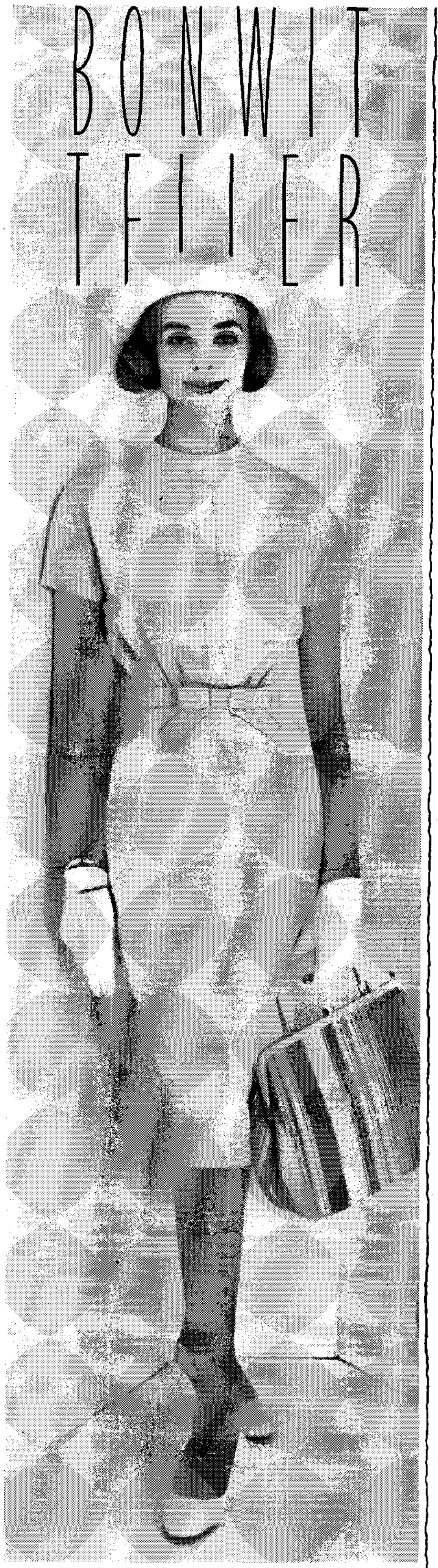

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday, April 5, and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10:15, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GERVAISE—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

SAYONARA—Maybe Puccini covered the American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme a bit better in his opera, but this film is entertaining enough. The current Madame Butterfly is played by Miiko Taka, and the Occidental she has a crush on by Marlon Brando, who has cultivated a hominy accent that is impenetrable every now and then. Directed by Joshua Logan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 8, tentative.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting April 4. Daily at 9:30, 2:30, and 8.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

FUNNY FACE (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 3.)

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (1939)—Max Fleischer's full-length cartoon. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 7. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting April 9.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 2:30, 7, and 9:45; Saturday, April 5, at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10; Easter at 1, 4, 7, and 10; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

MARCELINO (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting April 4.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney landmark. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through the afternoon of April 8.)

THE WINDOW (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8:30; Saturday, April 5, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Easter at 2:30 and 7:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
April 3: "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.
From April 4: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through April 8: Theatre closed.
From April 9, at 8:30. "Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Easter-seal campaign of the New York City Society for Crippled Children and Adults. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 8 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.
From April 9: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 8 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
From April 9 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 6: "Jumping Jacks," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Scared Stiff," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From April 7: **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS**, revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 7: "The Lovemaker" (in French), Betsy Blair.
From April 8: "Rouge et Noir" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
From April 3, at 8:45: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

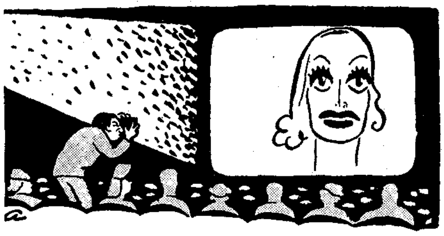
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 8 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
From April 9 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
SAYONARA.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
April 3: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.
From April 4: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 5 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
April 6-8 (tentative): "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 8 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From April 9: To be announced.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 6: "Jumping Jacks," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Scared Stiff," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From April 7: **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS**, revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 8: **SAYONARA.**
From April 9: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 8 (tentative): "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
From April 9 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 6: "Jumping Jacks," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Scared Stiff," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From April 7: **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS**, revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 8: **SAYONARA.**
From April 9: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Hobson's Choice," revival, Charles Laughton, John Mills.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
April 3: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and **THE WINDOW**, revival.
April 4-5: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.
April 6-7: "Demetrius and the Gladiators," revival, Victor Mature, Susan Hayward; and "Destination Gobi," revival, Richard Widmark, Don Taylor.
April 8: "Jailhouse Rock," Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler; and "Loving You," revival, Elvis Presley, Lizabeth Scott.
From April 9: "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Back to Bataan," revival, John Wayne.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
April 3: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.
From April 4: **MARCELINO** (in Spanish), revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
HENRY V, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Merry-Go-Round" (in Hungarian), Béla Barsi.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
April 3: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.
From April 4: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 5: "House of Bamboo," revival, Robert Ryan, Robert Stack; and "Violent Saturday," revival, Victor Mature, Richard Egan.
April 6-7: "Hell and High Water," revival, Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi; and "White Feather," revival, Robert Wagner, John Lund.
From April 8: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 8: "Jumping Jacks," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Scared Stiff," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From April 9: **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS**, revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 8 (last showing at about 3:30): **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
From April 8, at 6: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

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the new seamless stockings that
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Your secret weapon: A sheer mist of nylon to make your legs look lovelier. Colors hued to the new fashions. Be prepared—for compliments—when you wear Appointment, the *new* seamless stockings. At leading stores, naturally.

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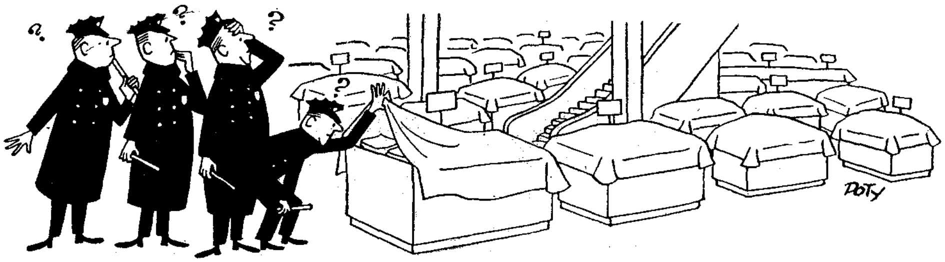
We will always feel the same about our creature comforts whether we pitch our tent on the green hill or among the suns and the moons. In time and taste Dunbar spans it, Edward Wormley designs it.

Send for Janus brochure (25¢): Dunbar, Berne, Indiana. Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Tulsa, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle.



"Macy dogs are really peace-loving creatures, as indeed any law-enforcement officer must fundamentally be. And only a short time ago the dogs had a chance to perform a gentle act of mercy. Two teen-age girls ran away from home together and were reported missing by their frantic parents, who finally telephoned the police around midnight. The police traced the girls to Macy's, where they had last been seen, but in the vast and darkened spaces of the empty store it was impossible to guess where they might be hiding, if they were still there. Only the dogs could find them, Protection decided, and the dogs were given the command: 'Search!'

The dogs nosed out the girls in a corner of a balcony stairway. They started to bark, and the girls, seeing themselves pursued by dogs, naturally started to scream. But before the guards could arrive on the scene the screams stopped.

'Nobody will ever know what those dogs did to keep these girls from being frightened,' says one handler who was present at the capture. 'When we got there, the dogs were in their trained position of 'Watch!' and they would never have let the girls make a run for it. But what beats me is that those girls were screaming one minute, and the next minute they weren't frightened at all.'

One of the teen-agers, restored to her grateful family, tried to explain it. She said that the biggest, most ferocious-looking dog of all had come up to her and licked her hand.

'That's nonsense' says the handler. 'No Macy dog would lick a stranger's hand.' 'However,' he adds thoughtfully, 'I must say that one of 'em, that night, looked as though he'd like to!' "

A year of celebration

Macy's 100th Anniversary

Incidents like this happen at Macy's every day. . . and have been happening for a hundred years now. That's what makes Macy's the warm, delightful, fascinating place it is.

Macy's

IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY

Story quoted from "And the Price is Right," the gay and gossipy new book about Macy's by Margaret Case Harriman. Illustrated by Roy Doty. World Publishing Co.

SUPER-ROYAL

LIPSTICK

the new quick-change lipstick made with Royal Jelly
in the new automatic "Continental" case.

Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with recently developed emollients
to make your lips incomparably more beautiful.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE felt an irrational satisfaction the other day when we read in the *Times* that "high-volume production of military aircraft was a thing of the past." (Irrational because they will be superseded by missiles for the very reason that the missiles are expected to prove harder to get along with.) The *Times* quoted an Air Force lieutenant general, who had told a gathering of industrialists, "We shall not see again in defense industry the great production lines of the early Forties rolling out fifty thousand to a hundred thousand planes a year for thundering air raids." The idea was that the plane had turned out to be a transitional bit of ordnance, like the crossbow between the longbow and firearms. It meant to us, though, that we had outlived one more gadget, and we loathe them all. We read with a pleasure even harder to explain a story on the first page, same paper, same day: "Mock Atom War Indicates No Dip in Need for Men." This was about a maneuver held in Europe that had shown just that. (Harder to explain because the optimum war is obviously one engaging a minimum of participants, so that the rest of us can be comfortable around our television sets until the thing hits.) What pleased us, perversely, was that the military plane (gadget), improvised circa 1914, was obsolescent, while infantry (man), with a considerably longer history, was in as much demand as ever. The story indicated that man had survived one more of the gadgets he had invented for his own destruction. The purpose of survival, apparently, is to invent gadgets progressively harder to survive.

Architect

ONE thing New Yorkers learn is not to attach their affections to beautiful buildings, which are forever being torn down. But if you *must* fall in love with stone and brick, pick the Georgian or Colonial or classical masonry of Mr. William Adams Delano, whose durability, both in works and in years, is better than most. Mr. Delano is eighty-four. His houses run in age to fifty years or more, and while many of the smaller ones are gone, much remains: the Knickerbocker Club; the Union Club; The Brook; India House; the William Woodward mansion, lately sold to the Town Club; the old Willard Straight and Harold Pratt houses, now headquarters of the Audubon Society and the Council on Foreign Relations, respectively; and the old George F. Baker house, recently bought, and slated for preservation, by the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia. The North Shore of Long Island, the Berkshires, and Virginia, among other lucky outlying areas, are brightened by the children of his imagination; his Post Office Department Building and Japanese Embassy seem reasonably safe in Washington, and so do his Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, and his American Embassy in Paris. For decades, the country has taken this distinguished and prolific architect for granted, and it occurred to us the other day to solicit from him a word about his life and times. He hospitably asked us to lunch at his house, in the East Thirties, and there, seated before a fire in his library, a strikingly handsome man with a shock of white hair, a white mustache, keen brown eyes, a delightful smile, a dark-blue suit, and scuffed black pumps, he told us, over a bourbon-on-the-rocks, that he was born in the parsonage of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which his maternal grandfather, Dr. William Adams, then about to become head of the Union Theological Seminary, was pastor. "I'm of pure New England ancestry—parsons, shipbuilders and shipowners, schoolmasters, bankers, and so forth," he said. "My father, Eugene Delano, was a Brown Brothers partner. He took charge of the Philadelphia house when I was twelve. I was the eldest of six children. The night of my birth was very, very cold." Mr. Delano went to Lawrenceville and then to Yale (class of 1895), where he was elected to Scroll and Key. "I'm the only Scroll and Key man in my class left. Neilly Vanderbilt was one, and I had many happy times on board his yacht, the North Star." Mr. Delano polished off his tumbler of whiskey. "Wonderful thing, to be a Vanderbilt!" he said.

A maid brought some onion soup and buttered-toast sandwiches, and we asked our host how he had got started as an architect. "Father built a large house in Bryn Mawr when we moved to Philadelphia," he said. "Our architect was Theophilus P. Chandler, and I admired the way he gave orders to the masons when he rode over to supervise the construction. That's what I want to do, I thought. I was twelve. I took courses in painting and drawing at Yale, under John F. Weir, a charming gentleman. After graduating from Yale, I went to the Columbia School of Architecture for two years. Next, I knocked on Tommy Hastings' door, and joined Carrère & Hastings as a draftsman. They were competing for the Public Library and National Academy of Design buildings, and they won both competitions. I worked on the plans in a very minor capacity."

Eggs Benedict and claret followed the soup, and we followed Mr. Delano to Paris. "Mr. Hastings persuaded a very reluctant Presbyterian family to send me to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for one year," he said. "They thought Paris was the road to Hell. I worked hard, won several medals, and stayed there five years. I came back in 1903, and Chester Aldrich and I started the firm of Delano & Aldrich in a third-floor walkup on Forty-first Street. We tossed to see whose name should come first. Aldrich designed the jobs he brought in, and I designed the jobs

I brought in. It was a wonderfully happy partnership. In 1940, he died, and ten years later I retired as senior partner. Some of our earliest work came about as the result of the Baltimore fire of 1904, which destroyed most of the business section of the city. I had known Henry Walters, the art collector, who was chairman of the board of the Safe Deposit & Trust Company there and of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. I remember he came to Venice in the summer of 1903, when I was there on the North Star, and he took me in his gondola to various art dealers. 'Send me that to Baltimore,' he'd say, and he never signed a piece of paper. Well, when the fire took place, he gave me a letter to Michael Jenkins, president of the Safe Deposit & Trust Company and a major owner of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Jenkins had me build a small hotel and a shop, and one Sunday morning Walters asked me to have lunch with him at the Midday Club, in New York, the next day. 'McKim is the greatest architect in the country, but he's too damn stubborn,' he said. 'I'm going to give you boys the chance to build the Walters Art Gallery, if you do what I tell you to do.' He approved our plan. After it was executed, he said, 'I think you're a damn sight more stubborn than McKim.' "

Stewed apples, cookies, and coffee, and we urged Mr. Delano to go on, and to cast modesty to the winds. "I've enjoyed building all my houses," he said. "I've done only one skyscraper—59 Wall Street. I built the Schirmer Building, on East Forty-third Street. You know, in this town very few of the things you build are left in your lifetime. The Knickerbocker Club was threatened, but some benefactor has saved it. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney asked me to build a studio in the woods at Westbury, where she could get away from Harry's polo-playing friends. She put me in full charge, with no mention of cost. An architect's dream! I think it's quite a lovely little building—very simple, with an outdoor swimming pool."

Mr. Delano lit a cigarette and said that one of the most stately houses he built was for the late B. G. Work, president of the B. F. Goodrich Company. "One day, my telephone rang and a voice said, 'I'm Mr. B. G. Work, of Akron, Ohio; you've never heard of me. I've bought a piece of land at Oyster Bay, Long Island. May I see you? You're the only architect in New York who hasn't asked to build my house.' We arranged a meeting, and he said he wanted a small but perfect house. 'And I want to build it out of income—not a cent of capital,' he added, very emphatically. He must have had a huge income, for the house, garage, and gardens cost nearly a million dollars by the time they were finished. He was a *bon viveur* and took special care of his wine cellar. It was divided by a solid brick wall into three sections, each to contain a ten-year supply of wine. Unfortunately, he died before the first section was more than a third consumed. It doesn't do to look ahead too far. The house is now owned by Mr. Joel E. Fisher. I built my own house on Long Island fifty years ago. I was married fifty years ago, and I have lived in the house you're in for fifty years. I have also been a member of the Century Club for fifty years. Mr. Carrère put me up. They made me an honorary member in 1956. Charles Burlingham and I are the only honorary members left."

We recalled that Mr. Delano, who is also an honorary trustee of the Public Library and the Presbyterian Hospital, built the famous second-story porch on the White House for President Truman, and when we mentioned this, he said, "I loved Truman. He knew exactly what he wanted. Every now and again, I get a letter from him. You know, I've known every President of the United States from Teddy Roosevelt to the present day, except Harding. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, T.R.'s sister, introduced me to T.R. fifty years ago. I often saw him on Long Island later. During the Coolidge administration, our firm did a remodelling job on the White House, and in 1949 I was appointed architectural consultant to the Commission for the Renovation of the Executive Mansion, and I served in that capacity until 1951, when the work was completed. My legs aren't very good now. I sit in this chair pretty much all day and read. Mostly history, Jane Austen, and Trollope. I never get tired of reading about Lincoln. As long as my eyes hold out, I'm happy. I like to write verse. I once published a book of verse, 'Random Rhymes,' for my son. John W. Davis was a dear friend of mine. We'd write verse to each other. We were both brought up in the Presbyterian faith and we had long talks about religion. There are very few people you meet in life you can open your heart to. Do you know the V.I.P. whom I remember best from my childhood? General McClellan, a neighbor of my Grandfather Adams on Orange Mountain, in New Jersey, where we went summers. The General would pretend to bend a quarter between two of his fingers and his thumb. He was a strong man, but he couldn't have been *that* strong. What an unfortunate career he had! His Army of the Potomac, which he'd built up, he never used fully."

Walking slowly but resolutely, Mr. Delano showed us to the elevator.

Complete

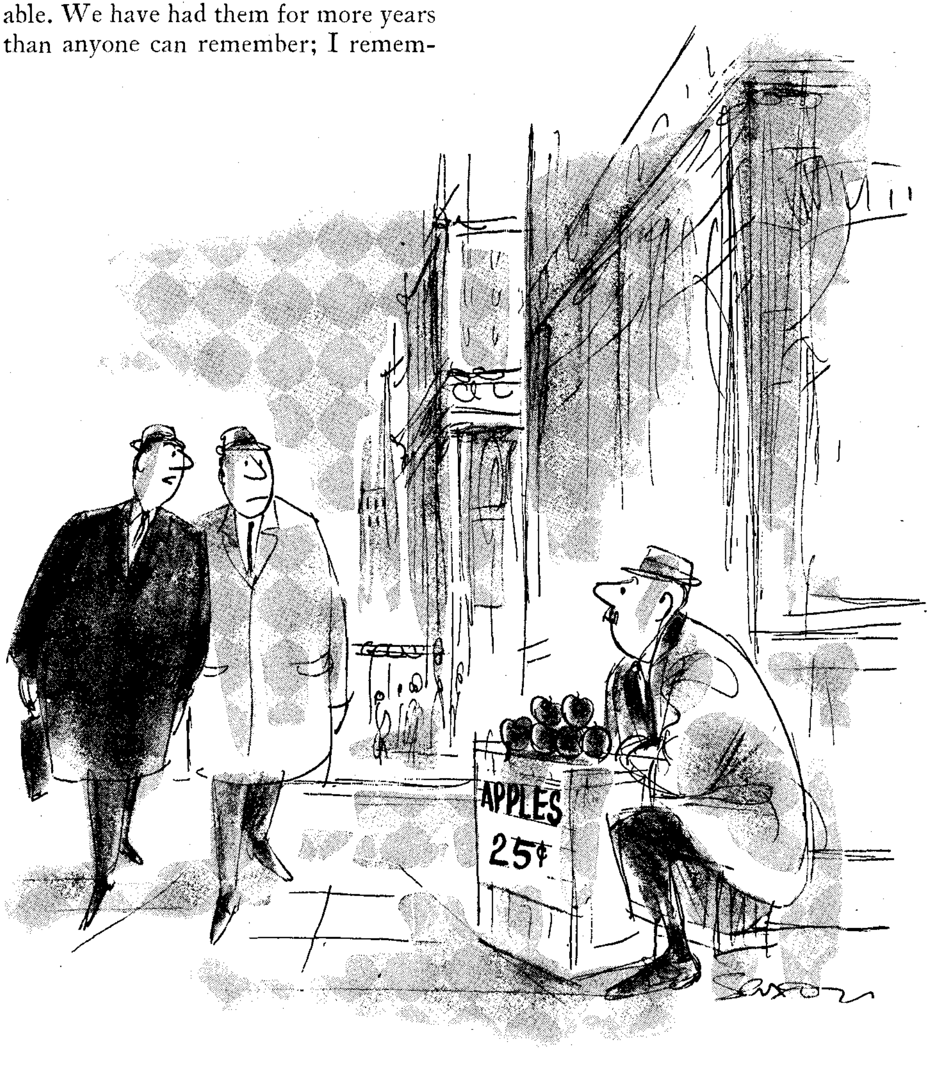
TIRED, for the moment, of the Americanized bars of Piccadilly, an American journalist stationed in London struck off toward the Thames one recent afternoon, so he writes us, and wound up in a pub in darkest Chelsea. There, sitting himself down in the lounge, he ordered a whiskey sour. What he got was even more than he was looking for. After a rather lengthy conference with the waiter, the barmaid put a lump of ice and the juice of half a lemon in a shaker. Then she put in half a teaspoonful of sugar. Then she put in a jigger of Scotch, broke an egg into the shaker, and shook.

Watch the Bunny

WE made it down to the chocolate factory of the Frank G. Shattuck Company, on West Twenty-third Street, one day last week, just in time to see the last of the Schrafft's 1958 chocolate Easter bunnies coming off the line. We were taken in hand for the occasion by Mr. Nat Gursky, the assistant factory superintendent, a slim, youthful-looking man with a neat black mustache, who met us on the factory's seventh floor, in the bakery department. "The bunnies," he said, in an almost reverent tone, "are made just behind that door over there." A male employee came past, wheeling a cart of hot cross buns, and a female employee swept by, bearing a tray of cashew croquettes. "We are proud of our bunnies," said Mr. Gursky. "We do not carry bunnies the year round. They are definitely a novelty Easter number, but no Easter would be complete without them." Mr. Gursky added that although he yields to no man in his admiration for chocolate Santas, peppermint patties, sour balls, vanilla caramels, and lollipops, he reserves his special affection for chocolate bunnies. "There's something about a bunny," he said. "The temptation is to not eat the beautiful bunny at all. It's difficult, too, to know where to begin. People are diffident about eating chocolate bunnies. Some people begin nibbling at the ears; others tend to break off tiny fragments at the base."

Mr. Gursky gently opened the door to the bunny room, and we followed him into a large, spotless chamber, passing several hundred chocolate eggs with bunny decorations. "Our part of the bunny operation starts here," said Mr. Gursky, stopping in front of a huge vat filled with melted chocolate. An agitator revolved slowly in the thick brown mixture. "Technically our animals are born in our Boston factory," said Mr. Gursky. "They are not bunnies at all, at the beginning, but cocoa beans, which become two-ounce bars of pure milk chocolate, four and a quarter inches by one and three-quarters inches. These come down to New York by truck in cartons weighing forty to forty-five pounds. Then we get to work and make bunnies."

Mr. Gursky paused and looked longingly into the vat. "This is a chocolate melter," he said, "and Michael, here"—he pointed to a tall, serious-looking man wearing a white apron—"will now take the bunny mold, the one that makes the large, pound-and-a-half bunny, with its ears up and a basket on its back, and ladle chocolate into it." Michael smiled, ladled chocolate into a metal mold, and then shook the mold over the melter. "He is pouring out chocolate, but a layer remains in the mold," said Mr. Gursky. Michael then placed the mold on a tray covered with paper. "Chocolate that remains in the mold forms bunny's outer coat." Michael repeated the process for two more bunnies and then, with Mr. Gursky and us following, entered what we took to be an icebox. Michael set the molds down on a shelf. "We're in the hardening box—fifty degrees Fahrenheit," said Mr. Gursky. "Bunny rests here five minutes. These molds weigh about three pounds. They are extremely valuable. We have had them for more years than anyone can remember; I remember them from my first day, and I've been here thirty-five years. They come from the American Chocolate Mould people. Nobody ever changes the design of chocolate bunnies. I should say not! A chocolate bunny is a chocolate bunny. I don't know where the original design came from, whether from Europe or somewhere else, but these look like American bunnies to me. We have four sizes—Number Five, which you see here; Number Four, a twelve-ounce bunny with folded ears; Number Three, a four-and-a-half-ounce bunny with folded ears; and Number Two, a two-and-a-half-ounce bunny whose ears stick up, like Number Five. All the molds have clamps on them, and the molds open sidewise, like a book. The metal inside is wonderfully shiny. It gives bunny a smooth finish. Without it, we would have a dull bunny indeed. We do not wash the molds during production, since a film of chocolate forms over the metal—from the butterfat—and that makes for a good bunny. We've been in bunny production since January—have made twenty-five thousand in all. We put them in our chocolate box and keep dreadfully close watch



"That's inflation for you."

on the temperature, which must be sixty-three degrees, and the humidity—sixty per cent. Chocolate will easily last a year under proper conditions. We began to move the bunnies into our stores at the beginning of Lent."

We began to harden in the hardening box, and wondered when we might get out. "Michael is now ready for the next process," said Mr. Gursky, providentially, as Michael entered, removed the molds, and went back to the melter. He ladled more chocolate into the molds, emptied the surplus chocolate back into the melter, shook the molds vigorously, and again placed the bunnies on the tray, pressing down hard. "Shaking bunny prevents an air bubble from forming at the top," said Mr. Gursky. "Pressing down forms bunny's base." Michael again removed the molds to the hardening box. "Bunny will now remain there for thirty-five minutes," said Mr. Gursky, "and when the mold is opened, we will have a perfectly splendid animal, with a shell three-sixteenths of an inch thick. We can make only twenty-four of the large bunnies in a day. That's why I start production so early in the year. We make some thirteen thousand of the smallest bunny—doesn't take as long to harden. All our bunnies are hollow; solid ones are cheaper to make in terms of labor. Just think! Thirty-five minutes from now, there will be three more chocolate bunnies, ready to be wrapped in cellophane, put into a beautiful box, and tied with gay ribbon. Nothing like a chocolate bunny!"

We asked Mr. Gursky if he eats chocolate bunnies.

"I prefer to think," he said, "that I am not eating bunny but merely eating chocolate."

Coverall

A Bronxville commuter of our acquaintance, having been instructed by his wife to buy a Zorro hat (a kind of Spanish sombrero) for their ten-year-old son when he got to the city, telephoned his home rather nervously from the Woolworth's to which he'd gone in search of the headgear. His wife answered, and he demanded, "Are you sure about the size you've written down? His head can't be *that* big." "Of course it isn't," she said. "He wants to wear the hat over his space helmet."

Literary Dawn

We have been keeping an eye on Professor Floyd Zulli, Jr., and his "Sunrise Semester" program for quite a time now, and when we say quite a time, we mean *quite* a time—7-7:30 A.M., over WCBS-TV. It is common knowledge that among the early-to-rise literary set the Professor is something of a sensation; that he discourses five mornings each week on celebrated novels; that his course in comparative literature is a real course, with real credits, and part of the curriculum of the College of Arts and Sciences of New York University; and that whatever book the Professor is dealing with tends to move rapidly off the shelves of local bookstores. (He created a run on "The Red and the Black" some months back.) Well, one morning last week, by prearrangement, we went over to the Professor's digs, on West Fifty-fourth Street, at approximately five-thirty. He greeted us at the door of his apartment, looking as though he had been up for hours. A small, trim man with tortoise-shell glasses and a long face, he held a cup of coffee in one hand and a copy of "The Sound and the Fury" under the other arm.

"Good morning!" said the Professor, with staggering cheerfulness. "Sanka. I have been up since four. A ritual. Come look at my study." He tiptoed gently down the hall. "My wife's asleep," he whispered as we passed a closed door. We peered into his study and saw a workmanlike desk, piled with books. On one wall hung a picture of Virginia Woolf. "Next to my wife, my goddess," said the Professor. He put down the Sanka, picked up a set of typewritten notes from the desk, plucked a raincoat and a Rex Harrison hat from a sofa, and tiptoed gently back to the front door, still carrying the Faulkner. "She used to get up and watch," he whispered, "but it was a strain."

With us in tow, the Professor went down onto the dark street (no glimmer of light) and hailed a cab. "I broadcast from a studio in Grand Central," he said. "When I rise, I read in the book I am about to discuss, and make notes, and think, and think, and have some Sanka, and then some more Sanka. I never get to bed early. Need little sleep, but try to catch a bit of a nap in the afternoons. I was born in Mineola, Long Island, in 1922, and received my B.A. at Lafayette in 1943 and my Ph.D. at N.Y.U. in 1955. I have also studied at Columbia, in Florence, and in Mexico. I am an assistant professor of Romance languages at N.Y.U., and teach French and Italian literature and the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. A hundred and seventy-seven people signed up for my first TV course last fall, and a hundred and thirty-five for the current course, which began in January and ends in May. I flunked ten per cent of the class in the first course. Hated to do it. Heaven knows how many thousands just watch and don't bother with credits. Many people have someone in the house turn on a tape recorder and play the lectures back at a more leisurely hour. In the suburbs, they often play back my lectures on Saturday evenings, at parties. Imagine hearing about D. H. Lawrence at a party! Astonishing quest for knowledge!"

We both hopped out of the cab at Grand Central and walked through the almost deserted concourse. "Now to go on with my ritual," said the Professor, stopping at a lunch counter. "Coffee to go. Black. No sugar," he said to the counterman, and, to us, "Every single morning, I take a carton of coffee to the studio." We got in an elevator, rose to the third floor, and walked across a glassed-in catwalk at the east end of the terminal. Below, the concourse was still almost deserted. It was getting on toward six. We entered a large studio—No. 41—alive with technicians. "Good morning, Professor!" they cried.

"A good many people got all balled up with Kafka," said a young man who was fiddling with a television camera.

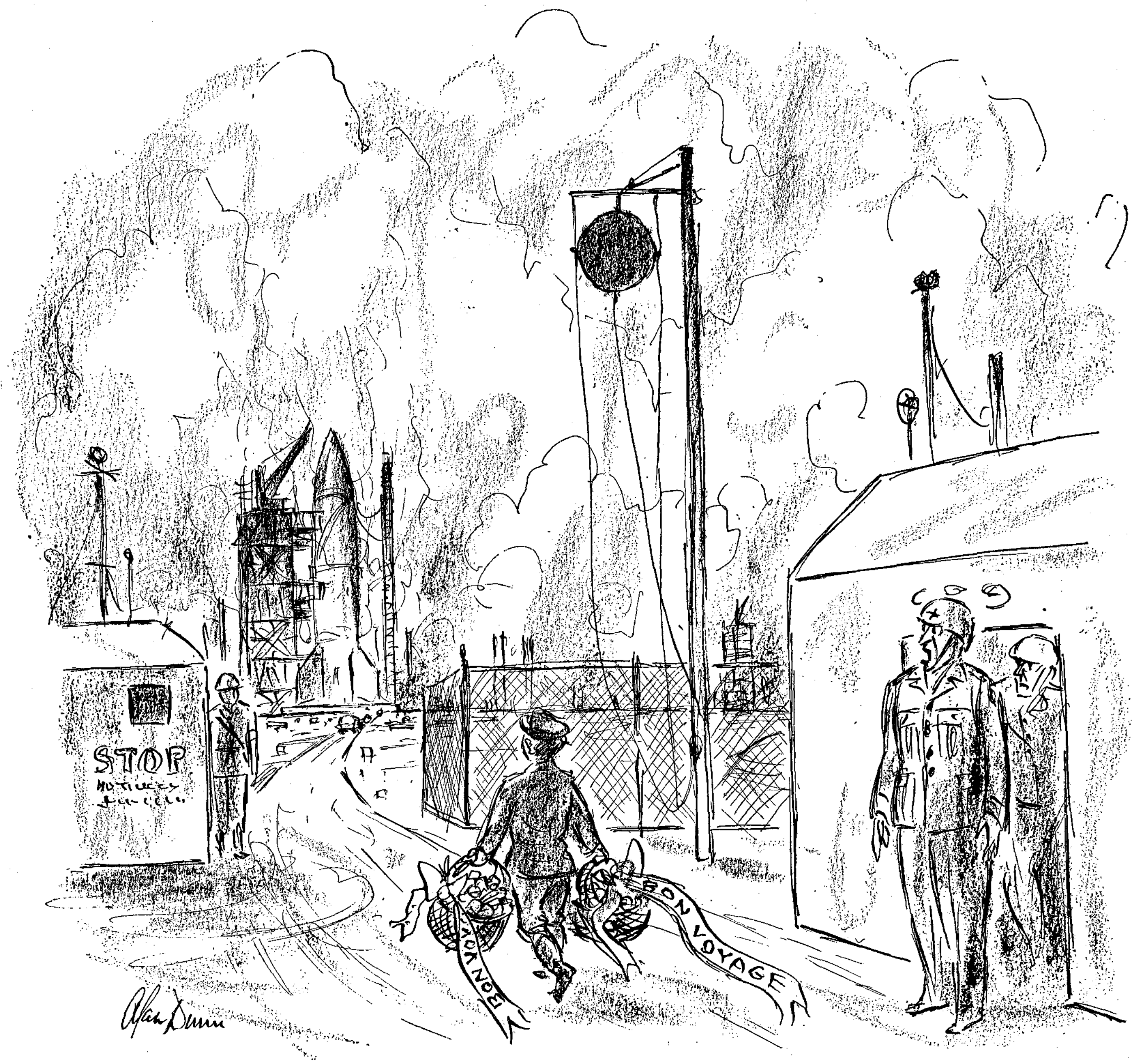
"That whole movement intrigued me," said a man leaning against a wardrobe trunk labelled "Douglas Edwards."

"Kafka is one of the isms of the twentieth century," said the Professor, with genial authority. He walked over to a desk, sat down, and began to drink his coffee, slowly.

"German Expressionism is strongly related to Kafka," said a man walking toward us with a large photograph of Faulkner. A picture of Kafka hung on a wall near the Professor's desk. Kafka came down and Faulkner went up.

"I'm delighted that he's holding a pipe in his hand," said the Professor, scrutinizing the picture.

He began leafing through "The Sound and the Fury." "I make all sorts of notes in the book when I look through it at home in the early morning," he said. "I make notes like 'Luster—good,' 'Dilsey—page twenty-two,' 'Benjy's obsession.' I underline the word 'hitting.' It *means* something to me. I underline a sentence such as 'Caddy smelled



"Damn it, Colonel, there's been a leak somewhere!"

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like leaves.' It *means* something to me. It reminds me of Proust."

"What you going to tell them about Faulkner, Professor?" asked a man carrying a large picture of Faulkner's manse in Oxford, Mississippi. He hung the picture near Faulkner.

"I'll talk about the New York school for a few minutes," said the Professor. "Then we'll go to Boston, and then South. Inevitably, in the history of the novel, one must arrive at Faulkner. I will set the mood this morning."

"I'm right up there with you on Faulkner. Did my homework," said a man wearing a sports jacket. He introduced himself as Tom Brophy, the show's producer. "In from Jackson Heights," he told us. He stifled a yawn.

"Here's the copy of Sherlock Holmes," said a man in a red shirt. He introduced himself as Ned Cramer, the show's director. "I'm down from Eighty-sixth Street, and I love my work," he said. He stifled a yawn.

"My thanks for Sherlock," said the Professor. "When I get around to 'Point Counter Point' next week, I will refer to Conan Doyle's mention of the Freemen in 'The Valley of Fear.' "

"Splendid allusion," said Cramer.

The hour was growing late—six-thirty. The Professor ducked into a booth and put on some makeup. "He wears special glasses during the telecast," said Cramer. "The lenses slant forward and show no reflection from the lights." The Professor emerged and ran through a few stage-direction paces—standing at the desk, moving in front of the pictures, and so on. A moment before seven, he sat down at the desk again and opened "The Sound and the Fury" to the first page. At seven, culture started to flow.

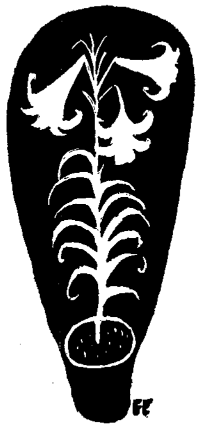
Refugees

DURING the recent storm, a Long Island couple we know extended their hospitality to some neighbors, named Montgomery, who had been left without light or heat. The neighbors arrived, accompanied by a maid, cook, and butler, but once they were ensconced, the butler vanished into the snowy night. Later, he reappeared, damp and breathless. "I had to go back," he gasped. "I'd forgotten Mr. Montgomery's Italian coffee."

TIB'S EVE

THE two beds in Catherine's room in Copely Hall were narrow cots without headboard or footboard. When she woke in hers in the middle of the morning, the other bed, Ticky Post's, was empty. Ticky's patent-leather hatbox, packed, was on Ticky's striped chintz chair. Ticky's new red dress, quite smart for a size 16, hung poised against her closet door. Ticky was pointed toward Pittsburgh.

Catherine turned her face to the wall. She was only a little sick—a feverish cold according to the doctor—but she was very disheartened. She wasn't going home to New York for the Easter holidays. It was just a four-hour trip from upstate, but besides being sick she was campused. There was a charge, now being considered by the school authorities, that she had pushed a fellow-student, Gloria Mulligan, out of a window. From beyond the door to the hall came the sounds of departure. Suitcases clunk-clunked down the shabby stairs of the dormitory, which was a made-over Victorian house, good-byes were shouted in the halls, and the flaming jaw of Miss Quelser, the housemother, had been kissed again and again. The atmosphere was gay. Catherine, for one, was fed up with it.



Ticky Post slammed open the door, charged over the threshold, and slammed the door shut again. Catherine lay still, her eyes to the wall. Even not looking at Ticky, you could see her: toothy, with a black bang.

"Well," Ticky said, tight-lipped, "are you going to speak, or not?"

Catherine turned her head, but very slowly. Ticky, who was aged fourteen and a half to Catherine's fourteen, wore a trollopy housecoat and silver mules. "Sure," Catherine said. "What'd you like to hear me say?"

"Ask me if I stole your watch," Ticky urged. "Go ahead, ask me." She shucked her housecoat and began to dredge herself with powder from a box of Follow Me. "Don't look!" she said to Catherine.

"I never said you stole my watch," Catherine said, in a voice that was worn and conspicuously bored. "I merely said it was stolen. My father sent it one week ago today, *n'est pas*? On my birthday. I kept it right on my bureau. Too ugly to wear and too expensive to throw away, *n'est pas*? And yesterday it was gone. *Ergo*, it was stolen. By somebody."

"Don't *look*, I said."

Catherine groaned, and flopped over on her side, her pointed, cranky face confronting the cold tan wall. "I just hope you realize that my true-blue mother will plotz."

"You should've thought about your mother before you pushed Gloria Mulligan out that window," Ticky said. "If it was my mother, that's what she'd plotz about, not because I lost some mere watch."

"I didn't lose it, it was swiped," Catherine said. "And my true-blue mother's a materialist. I could've chopped up Gloria Mulligan and stoked a furnace with her, and my true-blue mother wouldn't turn a hair."

"If that's so, then I feel sorry for you," Ticky said. She peered worriedly over her shoulder, inspecting her powdery back. "Gloria's ankle's green as grass. Quelser's furious. Listen, do you think I have a very big butt?"

"How can I tell you unless I look?" Catherine grumbled. Very briefly, she looked. "Geez, Lou-*ise!*" she said. "Yes." She thought Ticky looked like something out of *National Geographic* and considered telling her so, but, for some reason, forbore.

Ticky was well on her side of the line. The line, meticulously drawn in chalk, and frequently renewed, divided the little room into halves. Ticky's territory was neatly kept; Catherine's was a mess. Ticky began to put on her clothes, particularly a flighty red hat with a nose veil.

"I feel sorry for a person whose mother lets them wear that hat," Catherine said.

Ticky ignored her. She plumped herself down on her bed with a lipstick, a brush, and a mirror. Suddenly, artfully, she had an upper lip.

"You look more like a fish than anybody I ever knew in my whole life," Catherine said. "A great big mackerel with bangs. And socks in its brassière." She sat up, cross-legged, draping her brown blanket over her head so that a flap hung down across her brow, and bundling the rest around her shoulders. "Do I look like Moondog?"

Ticky gave her full attention to her lower lip.

"Never mind," Catherine said. "I do look like Moondog, though." She got out of bed and, with her blanket around her, dragged herself over to her bureau mirror to be sure. Her thick, mismanaged hair, tea-colored except for a badly bleached forelock, poked out from under her hood. She looked a lot like Moondog, and she felt terrible. She flared her nostrils at a bottle of medicine left by the doctor. Then, going back to her bed, she lay down on it. "They're going to boot me," she said, almost in tears. "Even if my mother did go to school here. There's no sentiment in this crowd."

"*Quel dommage*," Ticky said. She licked her right thumb and used it to straighten the seams of her stockings.

"You're all heart, Ticky, old bean," Catherine said. "You know that?"

"You been looking for it," Ticky said tensely. She dropped her lipstick, and, to Catherine's surprise, instead of picking it up, she kicked it under her bed. "You think you're such a bullet! First you practically murder Gloria Mulligan. Then you go around saying your watch is stolen. You're a maniac."

"The only ones I told my watch was stolen are the suspects," Catherine said, in a reasonable tone.

"I'm not a suspect! Go tell Miss Quelser your watch was stolen. She'll never believe it."

"Naturally she won't," said Catherine. "I know that. Of course she won't. She thinks I'm depraved. She thinks I haven't got any marbles. But don't even worry about it, chesty. Just throw another log on the fire. Just stuff another sock in your brassière."

Ticky stood in the middle of the room, lumpy and nervous in her new red dress. "Listen, Catherine, I didn't take it."

Catherine looked sidewise at her. She was convinced that Ticky had nothing to do with the missing watch, but she couldn't, for reasons she didn't know, bring herself to tell Ticky that. She shut her eyes. "How are the hock shops in P-burgh, old bean? Do a big trade in hot watches?"

Ticky made a strangling noise, picked up her hatbox, and fled, leaving the door open.

Catherine got up at once. She closed the door carefully. Then she collected an armful of books from her bookcase and climbed back into bed with them. She could hear, outside, the slamming of car doors, and the last cheerful leave-takings. She arranged the books on top of her, like rocks on a lonely grave. Finally, the house was quiet. After a few minutes, Cooley, the gimpy old janitor, went down the hall past her room, on some errand. "*Man*-on-the-floor," he chanted, as he was made to do. "*Man*-on-the-floor."

"Sam, who's minding the store?"

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COPELY HALL had been, since before Catherine's mother's time, an off-campus dormitory of the Copely School for Girls, an establishment that Catherine chose to think of, in two senses, as a bad girls' school. The dormitory had its own kitchen and dining room and was full of the stale smells of green soap and cream sauce. Its downstairs sitting rooms were crowded with snake plants, hat-racks, stopped clocks, and balding mohair sofas. Catherine was a career misfit. She had a broad experience of schools and dormitories, but she had never felt so close to the end of the line as she did now, after only six months at Copely. She lay with one arm across her eyes. After Copely Hall, what? Pushing the books aside, she closed her eyes, put her fingers in her ears, and prayed. In a little while, she slept.

When she woke, the room was dim and chill, and in a house across the way the lights were on. It was almost suppertime. The radiator in her room made a wheezy clang. Presently, there was a knock at the door. Catherine said "Now what?" and the door swung open and Cooley, the janitor, stood there, with a crockery plate in one hand, a monkey wrench in the other, and a scarlet carnation through a buttonhole of his shirt. He had a crest of stiff white hair, like a prophet or a cockatoo. Cooley smiled—a smile that seemed to Catherine unwarrantedly festive. He saluted her with the wrench.

"What's the matter?" she said edgily.

"Nothing I know of," Cooley said, limping in. "Excepting for the radiator, and that I've come to fix." He put the plate on her desk and switched on her old goosenecked student lamp. Its shade turned luminously green and lovely, and Catherine sat up against the icy wall, the blanket pulled up around her.

Cooley picked up the plate and set it on the bump of her knees. "Eat that," he said, retreating. On the plate was an enormous wedge of chocolate cake.

"Where'd you get that?" Catherine said, squinting at it.

"I got it," he said. "Eat it. You know what you'll be getting for your supper. A crust of bread and the scrapings of tin."

"What you say is true," Catherine said. She could see the tray Miss Quelser would send her—tomato soup, lukewarm, a horrible, shuddery red. She was hungry for the chocolate cake, and she ate it, icing last. It was delicious. Cooley stood watching her, with his monkey wrench laid over his heart, next to the carnation. He was looking very spruce—more so than he ought to, Catherine thought.

"Where'd you get the weed?" she said nervously.

"Ah," he said. "That's for you." He advanced, and laid the flower across the empty plate.

"Thank you very much," Catherine said, easing the blanket up under her chin. "Listen, is everybody gone?"

"Lost, gone, stolen, strayed, or blown away with the wind," Cooley said happily. He sat down on the foot of her bed. "You're Helen Gerrity's daughter. I'd know you by her eyes. I've been looking for a word with you."

"Did you know her?" Catherine said. "My mother?"

"I did," he said. "Her lovely eyes. As black as Cromwell's heart. You wouldn't see the like of them in twelve months of Sundays." He got up from Catherine's bed and moved over to the radiator. His bad leg gave him a syncopated gait, like a man half-minded to break into a jig. Lowering himself by the radiator, he stared at it sourly.

"Listen, Cooley—Mr. Cooley," Catherine said. "Are you sure you feel like fixing that radiator this exact minute? Because it's been broken forever, so why bother?"

Cooley paid no attention to her. He was twisting a valve. "Have you found your watch?" he asked.

Her spine went stiff. "How'd you know about that? Does Miss Quelser know?"

"No," he said. "And not likely to."

"That's all I need," Catherine said. "All I have to do is make a simple statement like 'Miss Quelser, somebody clipped my watch' and she puts the spit on me. I'm a troublemaker, in case you didn't know it. She's only told me that around a million times. I'm a troublemaker, and I pushed Gloria Mulligan out the window." She put her bare feet on the floor and sat on the edge of the bed, hunched under her blanket and scowling.

"Did you, now? Push her?" Cooley asked interestedly. "Was she kilt?"

"Now, listen," Catherine said. "I heard you talking to her. Yesterday. So you know she wasn't."

"Ah," Cooley said. He smiled a little.

"All that happened was that she was sitting on the window sill in her room, moaning," Catherine said. "She's a moaner. She's always *moaning*. She got a B in Civilization, or some repulsive, tragic thing. And I was talking to her roommate, who happens to be Allison Dickman. And Gloria, who happens to be very high-strung, was interrupting us. Moaning. And finally I sort of opened the window. And I said 'Gloria, jump out the window, will you?' That's all I said. And the big stupid bonehead jumped. Nobody has a right to be *that* high-strung. Am I right?"

"Is Allison that one with the twisty nose?"

"It's not so twisty," Catherine said. "It's quite piquant, if you look at it right. I mean, like sideways." She showed him how to look at it—turning her profile and squashing up her nose with the tip of her finger. Cooley looked doubtful. "If you get a chance," Catherine said, "maybe you'll casually remark that it's piquant. O.K.? Where she can hear you." Cooley nodded solemnly.

"There was a roof right underneath," Catherine went on. "She turned her fat ankle, that's all. Gloria! A seven-foot wart hog that never takes a bath. Allison hates her. I never laid a hand on her, I swear it."

Cooley raised his wrench and made a tiny, tentative adjustment of its jaws. "Is she a friend of yours, this Allison?"

"No," Catherine said, looking down at her bare, dingy feet. "And that's not true about Gloria not taking baths, either. She takes more baths than I do." She glanced at Cooley, who was leaning back against the radiator. "Allison has a very fine character," Catherine said. "Like she's always finding good in people. She loves every single person she ever met in her life. She loves Gloria because Gloria's very fond of animals and polite to her mother and all that." Cooley didn't appear to be impressed. "I didn't exactly push her," Catherine said bleakly. "Maybe I nudged her a little. That's pretty awful, isn't it?"

"Hmm?" Cooley said, rousing. "Indeed it is. A terrible thing. She does nothing but whine, though, that Mulligan one."

"That's no reason to push somebody out a *window*," Catherine said. "She didn't even tell on me. You know who told? Allison told." Catherine chewed on the end of her thumb. "I really racked up around here. And then my watch was pinched, and they're going to pitch me out of here. My true-blue parents will cream me."

"Will your mother be taking it hard?" Cooley asked.

"I really don't know," Catherine said. She got up and moved over to the desk chair, still wrapped in her blanket. She sat down facing the back of the chair, with her chin resting on the crossbar, and watched Cooley tinker indecisively with a piece of dismantled radiator. "I couldn't care less," she said. "My mother burns me anyway. It's my father I'm worried about. They'll have to send him to a hernia sanatorium."

"What's your father up to now?" Cooley asked. He sounded suspicious.

"He's a big door man," Catherine said indifferently.

"A doorman!" Cooley said. He was scandalized. "Who'd believe it?"

"Not like that. He's a big man in steel doors. He's a steel-door tycoon."

"I knew that fella when him and her was courting," Cooley said. "I never liked the look of him. She married him out of here. She was only a bit of a girl like yourself. A year or two older. Did you know that?"

Catherine was a little shocked. "I don't know if I knew it or not. My father's very nice." Cooley regarded her stolidly. "He sent me that watch for my birthday," she said. "Or rather his secretary did. But he told her to. My mother never sent me a thing."

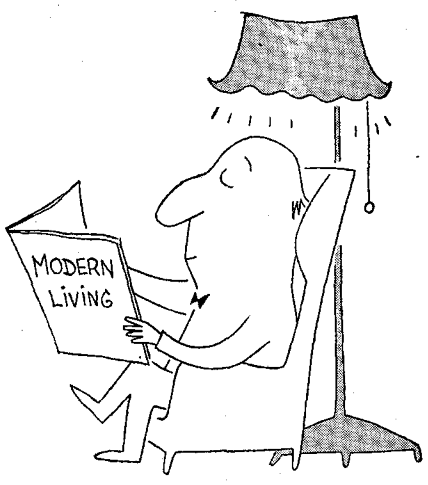
"Wouldn't it be from the both of them?"

"Well . . . maybe. But I never like anything she sends me. When she sends me anything, I always tell her I hate it."

"Why is that?" said Cooley, frowning at her.

"Because she burns me," Catherine said patiently. "All she ever sends me is poetry books anyway." Trailing her blanket, she went over to the bed and brought back one of the books that lay there. She held it out to Cooley, who looked it over thoroughly but didn't touch it. "She happens to think that poetry is the biggest thing since sex," Catherine said. She put the book down on the desk and then went back to her chair. "I write poetry myself," she said. " 'The worm at the heart of the rose'—you think that's a good image?" Cooley appeared to be thinking it over. "I have a poem about that," Catherine said. "And I have one about a bug-eaten half shell at the mouth of the Nile. And one about my heart is a festering sore. Those are my best ones."

"I never liked the look of that fella," Cooley said stubbornly. "As wide acrost the shoulders as a herring between the eyes. 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am,' and 'Ma'am, if you please.' She could of done better than a spindleshanks like him."



"You wait'll they bounce me out of here," Catherine said, with a hollow laugh. "Wait'll she finds out my watch was stolen. It'll be gala. My father'll sit around like I kicked him in the stomach. He'll bleed all over me, but he won't *say* anything. But she'll go through the roof—psst-boom!—like a rocket."

"Is she still light-fingered herself?" Cooley said.

"Still what?"

"Yes, sir," Cooley said. He was full of admiration. "She'd steal the eye out of your head and you looking at her."

"My *mother*?" Catherine said.

"Yes, sir," Cooley said.

"Why?" Catherine said, astonished. "Are you sure? You mean she took things? Why?" She held on to the back of the chair and stared at him.

"Nothing—only divilment," Cooley said. "There was a sly one here name of Juney. She had handfuls of money, and she never left off flashing it. Well, one night Helen snicked it off her. Next day Juney threw a fit, but they couldn't find who done it. And then by and by Juney gets a certain letter in the mail. So this letter, you see, is from overseas, from some Italian orphants' home—a worthy institution. It's all about the poor babies with their pure hearts and innocent lips praying like sixty to the Blessed Mother—and all for Juney. And thank you for the glorious donation, which has purchased a church bench and bread. What a yell and a holler! Juney near died. She was a Lutheran, to add to her troubles."

"Wasn't that a little mean, don't you think?" Catherine said. She didn't think it was mean, particularly—just not terribly moral.

"Mean on who? On Juney? No. First off, she had a bad character. And second of all, the balls of her legs was turned to the front. There was neither shape nor make to her."

"So what happened to my mother when they caught her?"

"Divil they caught. They never caught her. We had a housemother then, old Finster, a mountain of flesh with a cast in her eye. When something queer was going on, she'd line them up in the midst of them snake bushes and throw them a look from that herring eye. The sweat would break on them. But Helen never faltered."

"Did she do it for spite?" Catherine said. She hooked her bare feet on the rungs of the chair, puzzled and uneasy.

"Spite wasn't in her," Cooley said. "She was happy as Larry—rampageous. Holy Father, she shouldn't have married that fella. I could have told her that. She was meant for something big."

"Like what?" Catherine said, drearily scratching her neck. "Bank jobs?"

"Ah, listen, can't you? You're nearly as thick as your father."

"Let's get down to the bare bone on this," Catherine said gruffly. "Are you sure this person was my mother?"

"Well, it was and it wasn't." Cooley laughed. "God knows she wasn't your mother then."

"She was always my mother," Catherine said. "She just wasn't my mother *yet*."

"You're somebody's mother yourself then, for all we know, and somebody's granny and great-granny. And great-great-granny," Cooley said. "It's a wonder to me you've time to clean your teeth."

"I am not," Catherine said. It was a frightening thought. She had no strong objection to being somebody's mother, but not full time. Phantom children and grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren crowded her, draining her of her identity. "I'm just a person on Social Probation," she said. The sudden sense of her mother's existence—real, separate, private—affected her queerly. "Was she prettier than me?"

"Some," Cooley said.

"I guess you liked her."

"I did," he said. "She was a girl and a half."

Catherine examined the webs between her thumbs and forefingers. The right web had a little nick in it. She'd heard a theory that if you got a cut there, you died of lockjaw. It was probably a lie, though. "I used to like her," Catherine said. "At one time."

Cooley pointed his wrench at her bare feet. "You'd think that fella'd buy you some shoes," he said.

Tears of self-pity came to her eyes, although she had never suffered from a lack of shoes. "When I was a little bit of a child, my mother got a big bang out of me," she told him. "I used to run up to her in Washington Square Park with a big bunch of dopey leaves and I'd say 'Aren't they beautiful?' and she'd say 'Aren't *you* beautiful,' and she'd kiss me, and all that. I was in like Flynn in those days. But that was a long time ago." The corners of her mouth were turned down, and her eyes were wet. "She's not at all like that now. You wouldn't like her. She only cares about parties and fooling around. That's *all*. She's always flouncing around with a drink in her hand and her back all bare and her feet hanging out of her shoes. She's always *laughing*. That woman laughs twenty-four hours a day, Cooley—what's so funny, I'd like to know. She calls everybody 'darling' but my father. She calls the elevator man 'darling,' Cooley. How'd you like it if your mother went around calling the elevator man 'darling'? You wouldn't like it."

Cooley shifted his position on the floor. "Well," he said uneasily, "I don't know as I'd object."

"You wouldn't like it. How'd you like it if every time your dumb old man said 'boo' your mother creamed him? All right, he's a moaner—you think Gloria moans, you should meet my father—but she shouldn't treat him like that. It isn't nice." She glared at Cooley, who was sitting still, with his eyes cast down. "*Is* it?"

"If it was me married on him, I'd stick a pin in him and give it out that he died of shortness of breath," Cooley said glumly.

"Listen, Cooley," Catherine said. "One time she was having a party and I was helping out in the kitchen. And this horrible man my mother knows called Buggy Foch came in and started playing rich-man-poor-man on the buttons of my blouse. I don't appreciate that stuff. And I couldn't make him go away. And I hit him with the dishrag, and I went to find my mother, and you know what she said? I was *crying*. He made me *cry*. She said 'Get back in the kitchen and behave yourself. Don't you dare spoil my party.'" Catherine hitched up a corner of her blanket and scrubbed her moist eyes with it.

"Poor child," Cooley said, looking up at her.

"Don't sit on the floor, Cooley," Catherine said. "Sit on a chair, for goodness' sake. Thank you for that cake. It was delicious." She shoved out Ticky's chair for him, and he entrusted himself to its striped chintz lap, his big hands balanced neatly on his knees. Catherine then sat down on the bed across from him, hopelessly tangled in her blanket. "Thank you for the flower."

"Poor Helen," Cooley said. "It was that fella she married. I wouldn't give a tin whistle for him. But she was that gone on him. You'd have thought he was somebody, the carry-on she made."

"If she wants me to be such a hot-shot lady, she should be one—right? She shouldn't laugh so much and mouse around with Buggy Foch. When they called her up about Gloria, they made me talk to her. She said, 'Darling, did you push that little girl out the window?' My *own* mother asked me that. I said, 'What do you think?' She cried like a fountain. And you should hear what she tells Buggy Foch on the *telephone*. I listened on the extension plenty of times."

"Sure, all of that has nothing to do with you," Cooley said.

"She's my *mother*."

"That's neither her fault nor yours," Cooley said. "It's a circumstance."

Catherine hesitated before she spoke, a few tears sliding off the end of her chin. Cooley's point of view seemed to her a highly original one. "Would you like a drink?" she said abruptly. "I happen to have some liquor very handy." She went over to her cluttered bureau. On it, in the middle of a lot of furry dust, were a wad of cellophane, gummy with orange icing, a contraband package of Kools, the bottle of medicine, an old toy tiger wearing a green felt hat, and a single dirty glass.

Catherine took the glass down the hall to the shower room. There she washed it. Then she returned with the clean glass and a paper cup, which she set down on the bureau. "That's Paddy," she said, pointing to the toy tiger. "My mother gave me him a long time ago, when I still used to like her. I used to be crazy about him when I was a child." She dug a bottle of what purported to be Halo shampoo out of her top drawer, and uncapped it. "This is really peach brandy. It's for stomach aches." Cooley nodded his approval. She poured a little of the brandy into the paper cup and a great deal into the glass. She took the glass over to Cooley. "Do you really think she used to like him quite a lot?"

"She did," Cooley said. "She thought the sun rose for his pleasure."

"Boy," Catherine said. "Did she miss the boat!"

Cooley took the glass. "We'll have to have a toast."

Catherine raised her paper cup obligingly. "Here's looking up your address."

"Mother of God," Cooley said. "Would you call that a toast?" He leaned over and touched his glass to the rim of Catherine's paper cup. "I'm about to give you a proper toast." He coughed, formally. "The lake is not encumbered by the swan. Nor the steed by the bridle. Nor the sheep by the wool. Nor the man by the heart that is in him." He looked at her and took a swallow from his glass. Catherine took a tiny, burning sip from her paper cup.

THE GALLERY

Into an empty cube
We step: the gallery,
Hung with ivory walls, lies still
As a squash court foundered in depths of sea.
Like players entering, we stare
Above the horizon line to where
Each opulent canvas, back to wall,
Confronts the room.
 And then gaze on till sight
Flickers, and vision swims
In an emulsion of color, till down
Their cones of intervening air
The chipped-glass fragments form and blur.
Paintings upon four walls—nothing alive
But painting. When we have gone,
Pictures in their magnificence remain,
Tranquil as spring looking in at an open window
On an empty room.

—Barbara Howes

• •

"I think that's beautiful," she said. "Is it supposed to be true?"

"Listen till I tell you," Cooley said. "Whether it's true or it's not true, it's a hell of a lot better than 'Here's looking up your address.'"

"Do you happen to know a toast about people not getting thrown out of school, and all that?" Catherine asked. "For instance, everything working out for the best, and everybody doing what they're supposed to, and Gloria not getting gangrene in her ankle? Like 'Cheers.' Or 'Happy days.' Only not those."

He raised his glass again. "To Tib's Eve," he said gravely.

"When's Tib's Eve?"

"You don't know? Your mother would know. It's neither before nor after Christmas."

"You mean it's *never*—like 'the second Tuesday of next week'? *Never*?"

"I wouldn't want to put it just like that. I'd say it was sometime. Or never, at the furthest." For a moment or two, he studied Catherine across her paper cup and then, startlingly, he winked at her. After they drank, they both looked at the Halo bottle, but it was empty. Cooley got slowly to his feet. "I'm as stiff as Paddy's father when he was nine months dead," he said good-humoredly.

"That's Paddy," Catherine said, nodding toward the toy tiger on the bureau.

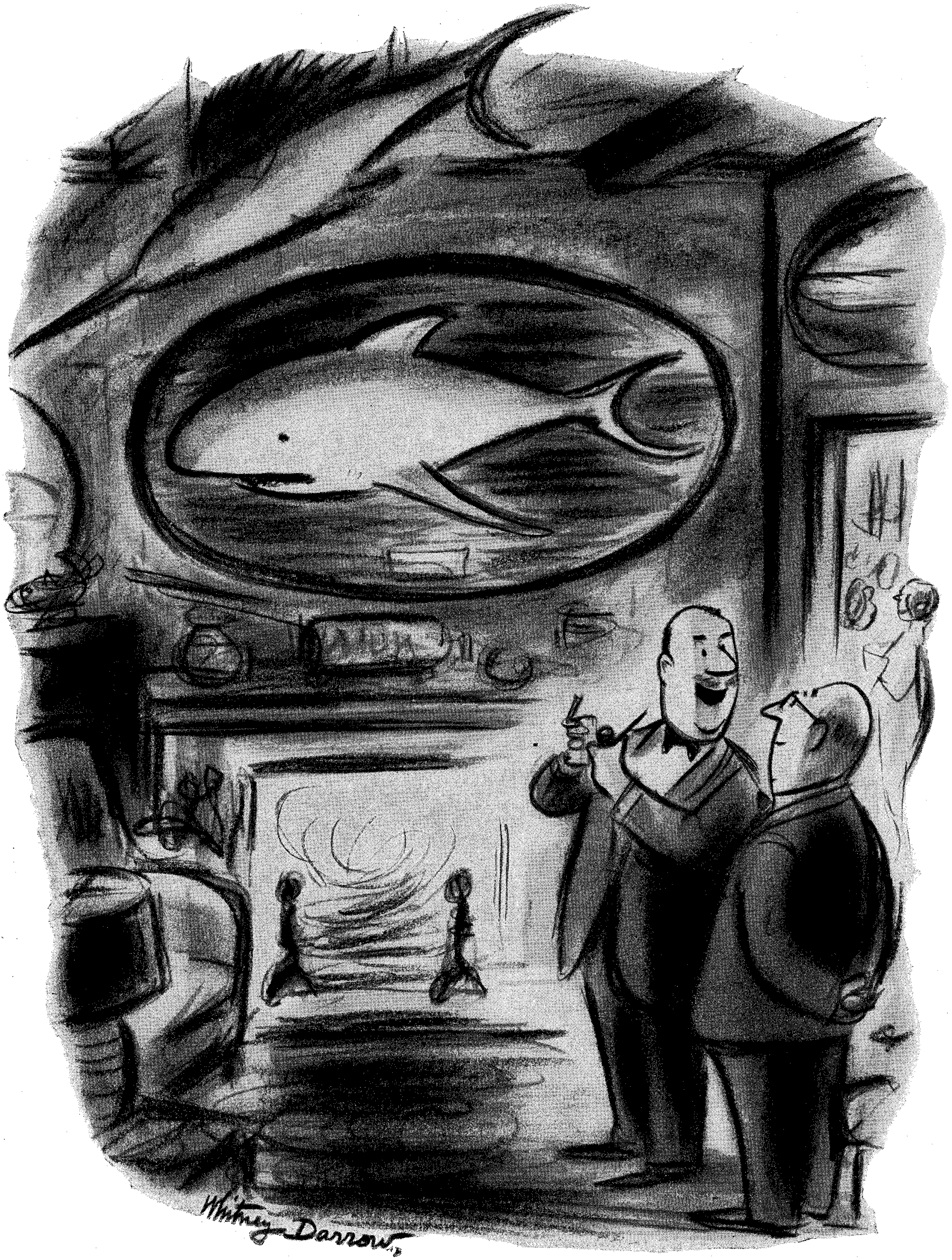
"So it is," Cooley said. "I'd know him in a crowd." He put his glass down on Catherine's desk.

"Let me ask you something," Catherine said. She was a little dizzy from the brandy. She sighted along the seam in her empty paper cup. "Do you think people are supposed to love one another? I mean I don't like to be corny, but that's what my mother always said."

"They are if they're able, but not if they're not," Cooley said. It sounded pretty obvious, the way he said it. He'd been backing toward the radiator, which was clanking again, but now he changed course and, picking up his wrench, headed for the door. "Marconi himself couldn't fix that thing," he said. "And I haven't the proper wrench for the job." He went out, closing the door firmly behind him.

Catherine dropped the blanket on the floor. In her too small, not very clean pajamas, she walked over to the bed and took the carnation from the plate the cake had been on and put it in the empty Halo bottle. She licked her finger and mopped up all the cake crumbs and ate them. After that, she lay down on the bed, with Paddy on her chest. She looked straight into his knowing green glass eyes. She smoothed a kink in his tail and flicked his meagre whiskers. Then she set his cap on straight, and her watch fell out of it.

—Ellen Currie


Whitney Darrow, Jr

"That one was a real killer. When they mounted him, they found a couple aqualungs, a pair of flippers, and a Bell & Howell movie camera."

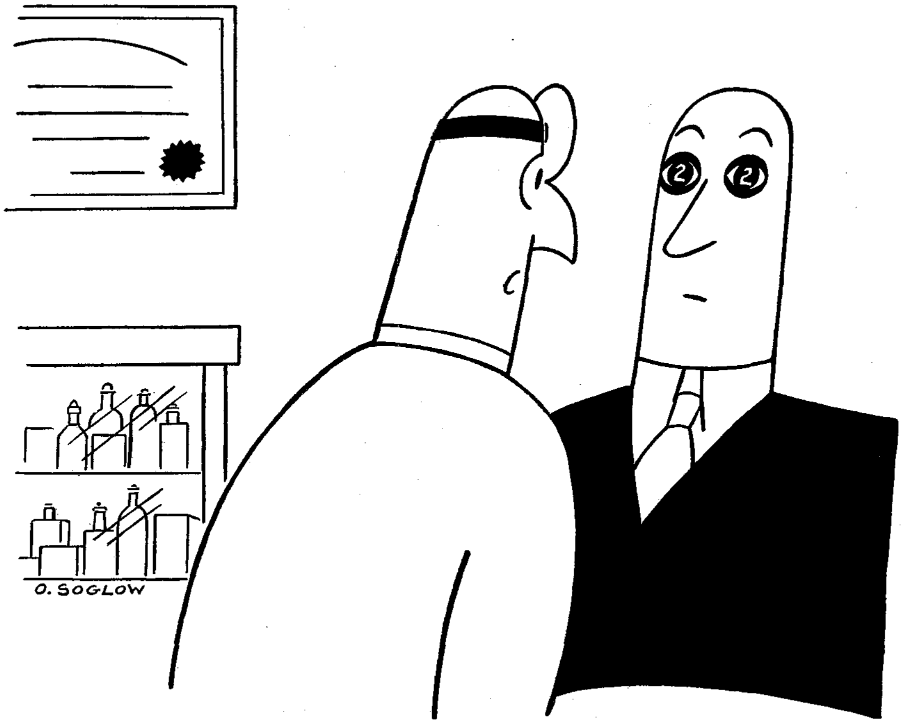
LETTER FROM THE NORTH

A PAVILION NEAR JEFFREYS HOOK
MARCH 16

THE automobile industry, according to the newspaper that usurps my bed, is facing a period of crucial decisions. On the whole, this is good news. There is always the chance that during a time of crisis some car manufacturer will shake free from the vision of stratocruisers and rockets and at last see the automobile for what it is—a handy little four-wheeled contraption that moves along the surface of the earth carrying an American family on errands of an inconsequential nature, a vehicle requiring no wings for rising into the air, no fins for diving into the sea. The determination to resist the queer, corrupting conception of the automobile as a winged thing or a finny thing should be the first crucial decision the industry makes.

For twenty-five years car makers have foolishly pursued two false and seductive ideas: first, that the stature of man is decreasing; second, that the way to create beauty is to turn the matter over to a style department after consulting a few motivational-research monkeys and a covey of social psychologists. Everyone should know that the stature of man is *not* decreasing (if anything, men and women are somewhat taller than they used to be), and anyone who has eyes in his head should know that beauty is the child of truth, not to be had by last-minute scheming and conniving. I do not recall ever seeing a properly designed boat that was not also a beautiful boat. Purity of line, loveliness, symmetry—these arrive mysteriously whenever someone who knows and cares creates something that is perfectly fitted to do its work, whether the object is a grain scoop, a suspension bridge, or a guillotine. Nobody styled the orb web of a spider, nobody styled the sixteen-foot canoe. Both are beautiful, and for a common reason: each was designed to perform a special task under special conditions. I think it would be impossible to build a thoroughly honest and capable motorcar, correctly designed to meet the conditions a car must meet, and have it turn out to be anything but good-looking. But the method used in Detroit is to turn some engineers loose in one room and some stylists in another room, while the motivational pixies scamper back and forth whispering secrets in everybody's ear, and after months of such fooling and plotting and compromising and adjusting, then out comes the new automobile, and no wonder it carries the telltale marks of monstrosity on its poor tortured body. In many cases it looks as though the final licks had been given it by a group of emotionally disturbed children.

Not only have car makers lacked faith in the essential truth of a motor vehicle but they have painted their lily so lavishly and so drunkenly that they have ruined its appearance and added greatly to its cost. A garbage scow carries a filthy cargo but it has clean lines—cleaner by far than the lines of the 1958 automobile.



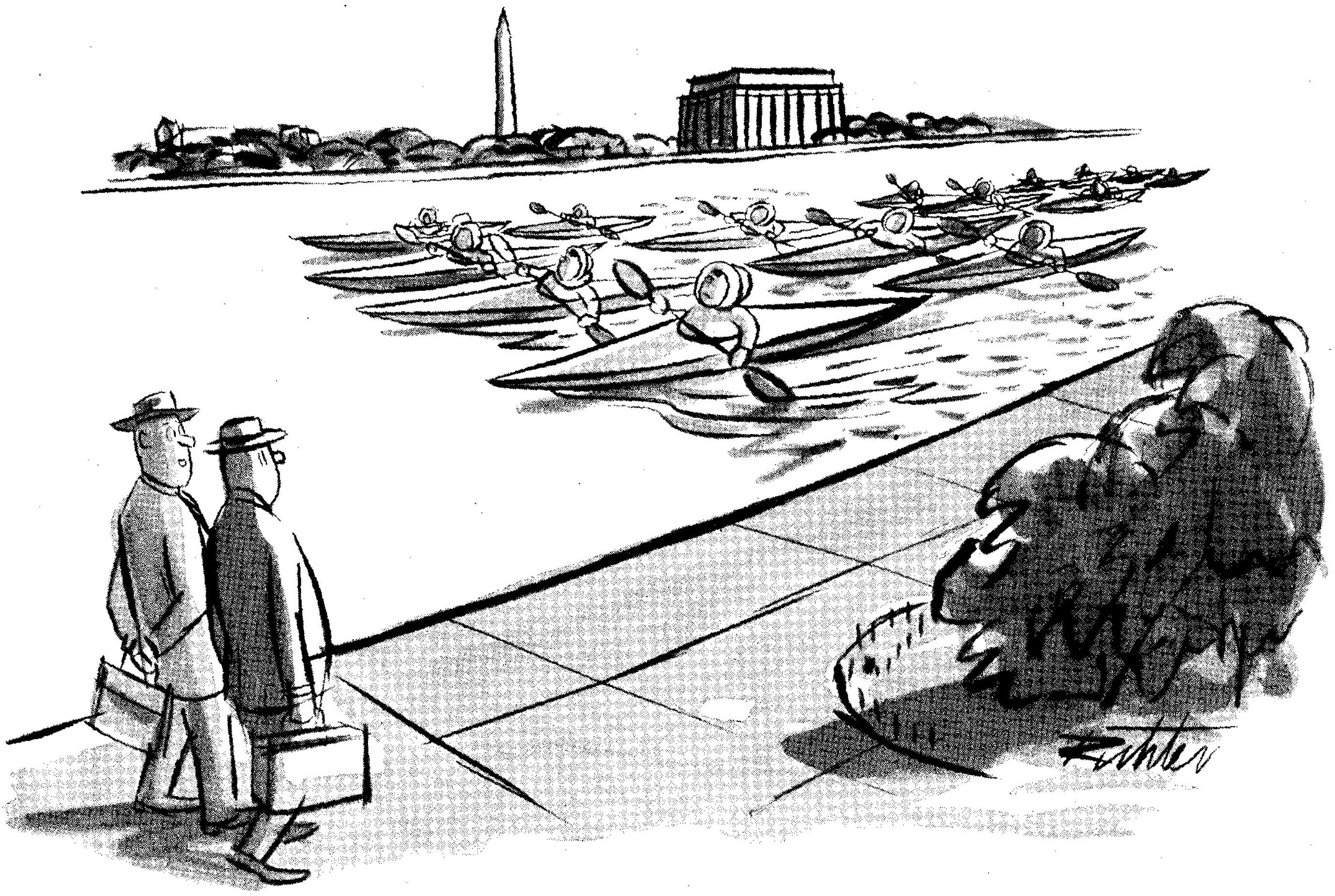
"I think for a while, at least, you better switch to Channel Four."

The mess the car makers find themselves in today bears a strong likeness to the pickle the motion-picture industry got into ten or a dozen years ago. That, too, was the direct result of indulging in dream life and underestimating the intelligence and stature of the people. The movie makers, if you remember, got so absorbed in the work of examining the entrails of pollsters and taking everybody's pulse in America to see what the average heartbeat was, they had no time to examine their own innards for a subject worth filming. It took them a number of years to pull out of their queer preoccupation with the human circulatory system and get back into the simple creative life. Now it's the car makers whose fingers are wrapped around my wrist in what feels like the grip of death. If they really want to know the state of my health and the shape of my desires, I shall be happy to accommodate them, but I warn them it's not the way to go about designing and building an automobile.

I sit here in this pavilion, running a low fever and looking out at the world from a high window. My view includes a small slice of the West Side Highway, southbound. The cars pass in an endless parade, and there is a terrible sameness to them—a litter of lively pigs from the brood sow in Detroit. Some are slightly upswept, some are slightly downcast (like the industry itself). But almost all of them seem to have been poured from the same mold: the Cadillac is blood brother to the Ford, the Lincoln and the Plymouth could lie down together in a field of daisies and you'd hardly know they weren't twins.

My newspaper says that the atmosphere in the hub of the auto industry is one of gloom. The bedtime story I am about to tell, revealing my pulse rate, my prejudices, and the state of my dreams, is not calculated to lift the industry's spirits, but it is a true story, and it concerns a man and his search for a car, and on that account it does bear on the vexing problems of these troubled times. I'll begin at the beginning, it's so soothing to do it that way.

In the summer of 1949, being then of sound mind and in good pocket, I purchased a four-door De Soto sedan in a pleasing shade of green—a green as rich as the new growth of a spruce tree in the spring. I mention the name De Soto hesitantly, for I have no wish to send a convulsion of pain through the bodies of Harlow Curtice and Henry Ford II, and indeed the name of the



"Oh, it's probably the lobby for Alaskan statehood."

• •

car could as well be Oldsmobile or Mercury and make no difference; it's the year 1949 that is the pertinent fact here. At any rate, my new car seemed at the time a very agreeable and serviceable automobile, and so it turned out to be. For this beauty I paid the handsome sum, in cash, of two thousand four hundred and ninety-five dollars, a veritable pile. I took possession of the car in Bangor, Maine, a few blocks from the railroad station. Through the years that have intervened, having through God's grace remained of sound mind, I have managed not to lose possession of the car, although there have been a couple of narrow squeaks in recent months.

I now skip lightly over eight years and we come to the summer of 1957. Last August, when somebody else was at the wheel, my car met with a slight accident involving another vehicle. The whole affair was on a very low pitch of disaster: the other car was motionless at the time, and my own car was moving at the rate of about seven miles per hour. But despite the trivial nature of the encounter, my right front fender received a long, straight slash the whole length of it, raked fore and aft by the strong, sharp blade of the opponent's rear bumper. I was so impressed by the neatness of the stroke that I drove to a local garage and instructed the mechanic to finish the job off with his shears and then weld a temporary bracket to the frame, to support what was left of the fender; namely, its upper part. When this was accomplished, the first discovery I made was that the right, or damaged, side of my car presented a better appearance, on the whole, than the left, or undamaged, side. The right front wheel had been exposed to view by the loss of the lower half of the fender, and I noted with satisfaction that a wheel revealed is more exciting to the eye than a wheel concealed.

For a few days, neither my wife nor I paid any particular attention to the fact that our family automobile was now asymmetrical and beat up. Our minds were on other matters, and when we wanted to go somewhere we would simply get in the car and go, enjoying the same inward elegance to which we had long been accustomed. But then one day the subject came up, as it was bound to sooner or later, and the phrase "new car" escaped from our lips and went darting about the rooms like Tinker Bell. "New car"! What an intoxicating sound the words make—like the jingle of frogs! What hot thoughts course through the mind! Before embarking on the golden adventure of shopping for an automobile, however, we strolled out together one morning to take a long, hard look at what we had in hand (a 1949 De Soto) and size up the true situation in a mood of cold sobriety.

The busted fender was, of course, a brilliant reality. And there was also the little matter of the torn upholstery on the front seat, which looked like the work of squirrels but was actually *my* work. I habitually carry a jackknife in my right-hand trousers pocket, and the bony structure of this useful tool, working through to the cloth of the seat, had taken its toll over the years. Also, on one occasion I had deliberately cut a swatch from the seat, to give to an upholsterer as a sample. This was during a phase when we were entertaining the idea of reupholstering the car. Nothing ever came of the reupholstery project; it died of its own weight, leaving the front seat with its swatch-hole as a reminder of our good intentions and untapped resourcefulness.

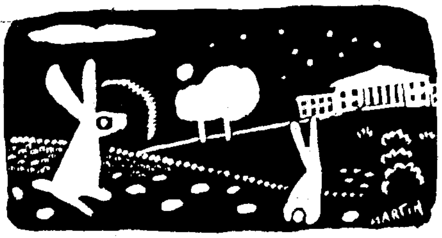
After studying our car for a few minutes, we decided that the word for it was "shabby." Both of us knew, though, that we were looking at an automobile the likes of which (if we were to lose it) we might not see again, a car that had not given us a moment's anxiety or pain in the whole time we had owned it and that still served us in an almost perfect manner. Its paint, after eight years, compared favorably with the paint on the new crop of cars; its metal seemed somehow stronger and heavier; all the doors worked with precision; and the only rattle it had was one it had had from the very beginning—a built-in rattle caused by a small glass plate on the instrument panel framing the legend "DE LUXE." I had always rather enjoyed this rattle as a piece of audible irony; it made me chuckle to observe that the only cheap streak in the entire car was caused by the stylist's written proclamation of swank. Every now and again I'd tire of the noise and plug the glass plate with a paper match or a tiny wad of Kleenex, but sooner or later DE LUXE would sound off again. DE LUXE was all that ever broke the silence of De Soto.

The upshot of our conference was this: Because of "shabbiness" we would look for a new car, but we would take our time about it. We were not faced with a crisis in transportation (the car ran fine), and we agreed that we would trade in our old automobile on a new one only if we could find a new one that seemed to be at least as good as what we had. We would not buy a new car merely because it bore the label "1957" or the label "1958." We would not let shabbiness embarrass us into doing anything foolish. That was the way we talked in our pride.

My wife is the sort of woman who does not notice automobiles except during the infrequent periods when we are in the process of selecting one. She has never counted on an automobile to invest her with prestige. (She was a distinguished woman at birth and needed no help from Detroit.) Motorcars simply do not attract her attention or excite her fancy, and I knew well enough that it was eight years since she'd last examined an automobile with eyes that see, and that she was in for a number of surprises, most of them unpleasant. The three things that especially interest her in a car are whether she can see out when at the wheel, whether she can ride in the front seat for any length of time without getting a pain in her back, and whether she can enter the car in a forthright manner, without turning around and going in backwards. She has never been willing to slink into an automobile fanny first, as millions of spineless and adjustable American women have learned to do, and I greatly respect this quality in her.

To prepare for what lay ahead I went to my workbench, got a spirit level and a two-foot rule, and carefully measured the height of the driver's seat from the floor. It measured fourteen and three-quarters inches.

From the end of August till the middle of January, whenever we could find a spare hour or two, we drove about the countryside, visiting nearby towns and cities in search of a car. We would pull in to a dealer's place with our naked right front wheel gleaming in the beautiful light and illuminating the car the way a cauliflower ear illuminates the face of an old fighter, and I would watch the dealer's eye rove furtively over the injured fender and see him make a mental note to knock an extra hundred dollars off the trade-in allowance. A new car would be trotted out for our inspection, and each of us in turn would sit in the driver's seat to get the feel of the thing. In most instances my wife lasted only a fraction of a minute at the wheel and came sliding and slithering out amid little stifled cries of alarm and disgust. Front seats had sunk in eight years, some of them a few inches, many of them without a trace. In several of the cars we looked at, the front seat was little more than a tilted hassock—a hassock that answered to the touch of a button, gliding forward and back, up and down, and leaving you either, with your legs stretched straight out in front of you as though you were sitting on the floor, or with your knees pinned in a vicious grip under the steering wheel as though you were in the stocks.



At first we were shown 1957 automobiles, but soon after Labor Day we began encountering cars that were called 1958, among them the Edsel of great renown. It was an autumn rich in new experience for us. Everywhere we were courteously treated and bitterly disappointed. We ran through General Motors, we ran through Chrysler, we ran through Ford, we rambled through Rambler, and we poked around among foreign cars. A friend of ours who runs the general store where we trade let me drive his Lincoln, and another friend, just home from Germany, let me drive the Mercedes that he had brought back with him. (This last car, incidentally, felt more like our old 1949 sedan than anything else we had tried, but its manual gearshift seemed to me so delicately selective as to require the sandpapered fingers of a lock picker, and I felt fairly certain that even if I got together enough money to buy such a car, my wife would strip the gears out of it inside of a day, unless I managed to beat her to it myself.)

GHOSTS

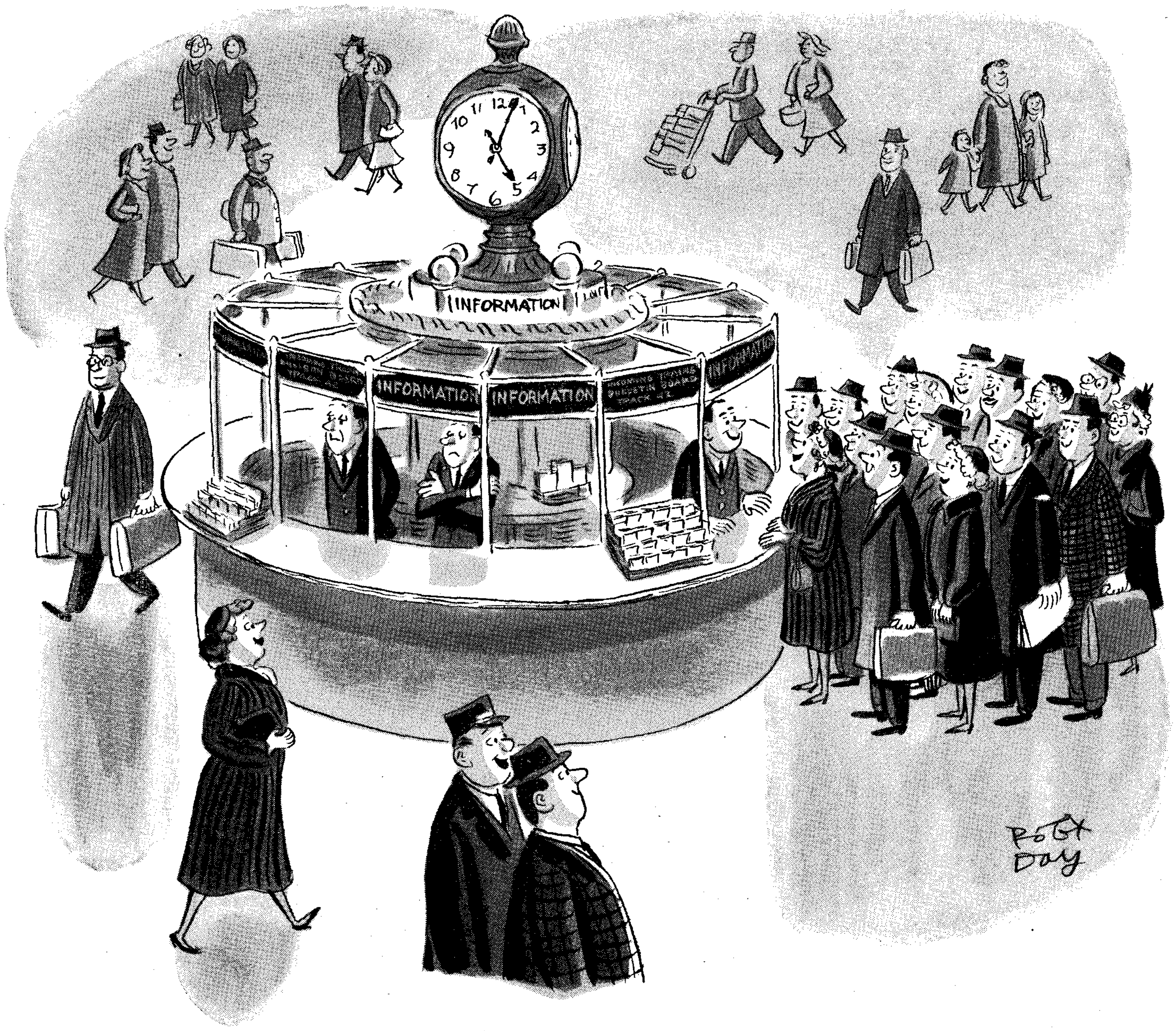
Never to see ghosts? Then to be
haunted by what is, only—to believe that glass
is for looking through, that rooms, too, can be empty,
the past past, deeds done,
that sleep, however troubled, is your own?
Do the dead lie down, then? Are blind men blind?
Is love in touch alone? Do lights go out?
And what is that shifting, shifting in the mind?
The wind, the wind?

No, they are there. Let your ear be gentle.
At dawn or owl cry, over doorway or lintel,
theirs are the voices moving night toward morning,
the garden's grief, the river's warning.
Their curious presence in a kiss,
the past quivering in what is,
our words odd-sounding, not our own—
how can we think we sleep alone?

What do they have to tell? If we can listen,
their voices are denials of all dying,
faint, on a long bell tone, lying
beyond sound or belief, in the oblique
last reach of the sense through layers of recognition. . . .
Ghost on my desk, speak, speak.

—ALASTAIR REID

* *



"Not only does he know all the answers but he's a fine, warm human being."

• •

I usually carried my two-foot rule with me on our excursions and would make quick measurements of the front seat when nobody was looking, hoping to run across a car that could touch the fourteen-and-three-quarters-inch mark. The little Hillman, curiously enough, came close, and we were so impressed by this single fact we almost bought the car on the spot. But the same thing happened at the Hillman place that happened at all the other agencies: we took a short ride, with me at the wheel; then we thanked the man and said we wanted time to think it over; then we climbed back into the De Soto and started for home in an easy glide. Almost immediately the subtle superiority of our 1949 car to the one we had just been testing infected us, manifesting itself in a dozen indescribable ways and stirring our blood, and we felt relieved and happy and exhilarated by the rediscovery of old familiar virtues and properties, and this made us lightheaded and gay, and I stepped down on the accelerator and gradually the old automobile responded to the surge of gasoline until we were rushing along at the speed of the wind (forty-five miles an hour), singing and clowning and admiring the wonderful sheen of the green hood that stretched out in front of us, a green as rich as the new growth of a spruce tree in the spring. Even the holes in the upholstery were in perfect concealment; I sat on the knife-hole, my bride on the swatch-hole. Not a sign of shabbiness was apparent, the missing section of the fender being well out of view over the curve of the machine.

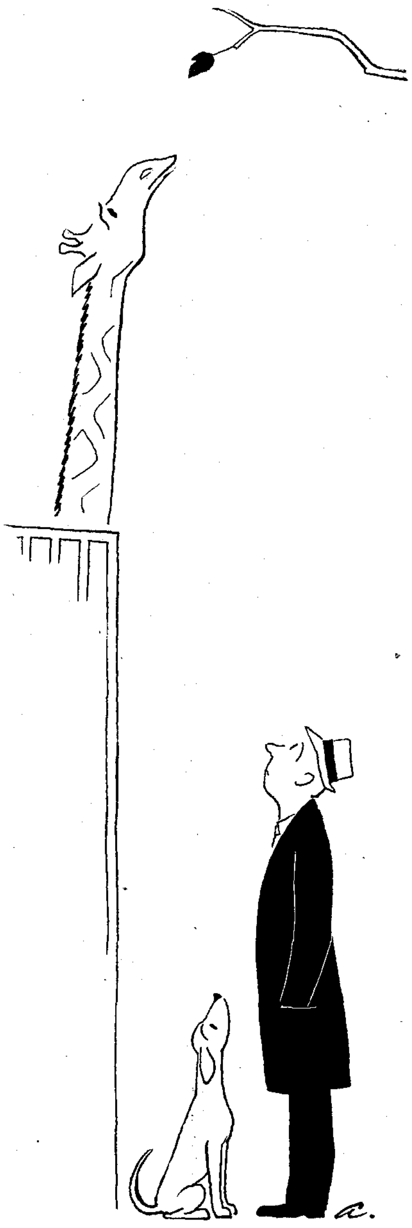
Sometime in January we tired of the rigmarole of buying a new car and decided to wait patiently for a turn in the automotive tide. I treated our sedan to a new front fender, had a few minor dents smoothed out, installed a pair of new front springs, and commissioned our upholsterer to re-cover the seats. (He told us that he was about to leave for Cape Canaveral to visit a son who is engaged in Space but that he would tend to our car when he returned to Maine and to terrestrial affairs.) I also arranged for another coat of Turtle Wax to be applied to the surface of Old Shabby. And that is where the matter stands now, and that is the end of my story.

THIRTY or forty years ago, when a man wanted a car, he had a fabulous assortment to choose from—everything from a jackrabbit to a bearcat. Big cars, small cars, medium-size cars, cheap cars, expensive cars, moderate-priced cars, high cars, low cars, open cars, closed cars, gas cars, steam cars, electric cars: it was paradise. The trend in manufacturing has been to standardize the automobile, as though the consumer were himself standard and fixed. Big cars have grown smaller, small cars have grown bigger, all cars have grown lower, all cars have gone up in price. Sales of most American cars are lagging; only the foreign cars are enjoying an active market.

My newspaper says that Detroit is reappraising the scene. Car makers are asking, "Do people want expensive chrome-covered, prestige-laden big cars, or do they want smaller and more economical basic transportation?" I think the answer to that is, there is no such thing as "people" in the sense that the word is used here. Every person is different. Some want expensive chrome-covered, prestige-laden cars; some want plain undecorated inexpensive cars that carry no more prestige than an old umbrella. Some want a car that is spacious, to carry big loads long distances. Others want a small, economical car for light going on short hauls.

For millions of men a motorcar is primarily a means of getting to and from work. For millions of wives it is primarily a means of getting to and from the nearby shops, churches, and schools. Yet from reading auto ads you would think that the primary function of the motorcar in America was to carry its owner first into a higher social stratum, then into an exquisite delirium of high adventure.

In the New England village I live in, the automobile is used chiefly for getting to and from a job and a store. The one car for which there is always a brisk demand in my town is the Model A Ford, now about thirty years old. Whenever a Model A comes on the market, it is snapped up in no time, and usually there is a waiting list. People actually advertise in the papers, wanting to buy a Model A. The reason the A is going strong today is simple: the car is a triumph of honest, unfussy design and superior materials. It doesn't look like a turbojet or like an elephant's ear, it drinks gasoline in moderation, it puts on no airs, and when something gets out of adjustment the owner can usually tinker it back to health himself. The car is not long, it is not low, but it works and it is extremely durable. It wouldn't fill the bill today for high-speed travel over superhighways, but I am quite sure of one thing—if Ford could suddenly produce a new batch of Model A's and put them up for sale some morning, at about double what they cost originally, they'd be gone by nightfall. I'd be strongly tempted to buy one myself. It isn't *exactly* what I'm looking for, but it's close. And the price would be so favorable I wouldn't have to turn in my old car but could keep it and become a two-car American, using the Ford for dashing to the store for a box of soap flakes and the De Soto for long-distance de-luxe occasions, such as running out to San Francisco to see the Giants play ball.



Whenever the automobile industry is in trouble, it's a serious matter for the country. The motorcar is really our No. 1 consumer item; when it languishes, everything languishes. I have contributed my tiny bit to the sickness in Detroit, because I haven't bought a car in nine years—an un-American way to act. But the fault is not mine. I think manufacturers should take a deep breath and start over, on new principles. They should regard the American motorist as an individual, not a symbol. They should respect his honesty and his intellect and his physical stature. They should abandon the cult of "lowness," as though lowness were synonymous with beauty and performance. (Every car should have a low center of gravity, but it isn't hard to come by. Virtually everything that's heavy about an automobile is in a naturally low position—engine, wheels, axles, frame, drive shaft, transmission, differential.)

The architect and his brother the engineer are perhaps the most valuable citizens we have. When they fail us, it affects our health and our purse. I believe that in motordom architects and engineers are not permitted to work undisturbed; their elbow is constantly being jiggled by tipsters, pollsters, motivationalists, and dream-mongers. To design a car is a responsible job, like designing a railroad bridge or a skyscraper. The motorcar is a killer and will always be a killer, but the death rate will always respond to responsible work at the drawing board. Where there are honesty and sincerity and technical skill and belief in the good traits of human beings, there is never any problem about beauty of form and line. The reason women's clothes are hideous this season is that the bag or sack is a betrayal of anatomy, and fails to translate the figure of a woman, merely caricaturing it. But it's one thing to pander to human foibles when creating a dress and quite another when creating a car. A car is a matter of life and death.

I didn't carry a two-foot rule around the countryside in order to annoy dealers. I did it because I was afraid we might have a terrible accident if my wife was obliged to sit almost at floor level while driving a high-powered car. This was a more compelling consideration than the slight increment of prestige I might gain by owning a vehicle my neighbors would think was smart because it was low. I'd rather stay down on a low level of society with a living wife than be up with the best of them as a widower. During our days of searching, I noticed that although dealers don't like two-foot rules, many of the ones I encountered were sympathetic to my cry. None of them gave me much of an argument, and several of them said they agreed.

I'll promise Detroit one thing: build me a car that's as comfortable, as safe, as durable, and as handsome as the one I have today, and I'll swap cars.

—E. B. White

SIXTH CHILD

THE pains started early in the morning, and at once the house was full of busy women. It was amazing how quickly they came—some of them all the way from the other side of the town. Babu Ram never could understand how women managed to get news so quickly; a deathbed, a lying-in, a sickness, an accident, any sudden blow of fortune or misfortune, and all the female relations were there without delay. The men always tended to fall into the background on these occasions—especially, of course, at a lying-in. Never did Babu Ram feel so awkward, useless, unwanted, and embarrassed as he did in his own house every time his wife had a new baby.

Now he wandered around aimlessly, with sad eyes and an apologetic smile, trying to keep out of the way of the women, who rushed around full of purpose and determination. He would have liked to talk to his little girls, but a squad of women had taken charge of them and were washing, brushing, scrubbing, feeding, and dressing them prior to pushing them off to someone else's house, where they were to stay till it was all over and the baby safely born. Babu Ram felt as sorry for his little girls as he did for himself. The five of them looked so subdued, with their faces scrubbed terribly clean, their hair oiled and pulled tight from their foreheads. They kept quite still, their eyes huge with wonder, whereas usually they were as quick and twittering as birds. Babu Ram wanted to throw them some word of encouragement but was himself feeling too subdued and discouraged to do so. All he could manage was a very shy smile as they were bundled out of the house; they looked back at him with big, silent eyes.

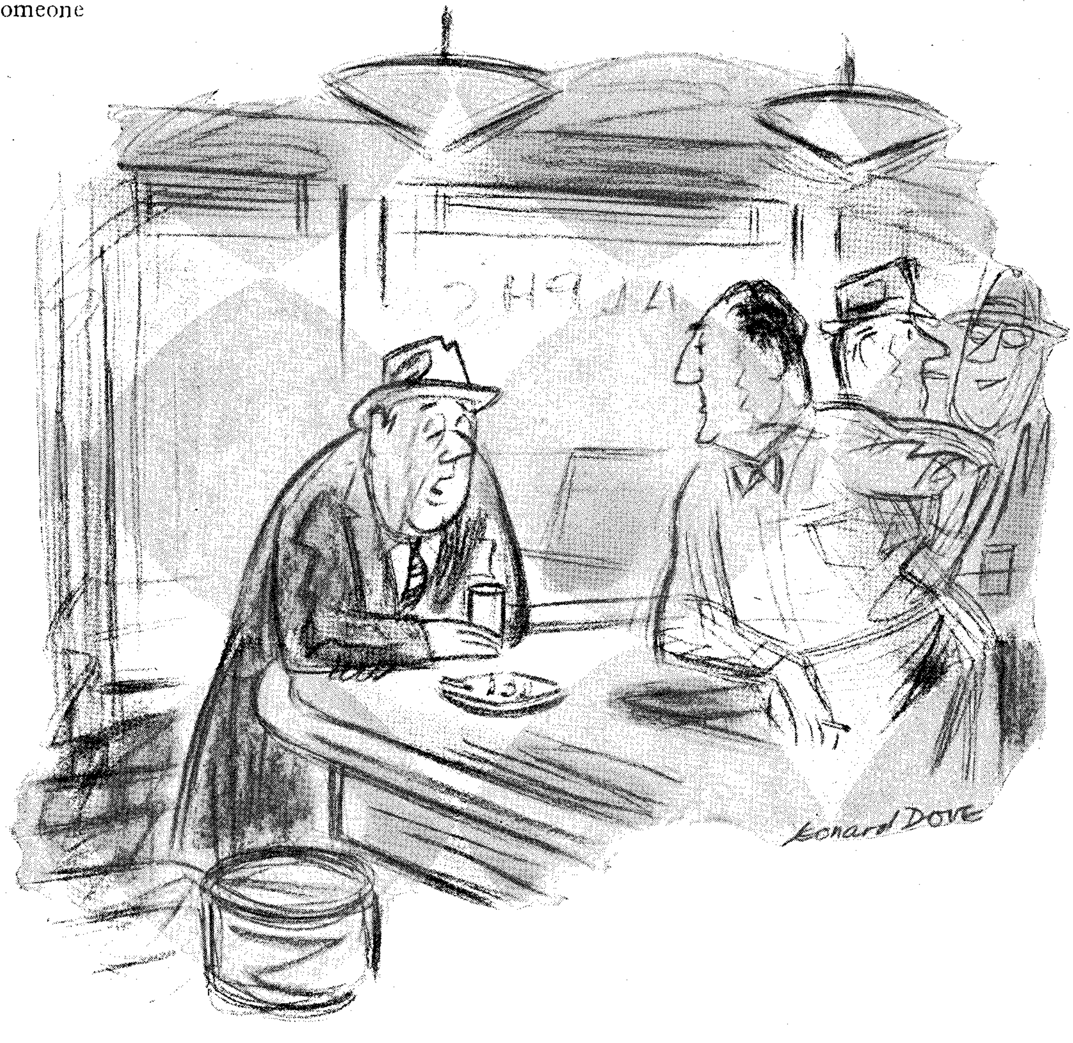
At last, one of the women deigned to notice him—his mother's cousin, a short, square old woman who was always very prominent on these occasions, waddling around with her elbows stuck out and a pleased, busy look on her face. "Now then," she said to him, "what are you still doing here? Be off with you!" "Yes," he said, passing his hand over his balding head, "yes, it is time I went to the shop." Another woman called out, "Don't let us see your face again too quickly! Your work is done—now it is our turn!" He simpered and shifted uneasily from one leg to the other. "Come back tonight and see what we have for you," said his mother's cousin, and brushed past him into the room where his wife lay groaning on a string bed.

He put on his little round hat and walked slowly down the stairs. Plump and neat, with his dhoti falling in tidy folds around his legs and exposing his fat, smooth calves above his highly polished black shoes, he looked as comfortable as he did every morning when he left thus, clean and breakfasted, for the shop. But he did not feel comfortable at all. He was worrying about his little girls and about himself, all driven out of the house so unceremoniously; and also about something else, which he did not dare think about much. Downstairs, he met the first-floor tenant, who said to him, "So it has started," and then, "Well, let us hope this time . . ."

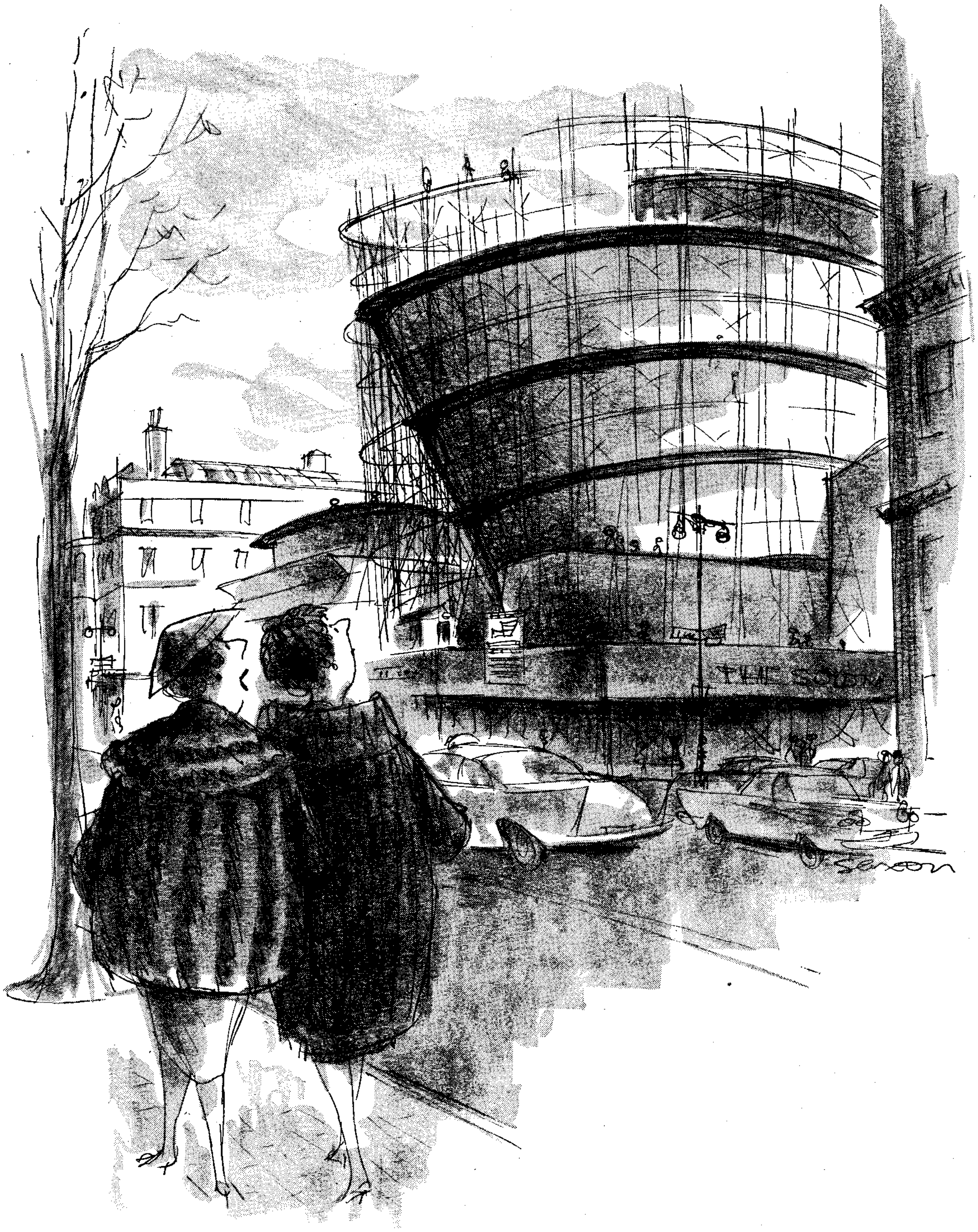
"Yes," said Babu Ram, lifting his hat from his head with both hands and then settling it back again. "Yes," he said, and couldn't say anything further, because he hoped so much that he trembled when he thought about it. He stood on the bottom step, with his head lowered, and looking, in spite of his comfortable, confident paunch, almost humble.

"God will be good to you," said his neighbor, himself the father of four sons. "He knows five daughters is enough for anyone." And he laughed with the easy heartiness of a man to whom the topic doesn't matter much. Babu Ram also tried to laugh, but he could not do so at all heartily.

HIS younger brother, Siri Ram, had already opened the shop, as he did every morning, and sat inside eating his breakfast from a leaf, which he held in the hollow of his hand. Babu Ram stepped out of his shoes and into the shop. He hung up his hat on the ap-



"For months she's been nagging me to ask for a raise. So I did. And I got it. Now what I can't face is her confounded 'I told *you so'!"*



"We used to know a family named Wright in Elmhurst, and I must say they *couldn't have been* nicer.*"*

• •

pointed nail and sat down on a white sheet spread on the floor, with his legs tucked underneath him. Quickly his eyes ranged to the right, to the left, and behind him, up the shelves piled with bolts of cloth, row upon row, up to the roof of his little hut of a shop. Tomorrow he would have to take down the pink-and-green muslin from Kanpur, which had not sold at all well and was getting faded, to make room for a consignment of flowered white lawn he was expecting from Bombay.

Siri Ram licked his fingers, all ten, one after another, and asked, "How is it going?" Babu Ram replied by shrugging one shoulder and looking resigned.

"It always takes time," said Siri Ram, speaking with authority, for though he was still a very young man, he already had four children of his own.

Babu Ram grunted, then said, "See that you have all this month's sales-tax vouchers. Otherwise, those Government people will come sitting on my head again." He spoke in a brisk business voice, for he did not want Siri Ram to know how much he was thinking about the baby.

It was a morning like every morning—quiet, with not many people in the bazaar, and the shopkeepers sitting cross-legged in their shops, some smoking their hookahs and some saying their prayers and some writing business letters and some doing the "Win 10,000 Rupees" crossword puzzle. Tall glasses of buttermilk, frothing with cream, arrived from Lal Singh's Milkshop of Lahore, and hot fritters with chutney from the Peshawar Famous Hotel. There was a little desultory conversation across the narrow lanes that ran between the rows of shops, and a few hawkers walked about calling digestive powders or elastic—though not very lustily, because there weren't many customers about. Babu Ram did his accounts, sitting on the floor with his big ledger in front of him and his spectacles perched on the end of his nose, and moving his hand up and down his paunch, which flowed gently over his thighs. Now and again, a customer came, and Siri Ram brought down bolt after bolt of cloth, until the floor of the shop was covered with a flood of shining new materials; after the customer had gone, Siri Ram patiently rolled them all up again.

Though Babu Ram tried to concentrate on his accounts, he could not help thinking of the son he was hoping for so much. It was the sixth time he had hoped this way, and he was afraid of being disappointed for the sixth time. Not that he did not love his five little daughters. His heart turned over every time he thought of them—quick, skinny, demure in their wide trousers with the flowered shirts over them, their hair neat in thin pigtails, their huge eyes full of wonder and shyness, their piping voices that always sounded excited. But he longed for a son. There were all the obvious reasons he must have a son (Who, otherwise, would preside over his funeral obsequies and pour the ghee

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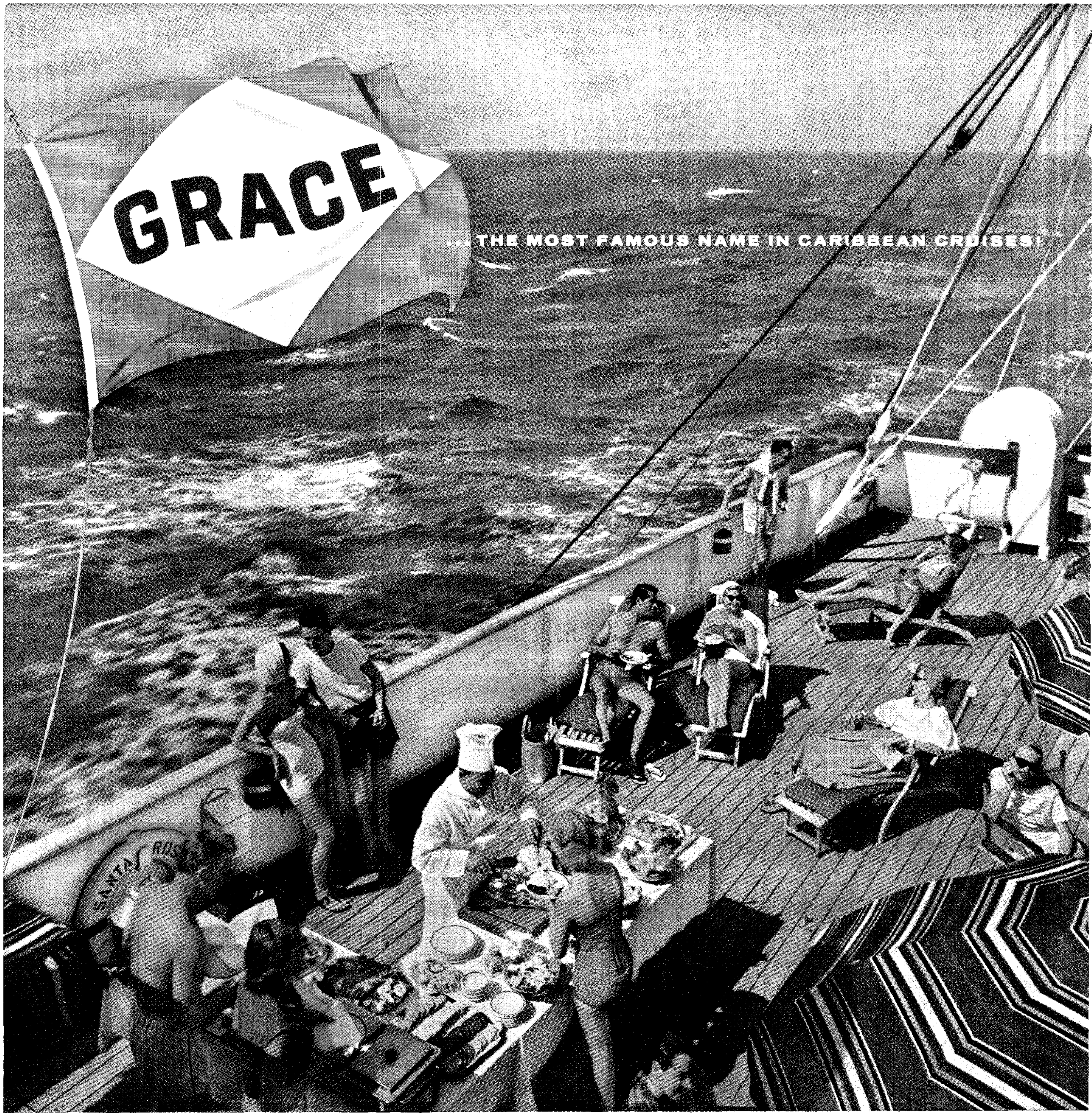
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to feed the cremating fire? Who would carry on the shop, the properties?), but there were also other reasons—less obvious, and closer to his heart.

Perhaps what he really wanted was to have, like the other shopkeepers, a little boy to sit with him in the shop. It was in the evenings that he most felt this lack. The bazaar became very busy in the evenings: shoppers thronged the narrow lanes between the shops; there was buying and selling and haggling; hawkers cried their wares, and beggars whined for alms. But inside the shops it remained private and cozy. When one walked through the bazaar, each shop, with its completely open front, was like a photograph of a family group exposed to view in one big square of electric light: one could see the shopkeeper and his assistants (who were, of course, members of the family—a younger brother, an impoverished uncle, a nephew) talking to their customers, who sat on a narrow bench and looked critically at the goods shown to them. Here the bargaining was quieter and interspersed now with gossip and now with philosophy; glasses of cool water were offered; everything was calm, leisured, very polite. And always, in almost every shop, there was a little boy. He sat at the edge of the shop, with his legs dangling over. Sometimes he did his homework, or ate dried peas out of a paper cone. It was obvious—perhaps from the fearless, even arrogant way he looked at the passersby and the customers—that he was quite at home and at ease here; that he knew himself to have every right to be here; that it was, in short, his father's shop.

With little girls, it was different. They had to stay at home with the women of the family, where they became as familiar with the life of kitchen and courtyard as the boys did with that of the shop. They learned to imitate the ways of grandmother, mother, and aunts, and pretended to wear saris and to pound spices and sift rice and scold servants. How often Babu Ram had watched them at their games, chuckling to himself, his heart all glowing with love! Yet at the same time there was always a trace of regret, because he felt that there should also be a little boy, to play at doing as the father did—to wear a dhoti and a little round hat, and to pretend to be a shopkeeper. He could almost see this little boy following him down the stairs of the house on their way to the shop, treading in his footsteps and trying to look just like him—tucking in his chin, frowning as he adjusted his hat, clearing his

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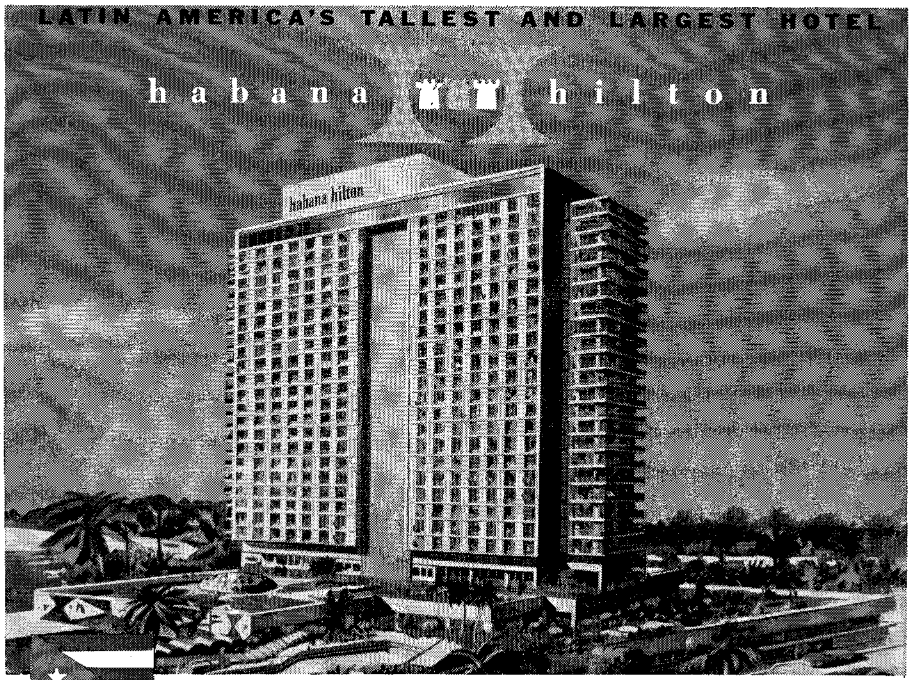
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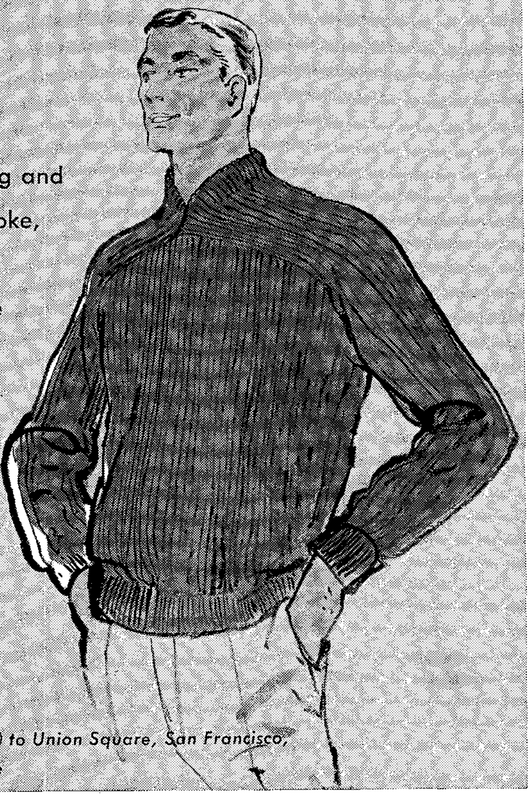

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throat in a proud parody of his father's manner.

Babu Ram, sitting in his shop, stroking his belly, and seemingly intent on his accounts, felt himself ache with wanting. Siri Ram sat at the other side of the shop with his knees drawn up, looking out with vacant eyes and picking his nose. Babu Ram could not talk to him. Yet he wanted terribly to unburden himself to someone and have him share his weight of anxiety. Perhaps not share, though; what he really wanted was for someone to relieve him of it—someone to come and say, "Don't worry any more. This time you will have a son." But who could say that to him, except perhaps God?

Of course, he believed in God and did all the things that he knew were required to please Him. Thus he had accompanied his wife several times on the daily visits she made to the temple during her pregnancy, had made his offerings of flowers and sweetmeats, and had vowed to feast five hundred Brahmins if his prayers were granted. But all the same, he could not help feeling now that there was something more he should do. Prayers and offerings were too remote and impersonal; they were what one did, as a duty, on all occasions. Now he wanted to please God with something more direct, more spontaneous, more personal—something exceptional, to prove himself worthy of the great favor he was asking.

A boy arrived from Lal Singh's Milkshop with tumblers of buttermilk. Siri Ram began to drink, making loud noises of relish from behind his tumbler. "Ah!" said Siri Ram. "Hah!" But Babu Ram hardly noticed himself drinking; he was thinking how unworthy he was and how presumptuous it was for him to expect God to favor him. He felt that in his present sinful state he did not deserve a son, and that, to become worthy in the sight of God, he had somehow to cleanse and purify himself.

When he thought of his past sins and imperfections, his mind went at once to a certain incident. God knew there were plenty more (after all, in business life one could not always think of others as much as it was perhaps right to do, and with his many dependents he had to put his family and its interests above all else), but none of them disturbed his conscience the way this one did. He could still see the old man's face, with its expression of patience and resignation, and himself shouting abuses, his face swollen with rage. Oh, yes, he had been right to shout abuses and to turn the old

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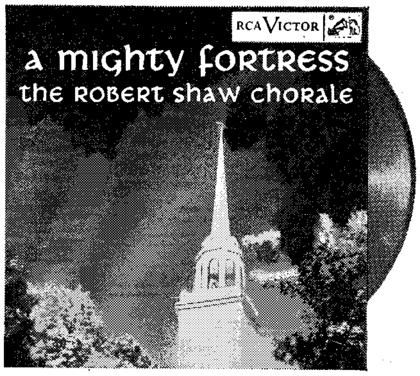
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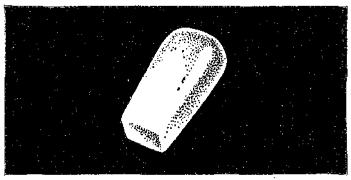

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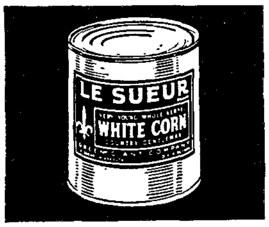

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man out of the house. Everybody in the family said he had been right. Everybody had abused the old man because of the way he had stolen from Babu Ram, who was his cousin, and who had kept him for many years in his own house and had taken him into the shop and had always been so kind to him. "Ungrateful devil!" they shouted at him. "Thief, liar, cheat!" Babu Ram shouted loudest of all; he felt rage throttling him until it was difficult for him to get the words out, and then in his fury he even slapped the old man—*one! two!* across the face—the way he might have slapped Siri Ram or some other younger brother over whom he had been set in authority. "Quite right!" the others all said. "With shoes he should be beaten!" The old man stood quite silent and patient, as if he were actually waiting for Babu Ram to take off his slipper and start beating him with it. This silence infuriated Babu Ram more than ever: there was something like innocence and martyrdom in it, although it was quite clear that the old man *had* stolen from the shop—consistently and unscrupulously and, moreover, in surprisingly large amounts. "Get out!" Babu Ram screamed, his hands twitching so that he was almost afraid of his own anger. The old man quietly rolled up his things. Babu Ram could still see him walking away with slow steps and eyes downcast, the little bundle of his possessions under his arm.

Now he drank the last of his buttermilk, holding the glass with one hand and shutting his account book with the other. He shut it with a pop, to make clear to himself the finality of his resolution. He would go and get the old man back. Now, at once. He got up, adjusted his dhoti, and took his hat down from its nail. Siri Ram looked up at him in surprise. "I am going out," Babu Ram said sternly. "If that man comes from Sita Mills, you can tell him to come back tomorrow. Today I have urgent work."

"You are going home?" Siri Ram asked. "To see about the baby? But it will be many hours until . . ."

"What concern is it of yours where I am going?" Babu Ram said, frowning with terrible authority. He didn't want anyone to know. They would all know soon enough; they would be angry with him and say he was a fool. "Perhaps we have not enough mouths to feed in this house?" his wife would say reproachfully. But Babu Ram wanted the old man back: to wipe out that moment when he had been angry and the old man had stood patient

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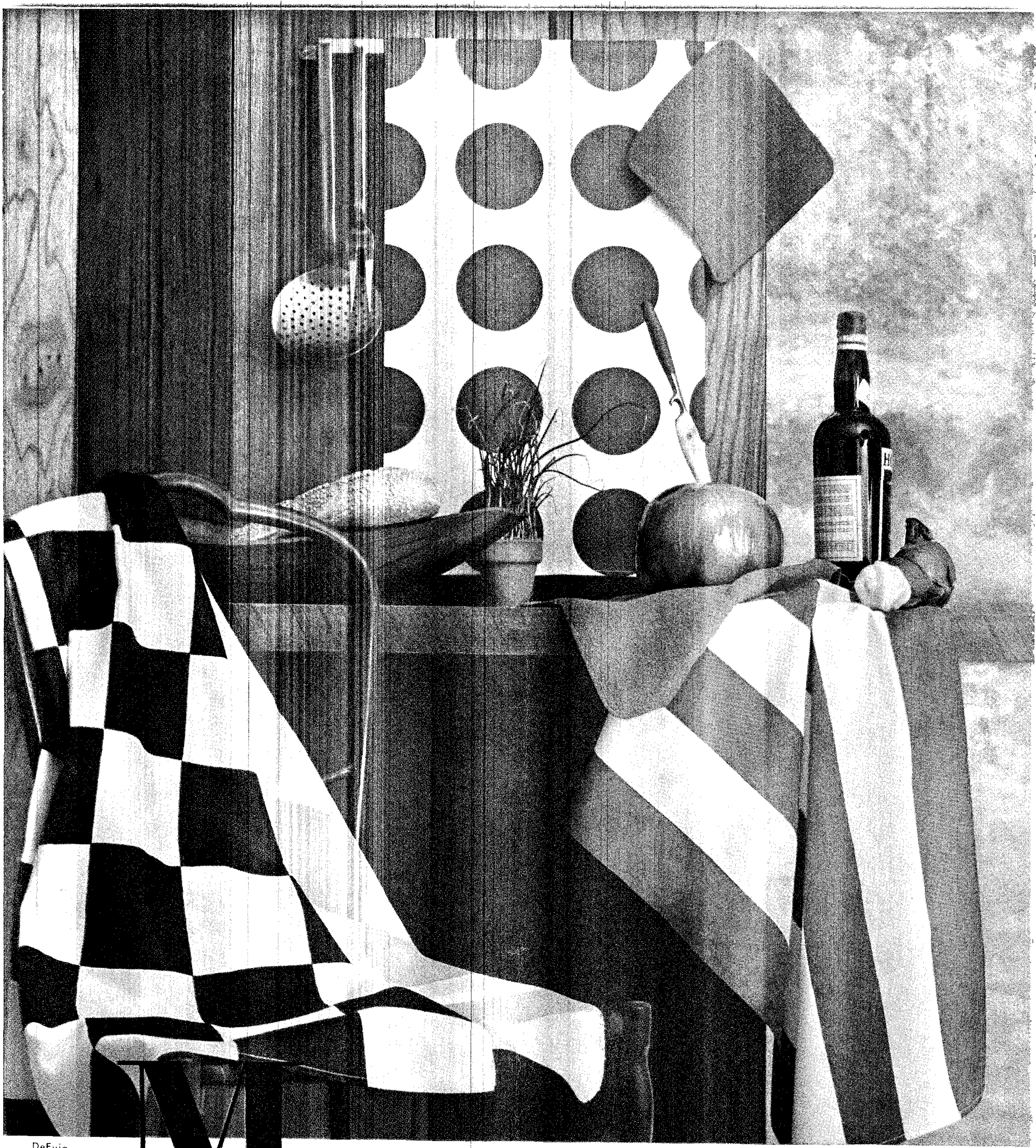

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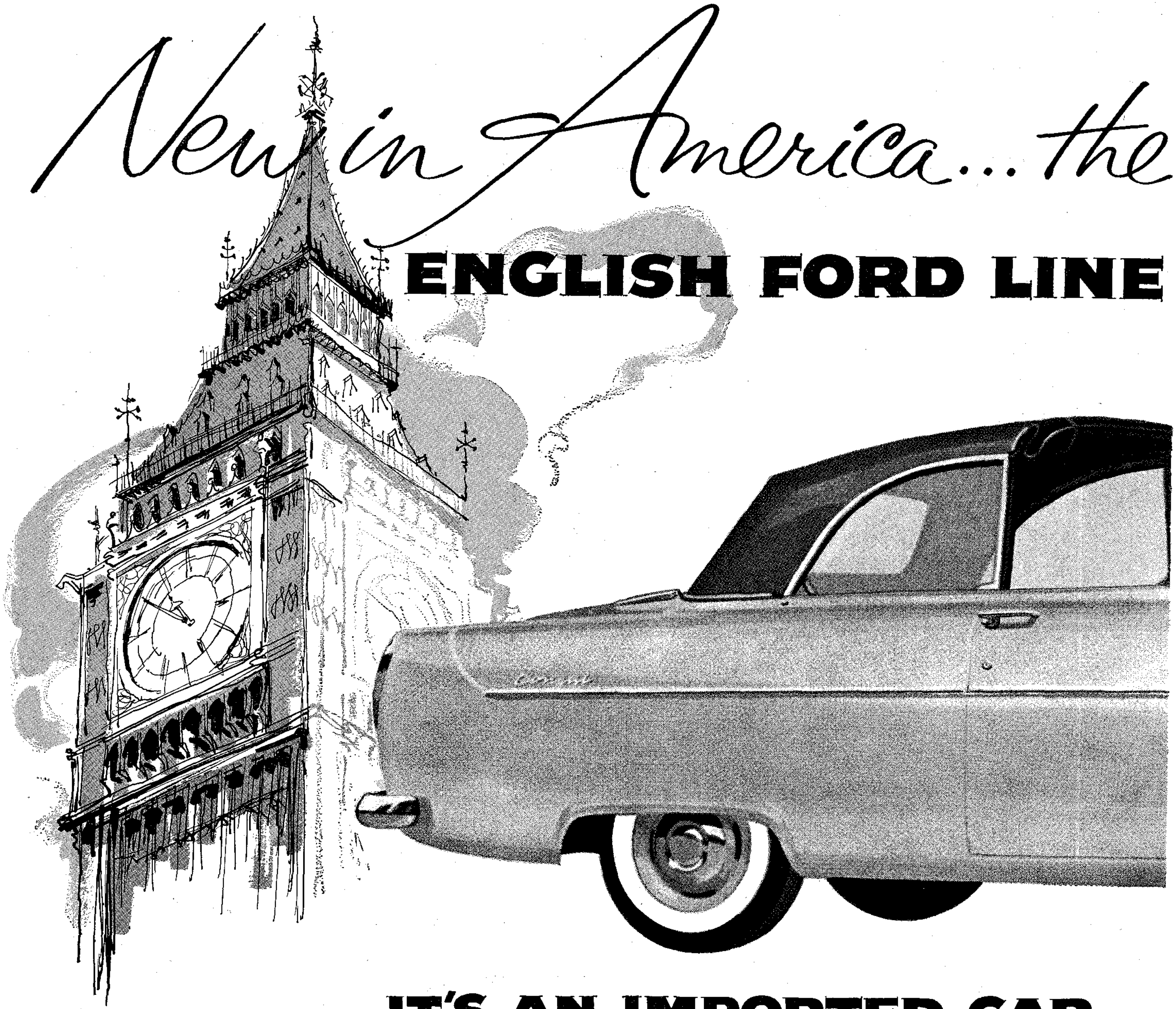

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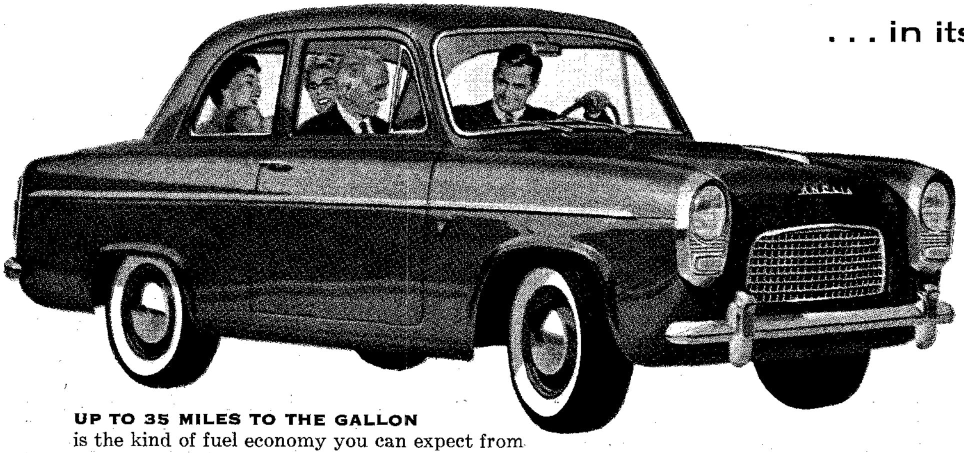

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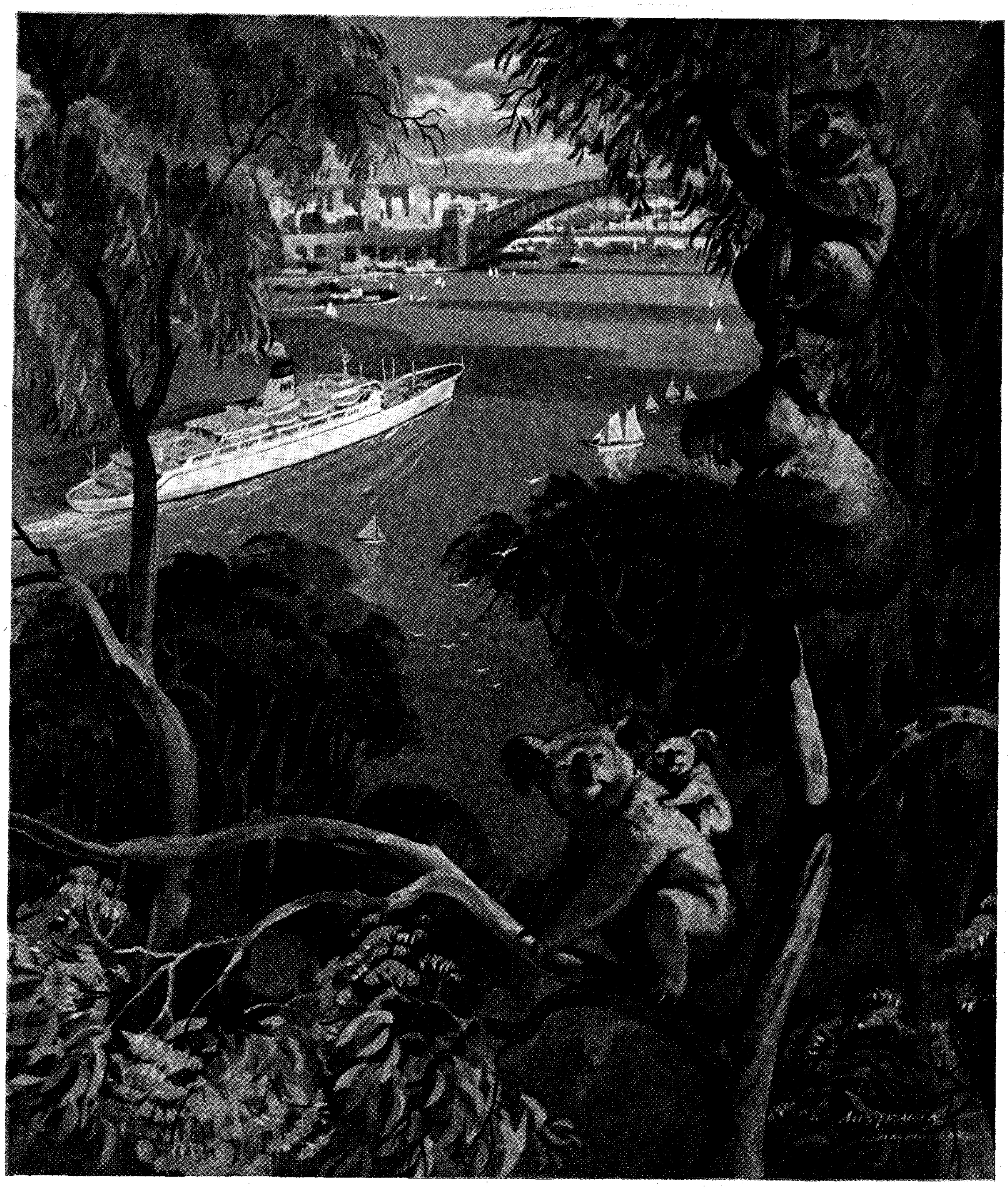

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and silent—to make himself worthy of a son.

Babu Ram knew that the old man had gone to live with another group of relatives, who were only remotely connected with his own branch of the family. He climbed into a cycle rickshaw and had himself taken straight there. The house was behind a temple, hedged in by many little stalls selling flower garlands and sweetmeats and plaster-of-Paris images of the gods. Pilgrims sat resting by the side of the road, and there were clusters of ascetics in orange robes on the steps of the temple, and, just down the road, a few dirty gray cows walking about and two pariah dogs snuffling in the gutter for refuse. Babu Ram haggled for a while with the rickshaw driver and then went into the house, calling in a hesitant voice, "Is anyone here?" But the house was quite silent, sunk in midday heat and sleep. All the men were probably out, and the women and servants resting in cool rooms after their meal. Babu Ram stood in the passage, scratching his head under his little round hat and not quite knowing what to do. He did not want to go farther, for fear of intruding into the women's quarter. Yet it was in the women's quarter that he would be most likely to find the old man, who had always had a predilection for sitting there—so strong a predilection that the family had called him, in his younger days, "the eunuch." But the old man had his reasons: in the women's quarter he could be close to his only two real interests in life—food and children. He ate enormously, and he could amuse children as no one else could. Babu Ram's five little girls had loved him; they had clustered around him, clambered on his back, on his knees, and up his arms, crying in shrill voices, "Uncle, tell us a story!" "Uncle, make us a kite!" "Uncle, be a train with an engine!" And the old man had laughed and tried to defend himself, saying, "But wait a minute, just one minute!" For the first few weeks after he left the house, they had often asked after him and had to be promised that he would come back soon. Now, of course, they had almost forgotten him; children were like that.

Babu Ram cleared his throat and called again, "Is anyone here?" Suddenly from the temple, bursting into the still, hot afternoon with an air of great joyousness, came the sound of chanting accompanied by the tinkling of tiny cymbals. Now, too, there was a faint stirring from inside the house. Babu

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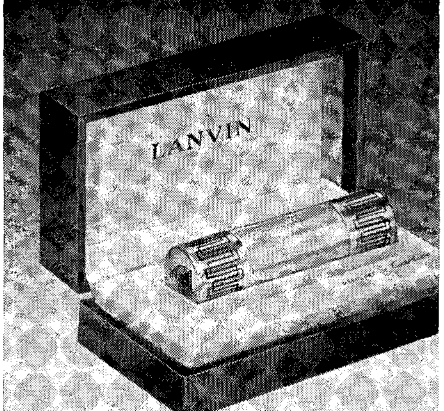

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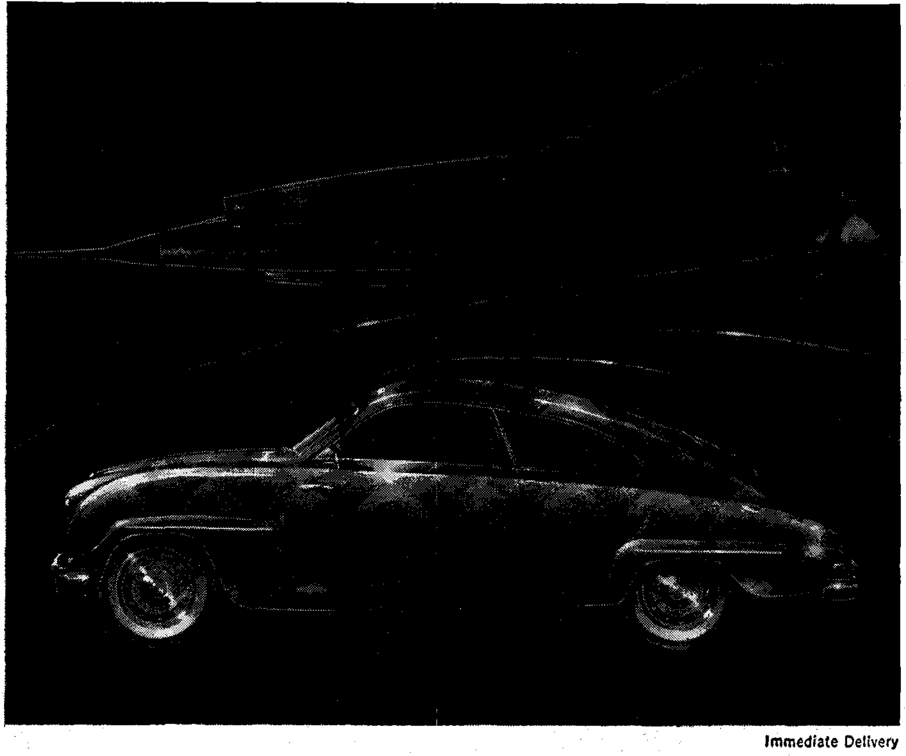

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Ram heard a woman's voice, heavy with sleep, in some inner room, and a jingling of keys and bangles, and then the woman came shuffling out on naked feet. She was a young, fat, healthy woman, and she was rubbing her eyes, which were still full of sleep; she must have washed her hair before lying down, for it hung down her back in damp, glistening waves, all the way to her waist. "Every time we sleep, they wake us with their prayers," she muttered crossly, standing in the doorway, scratching her elbow and looking at Babu Ram with bleary eyes. The chanting continued, loud and joyful. Babu Ram joined his palms together in greeting and said, "How are you, sister?" She blinked at him a few times, leaning her heavy weight against the doorframe, and then recognized him. "So you have come," she said.

She turned and he followed her. They crossed the courtyard, and Babu Ram saw the old man. He was lying on a low bed in the covered part of the courtyard. In front of him, on the ground, sat a little boy. The old man was saying, "The hunter was so ugly that the birds all flew away at sight of him. His eyes were bloodshot and he was flat of hand and foot and he carried a big, big club with spikes on it. . . ." The little boy sat quite still, his hands laid folded on his bare knees, and he was looking up into the old man's face with his eyes stretched wide and his teeth biting into his lower lip. Babu Ram stood still and looked at them, and his heart beat faster. "O Ram, O great Ram!" came triumphant voices from the temple; the cymbals danced and jingled. "O Ram, O great Ram!" Suddenly Babu Ram knew that God would give him a son—perhaps had already given him one—who would sit like this little boy and listen to the old man telling stories. Waves of happiness passed over him, and he trembled.

The woman, seeing him look at the old man, also stopped, with her hand on her hip, and said, "That is all he is good for—to lie all day on a bed and fill the heads of children with nonsense."

"Like a tiger he came," the old man was saying, "very, very softly, and he held his terrible club in his hand, and his teeth, which were very sharp, were bared like a tiger's." He demonstrated the bared teeth, and the little boy watched him.

"And to eat," said the woman. "How he can eat! O my God and fathers, how he can eat!" and she put up her hands to clutch her head. The

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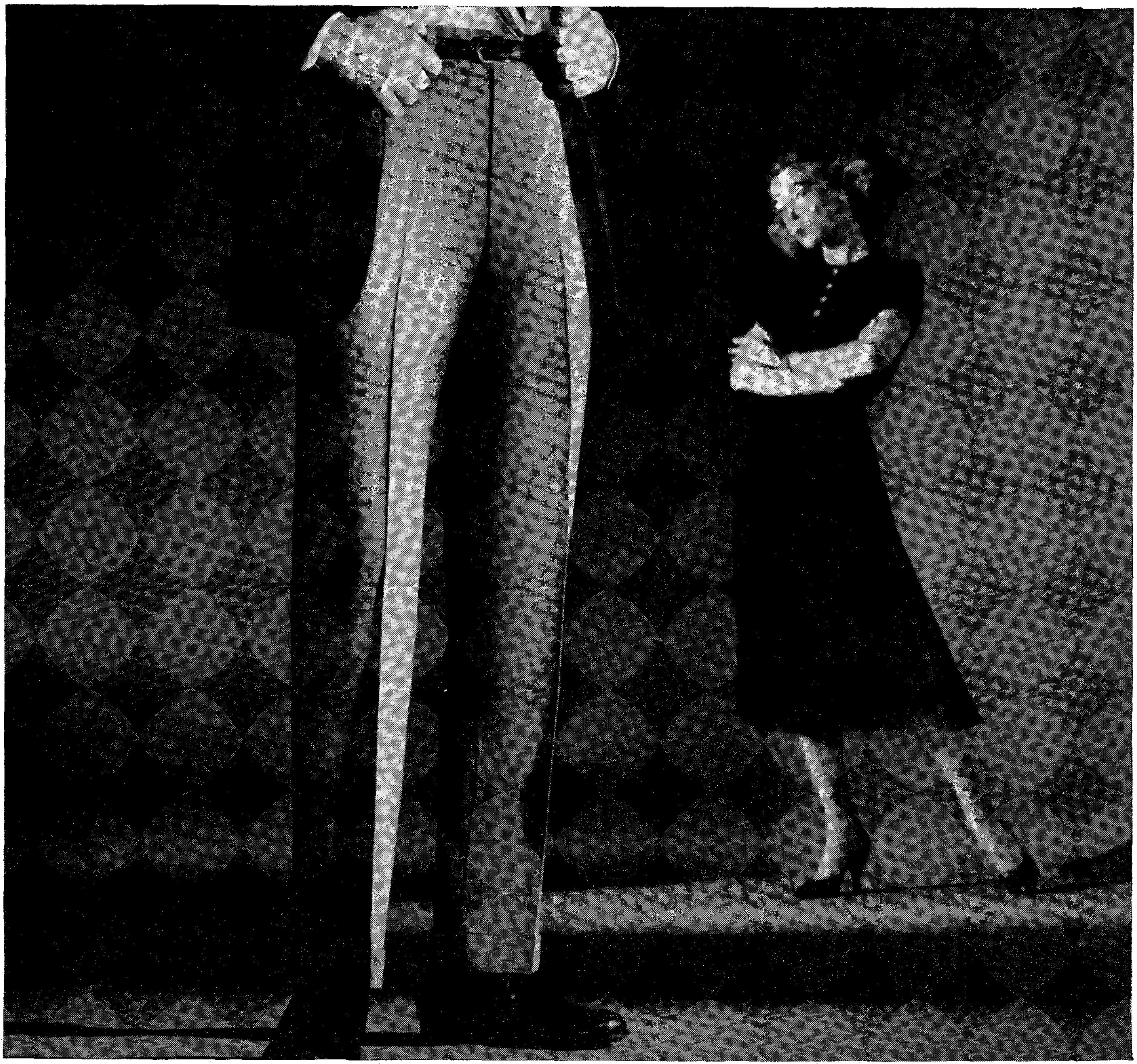

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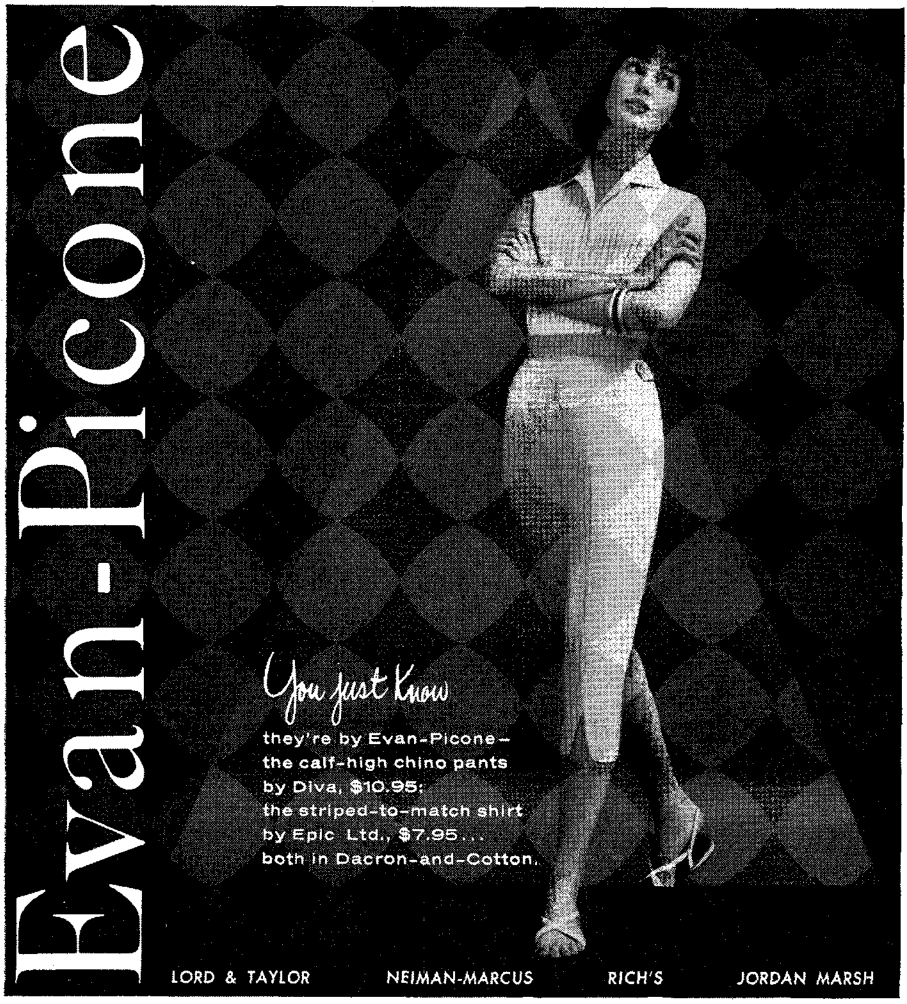

chanting stopped, and, after one last joyous tinkle, so did the cymbals. Now the house seemed very still, with only the drone of the old man's voice telling his story.

Another woman appeared out of an inner room—an older woman, very short and very broad and waddling from side to side as she walked. She also said to Babu Ram, "So you have come," and he again joined his palms in greeting and said, "How are you, sister?"

"I hear your wife is having her sixth," she said. "Well, let us hope this time . . ." The younger woman put her hand in front of her mouth and laughed from behind it. Babu Ram put on the weak, self-deprecating smile he always used when people laughed at him for having nothing but daughters. "Though there is the example of my sister's brother-in-law's wife—Shantidevi, we call her," the older woman went on. "She had nine daughters before she had a son."

"Oh, no," Babu Ram said, lifting his hand with an instinctive gesture of defense. He knew this could not happen to him. He knew that his wife was about to give birth or had already given birth to a boy. God had spoken to him and promised him, through the chanting in the temple and the tinkling of tiny cymbals.

"One can never tell," said the older woman. "These things are in the hands of God. To some He gives and to some He does not give. It is so in life." She sighed.

To some He gives, thought Babu Ram, and felt himself swelling with triumph. And now he wanted to hurry home with the old man to see how God had given to him.

"Like a great king he is lying there," said the older woman, jerking her head toward the old man. "The good-for-nothing."

"Yesterday he ate up all the halwa again," said the younger woman. "What is it he has inside him—a pit or a stomach?"

"A curse on him!" said the older woman.

The women had spoken loud enough for the old man to hear, but he went on droning his story with no change of expression: "His terrible net was spread, and there he crouched, club in hand, and with a wicked, vicious look on his wicked, vicious face." Babu Ram remembered how it had been the same in his own house—the women had cursed and the old man had calmly carried on, eating, sleeping, telling stories, as if he

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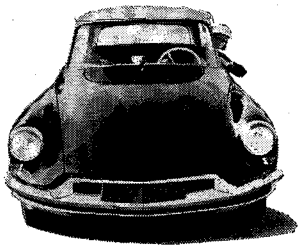

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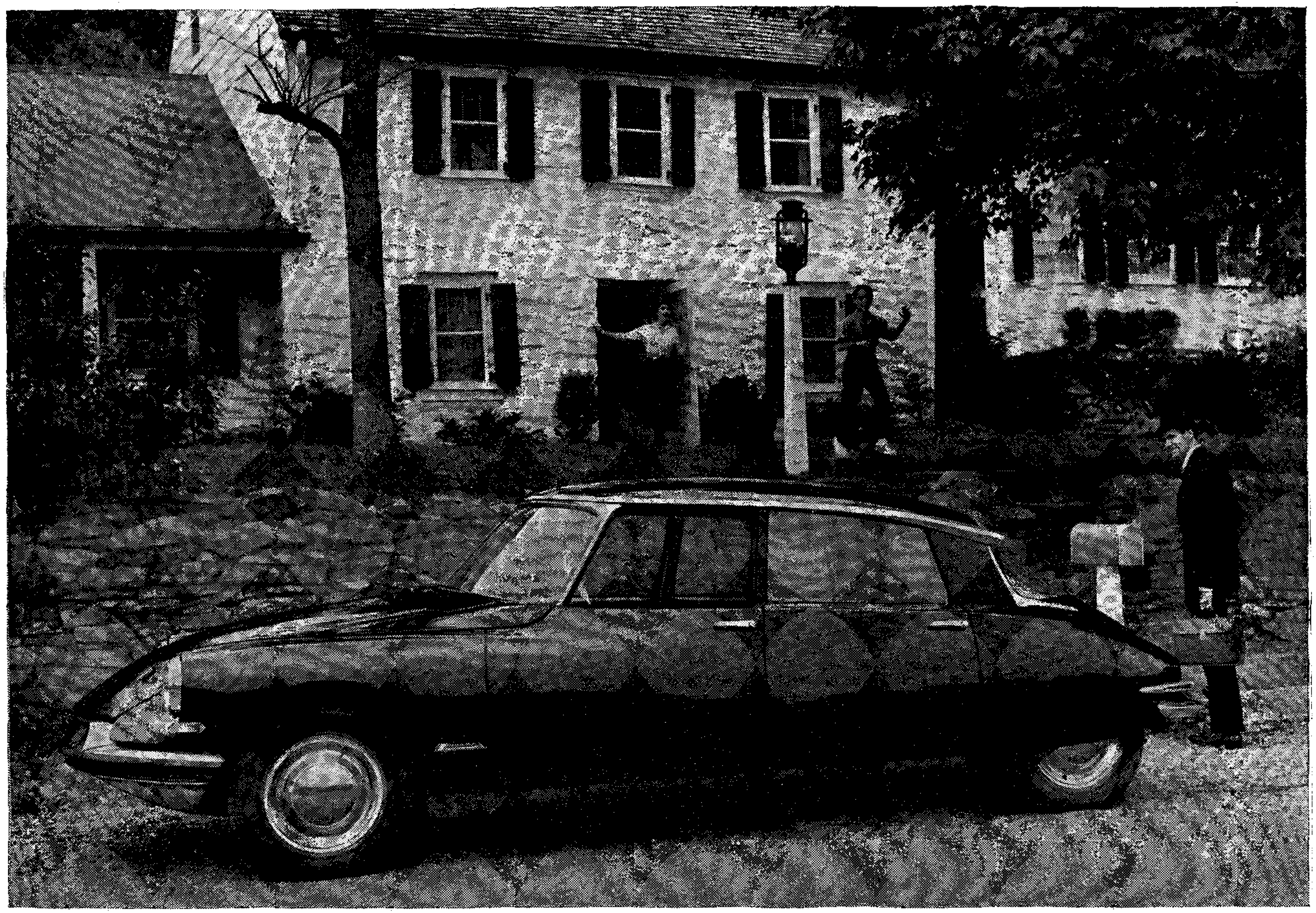

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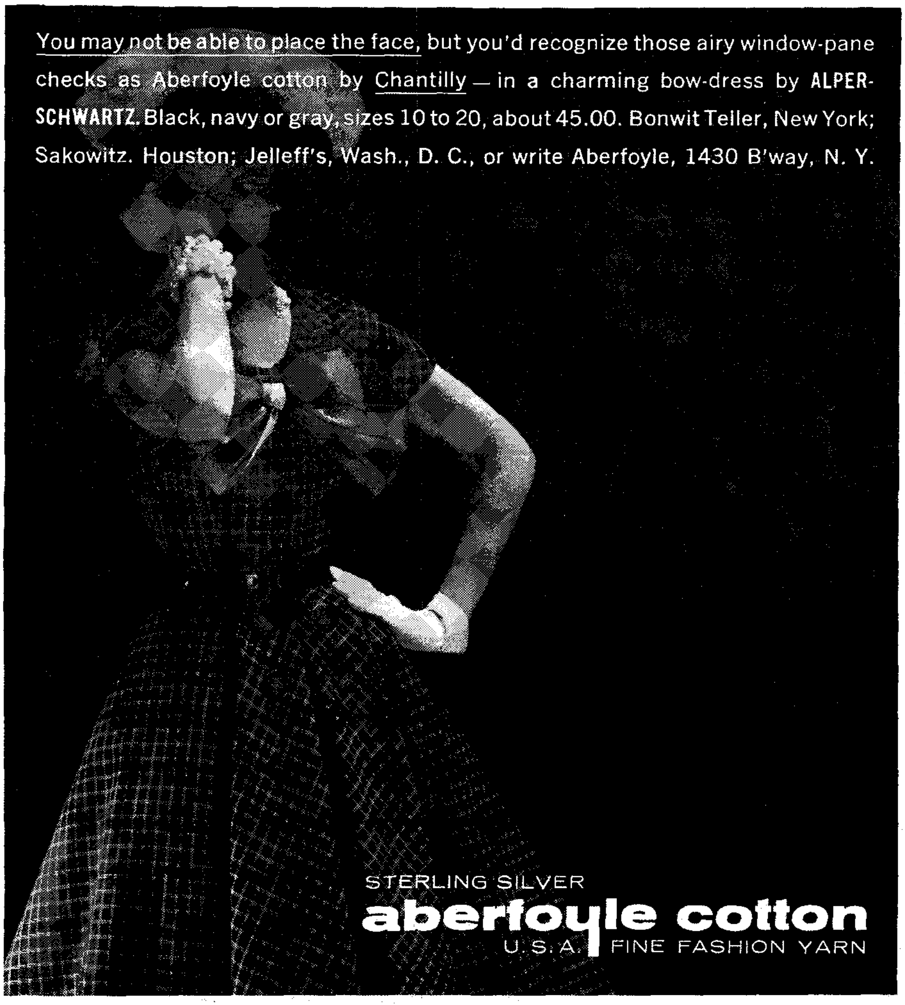

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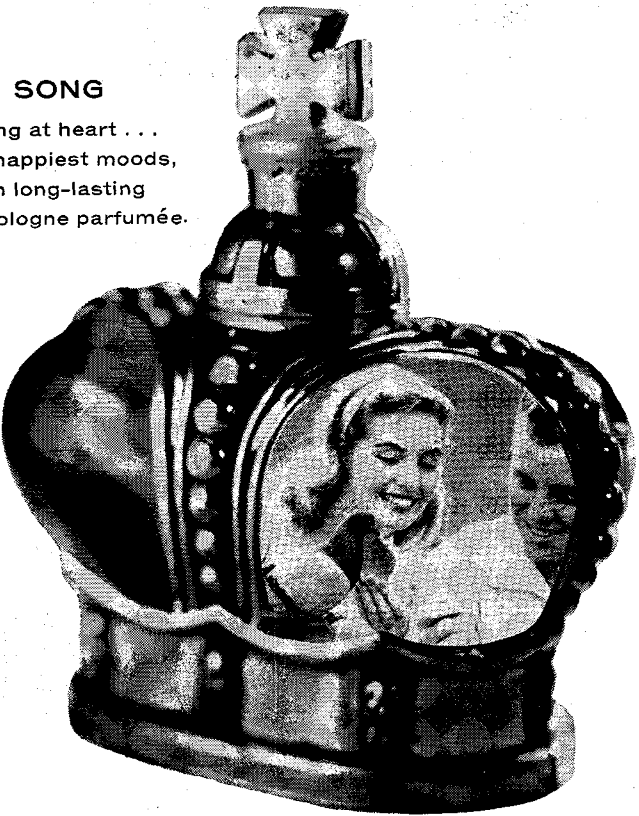

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didn't hear them. He had been a poor relation all his life and had learned how to live as one.

Babu Ram turned to him now and said, "You are coming?"

The old man gave no indication of having heard, and continued to tell his story to the little boy, whose eyes had never left his face. Babu Ram sat down and watched them, which gave him a deep pleasure. It was as if he were looking into the future and seeing his own son sitting thus and listening to the old man. The two women continued to talk—about how necessary it was for a man to have a son, and about Shantidevi with her nine daughters, and about how much the old man ate and how lazy he was and good-for-nothing—but Babu Ram hardly heard them. With his head inclined to one side and a tender smile on his face, he sat watching the old man and the boy.

At last the story was finished, and the boy asked "That is all?" and the old man answered "That is all." Then he got up from his bed, removed the rug on which he had been lying, pulled out a bundle from under the bed, and wrapped it in the rug. He was ready.

Babu Ram jumped up. He was in such a hurry to get home that his farewells to the women were rather perfunctory. "Well," said the older woman, "you have taken a great burden from our backs." "Like a deliverer you have come," said the younger woman. The old man, his bundle under his arm, quietly followed Babu Ram out of the house. He had some difficulty keeping up with him, for Babu Ram was almost skipping on his plump legs. They found a cycle rickshaw at last, and sat down in the seat at the back. "Quickly!" Babu Ram told the driver. "Go quickly!" He couldn't wait to get home and hold his son in his arms. The smile with which he had watched the old man and the boy was still on his face. "Go faster," he said from time to time. The rickshaw driver clenched his teeth and put all his weight on the pedals of the cycle;

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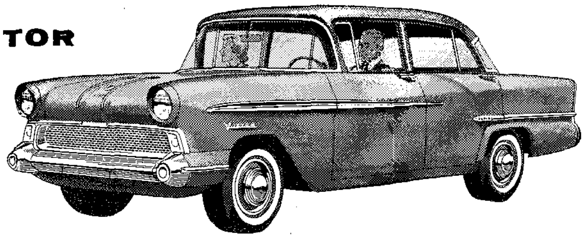

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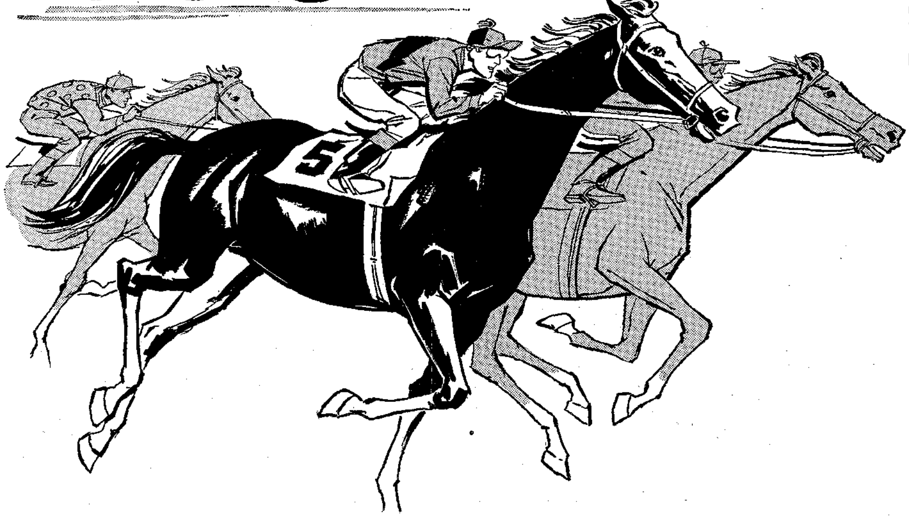

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perspiration trickled down his neck into his torn and dirty vest. The old man sat holding his bundle on his knees, enjoying the drive.

WHEN they reached the house, Babu Ram's haste left him, and he walked up the stairs very slowly. All his elation, all his certainty had gone; now he felt only rather afraid, and would even have liked to go away. There were no more busy women rushing about, so he knew it was all finished. Subdued voices came from the room where the birth had taken place. Beckoning to the old man to follow him, he went in, softly and timidly. A group of women were squatting on the floor, eating out of brass bowls; a few others were sitting on the edge of the bed, on which his wife lay asleep with her head turned sidewise and her hair straggling loose on the pillow. Next to the bed stood the cradle. Nobody said anything, so he knew it was another girl.

At last, one of the women got up and took the baby out of the cradle and put it into his arms. Another woman said, "We must welcome what God has given us," and sighed, and then several others sighed and said, "It is a gift from God." Babu Ram looked down at his new baby. It was turning its head from side to side, with the mouth round and open like a little bird's; its neck was scraggy like a little bird's, too. The old man bent forward and smiled a wide, toothless smile at the baby and clicked his fingers at it and made tender noises with his tongue. Then he looked at Babu Ram and smiled some more and nodded. So Babu Ram also smiled, and began to rock the baby to and fro on his hands. "Careful! What are you doing?" the women shouted, but the old man wagged his head and cackled with approval. —R. PRAWER JHABVALA

•

Hecht-Hill-Lancaster are hush-hush about buying the novel, "The Cross of Iron." They want to see if they can lick this novel about the Nazis, the war, Germany, eliminating the objectionable parts.
—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post.*

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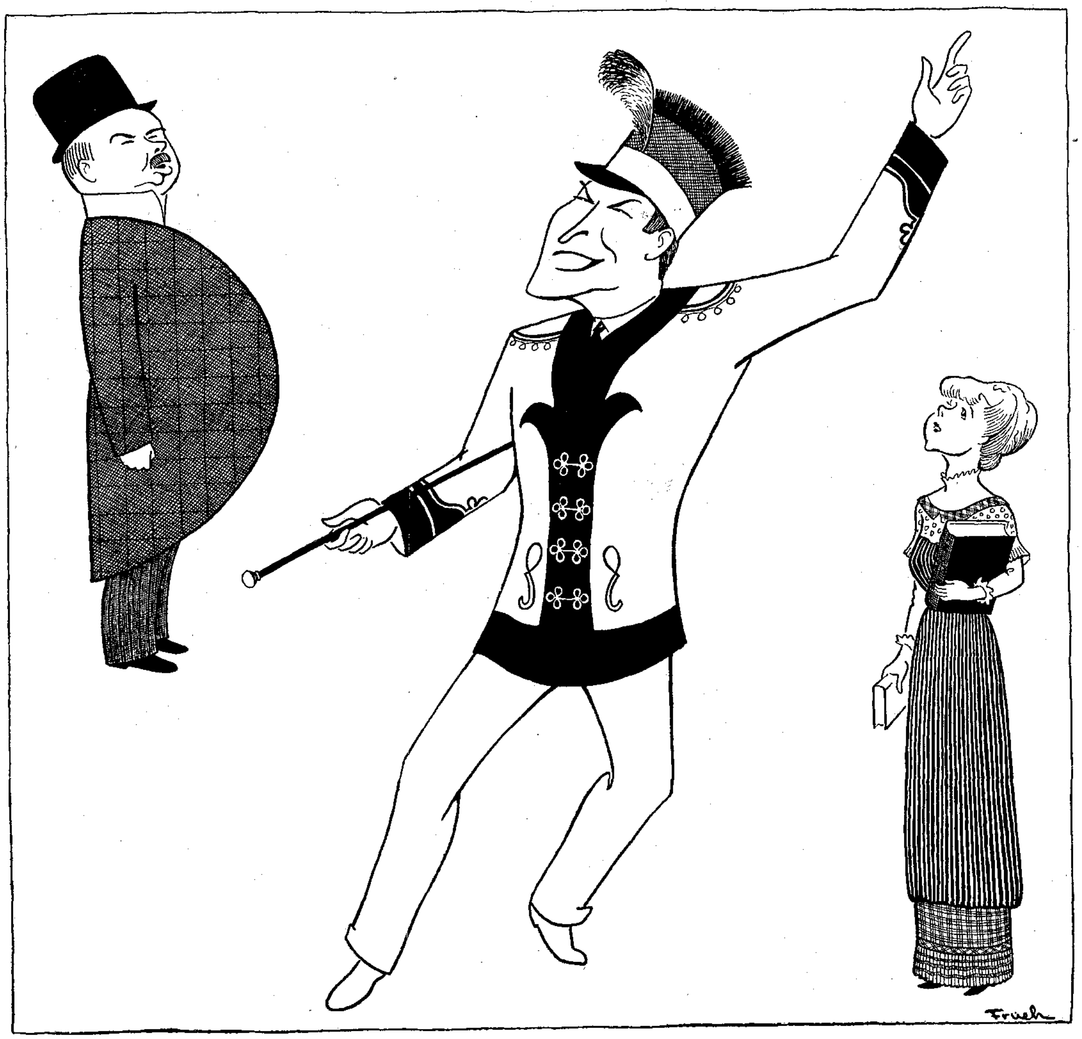
THE THEATRE

LIFE EVERLASTING

IF we are to believe Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," which was revived, in a drastically edited form, last week at the Ambassador, the human race will have progressed a long way toward the perfect state by the year 31,958 A.D. Childbirth will have been eliminated, the young spending the first twenty years of their lives in highly ornamental Easter eggs, from which they will emerge to devote the next four years or so to dancing, art, and a kind of facetious, scarcely contactual sex. Presently, however, these childish pastimes will begin to pall on them, and one by one they will take to the hills, where they will join the glorious company of the Ancients—exempt from the need to sleep (everybody gave up eating aeons ago), increasingly hostile to or incapable of speech, immune to any but accidental death, and existing, in fact, only as embodiments of pure contemplation. Their one complaint about their condition will be that they are still held captive, though lightly, to the flesh, but there seems a good chance that this, too, will eventually be remedied, and no one will be obliged to be more than a vortex of thought, spinning clear in space.

Even in the compression effected by Arnold Moss, who has reduced the text from ninety thousand words to thirty thousand, it takes "Back to Methuselah" quite a while to reach its chilly conclusion. The action begins in the Garden of Eden, with Adam, Eve, and the serpent discussing the case for and against eternal life. The argument here is a little hard to summarize, owing largely to the author's passion for not altogether relevant literary excursions, but the essence of it is that Adam is appalled by the prospect of immortality, while Eve, abetted by the serpent, not only is convinced of the necessity for the continuity of her species but also has taken practical steps in that direction by arranging for the conception of Cain and Abel. We next meet the family a few centuries later, in Mesopotamia, and the discussion is resumed, though this time it is enlivened by the appearance of Cain, who, having invented murder, is naturally interested in increasing the population to the point where it will be possible to recruit two armies, so that he can practice his trade on a wholesale basis. He gets his wish, and the next scene takes place in London, at the conclusion of the First World War. At this time, of course, the span of human life is just about what it is now, but we are introduced to a philosopher-and-biologist who is already at work on a plan to change the course of history. His primary notion is that if men lived three hundred years, they might conceivably reach a state of maturity that would make them competent to conduct their affairs in a rational manner; his secondary thought is that longevity is really a question of the will to survive, and therefore a man of sufficient determination ought to be able to avoid death just about indefinitely. The first act ends on this apparently visionary note.



"THE MUSIC MAN"

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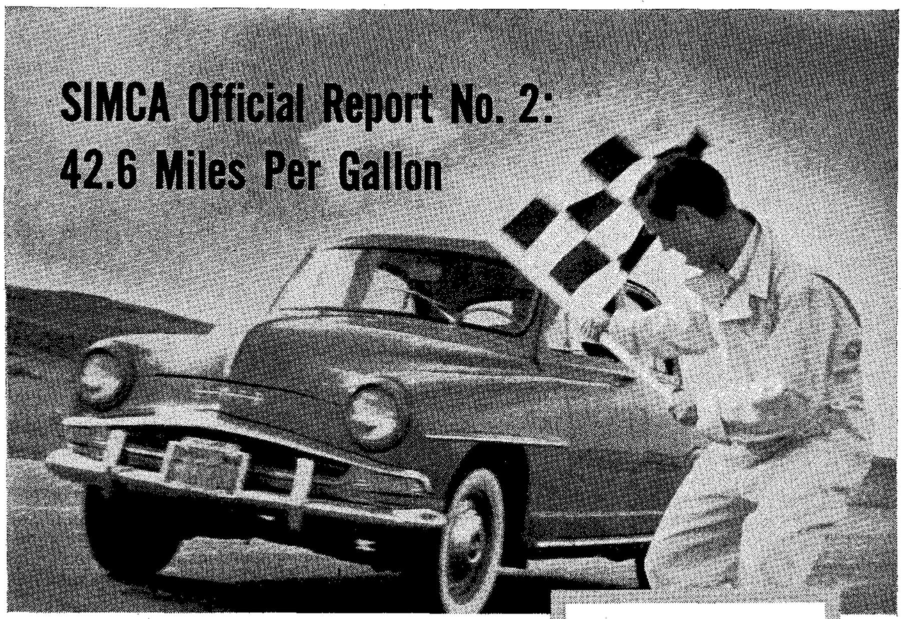

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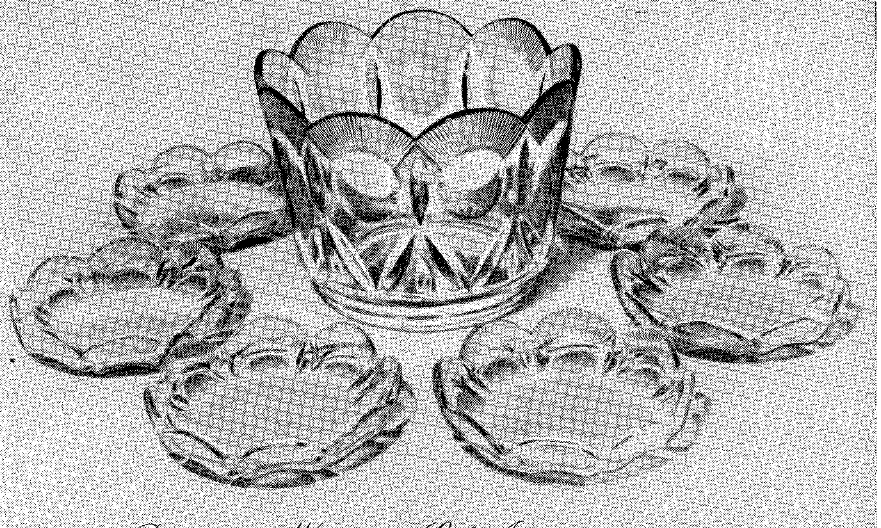

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had the credulity or foresight to try out his ideas personally. Needless to say, they are a great embarrassment, particularly in the matter of old-age pensions, and, even more unfortunately, the vogue they have started is contagious. It isn't long (about nine hundred years) before almost everybody with any sense is more or less indestructible, and not much longer (some three hundred centuries) before the world has reached the condition described in the opening paragraph of this essay. As a devoted admirer of most of Shaw's works, I would like to be able to say that Mr. Moss's editing has been responsible for reducing a masterpiece to a play that is at least as tedious to attend as the foregoing synopsis would indicate, but I'm afraid that a comparison with the original text warrants no such conclusion. Another editor might have made a different selection from the enormous amount of material at his disposal, but I don't believe anyone would have been much more successful in preserving the tone, which, with the exception of a passage here and there, is that of the Master at his most willful, arch, self-conscious, and generally exasperating.

Tyrone Power and Faye Emerson play roles that I suppose may be loosely described as Adam and Eve in their various incarnations through the ages; Valerie Bettis is a sort of eternal voice of reason; Arthur Treacher is, as much as anything else, the perpetual foe of immortal longings; and Arnold Moss, specifically designated as Shaw himself, appears between the scenes to comment on the play and supply a certain amount of connecting narrative. All these gifted performers are occasionally effective, but for the most part they seem baffled, and even rendered a little desperate, by the curiously anti-dramatic nature of their script, and visit a good many rather disconcerting excesses upon it—a fault also visible in the work of Richard Easton, Deirdre Owen, and M'el Dowd, who assist them. The scenery and costumes, designed by Marvin Reiss and Patricia Zipprodt, respectively, whether they deal with Eden or the desolate landscape of the inconceivable future, strike me as very odd, and I suspect that Margaret Webster's direction isn't much help, either. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Orlando* (*Fla.*) *Star*]

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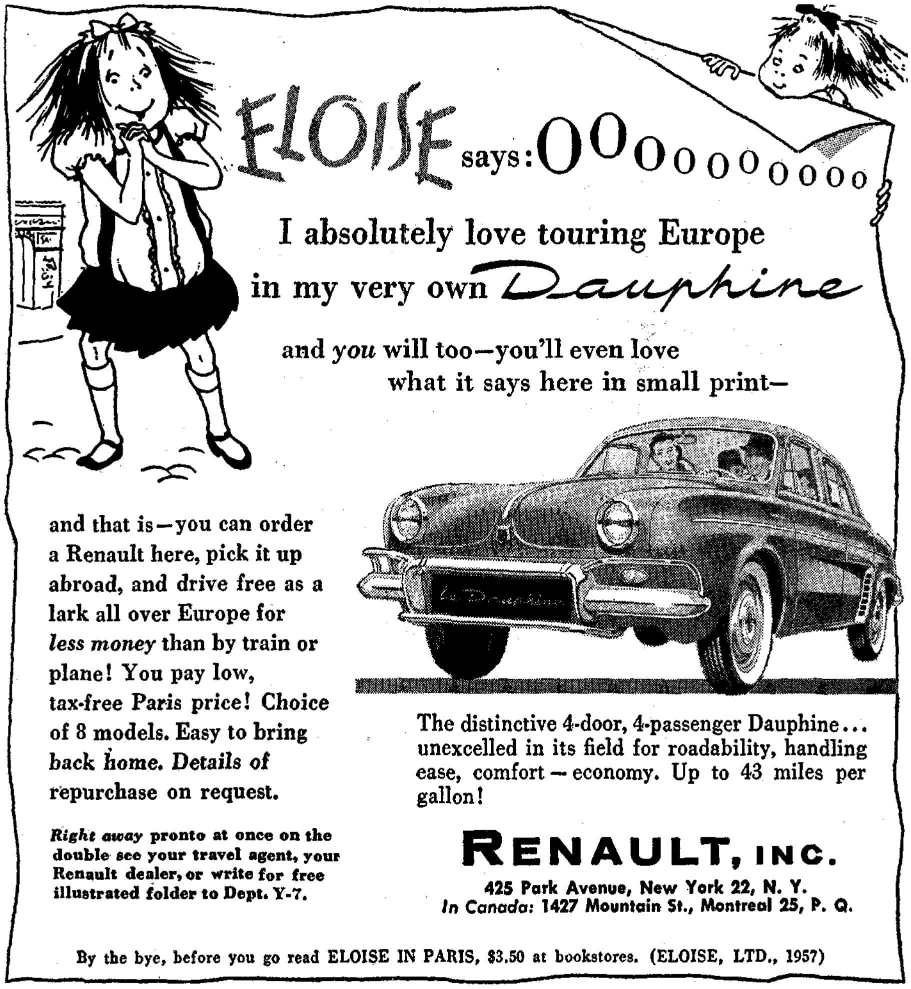
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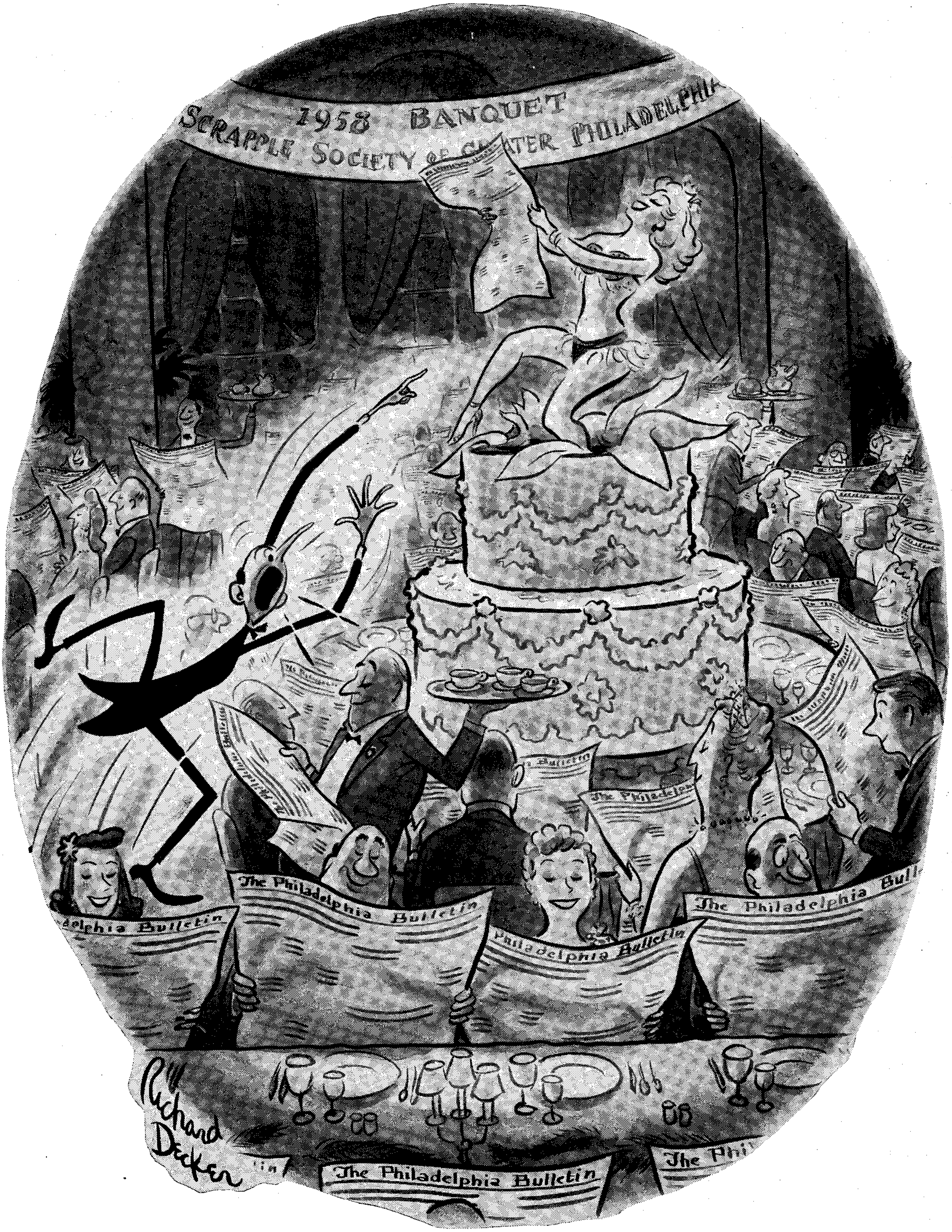
THE RACE TRACK

Young Blood

I'D like to have seen Tim Tam winning the Florida Derby at Gulfstream last weekend, but I'm just as glad that I was at Bowie for the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, which is always fun. The Campbell was particularly thrilling this year, because at one stage the eight-year-old Find looked the winner all over; then Promised Land wore him down in the stretch and went on to a two-length victory. This was something of a surprise. Promised Land's previous start was at a mile and three-quarters, and since horses as a rule don't go well in a short race right after a long one, the wiseacres all thought he would be at a big disadvantage in the Campbell, at a mile and a sixteenth. It didn't even faze him. However, on the turn for home Find had such a commanding lead that I doubted whether he could be caught (and I hoped he wouldn't, for there isn't a more honest, hard-working horse in training), but he was no match for Promised Land, who is half his age, when Promised Land came bearing down on him. This was Hirsch Jacobs' second victory in the Campbell. His first was with Joe Jones, another eight-year-old who is still in action.

The real stunner of the afternoon was the poor performance of Calumet Farm's Iron Liege, who finished next to last after one of those inexplicably bad races that good horses sometimes run. He was in a terrific dither while being saddled (I don't remember ever seeing him in such a state before), and after a couple of furlongs whatever was the matter got the better of him. His backers at odds-on left the track mumbling in their beards. There was a silver lining to the cloud, though. A lot of the sure-thing boys figured that he couldn't possibly be worse than third, and bet accordingly, thus building up the show pool for the first three. Promised Land paid $5.20 to show (he was $7.60 to win), Find paid $15.80 (twice as much as to place), and Bernburgoo, who was third, paid $20.20. It was Bowie's closing day, and the weather was the sort it should have been most of the meeting. Everything was fine; the sun shone, the racing was spirited, and


1958 BANQUET
SCRAPPLE SOCIETY OF GREATER PHILADELPHIA
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
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Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Evening and Sunday)

(*Advertisement*)

the crowd was enthusiastic. Don Lillis, who runs the show, is going to gamble with the Abominable Snow Man again next year and open the track early in February.

FROM all accounts, Tim Tam had no easy time taking the Florida Derby, but he is still the best three-year-old in my book. Early in the winter, Lincoln Road was tabbed as one of the faster colts at Hialeah, so I wasn't surprised that he led by lengths most of the way in the Derby. It's worth remembering that it takes a good colt to work his way through a bunch of runners going all out, as Tim Tam did, and catch a nipper like Lincoln Road. Now all I hope is that Tim Tam preserves his well-being until post time at Churchill Downs the first Saturday in May.

AND how about Silky Sullivan, California's champion? Well, last week I asked three men who have seen him run to give me their impressions of him. Jimmy Kilroe, the handicapper to the Jockey Club and the handicapper and racing secretary at Santa Anita, said, "He's a nice colt, but it's hard to say just how good he is. He never has been really tried. I think he'll do, though." Bill Winfrey, trainer for Alfred Vanderbilt, said, "He might be any kind of a horse. He might never get beat, or he might be just the best of a moderate lot. Anyhow, he's a good-looking, powerful colt." Jule Fink, a racegoer and a good judge of speed and past performances, said, "He is a great horse. I have never seen anything run the way he does. He breaks good, then just lolls along to the stretch. Then he flies. You'd think he had a jet engine inside him. You can't beat that!"

THE opening at Jamaica went off better than expected. The weather was sunny, there were the usual greetings and handshakings all round, there was an encouraging amount of fresh betting money, and horses saddled by Hirsch Jacobs won the first two races. All of which seemed to put almost everybody in a pleasant frame of mind. To top things off, the Paumonok Handicap was a bang-up race, with Admiral Vee, Kingmaker, Tick Tock, and Mr. Turf heads or necks apart, in that order, at the winning post. The outcome, by the way, was a triumph for a horse who didn't go to Florida over horses who did. Admiral Vee, for whom a motel in Miami is named, spent the winter at Jamaica.

—AUDAX MINOR

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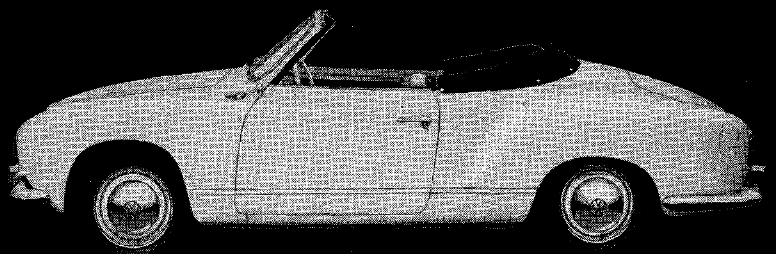

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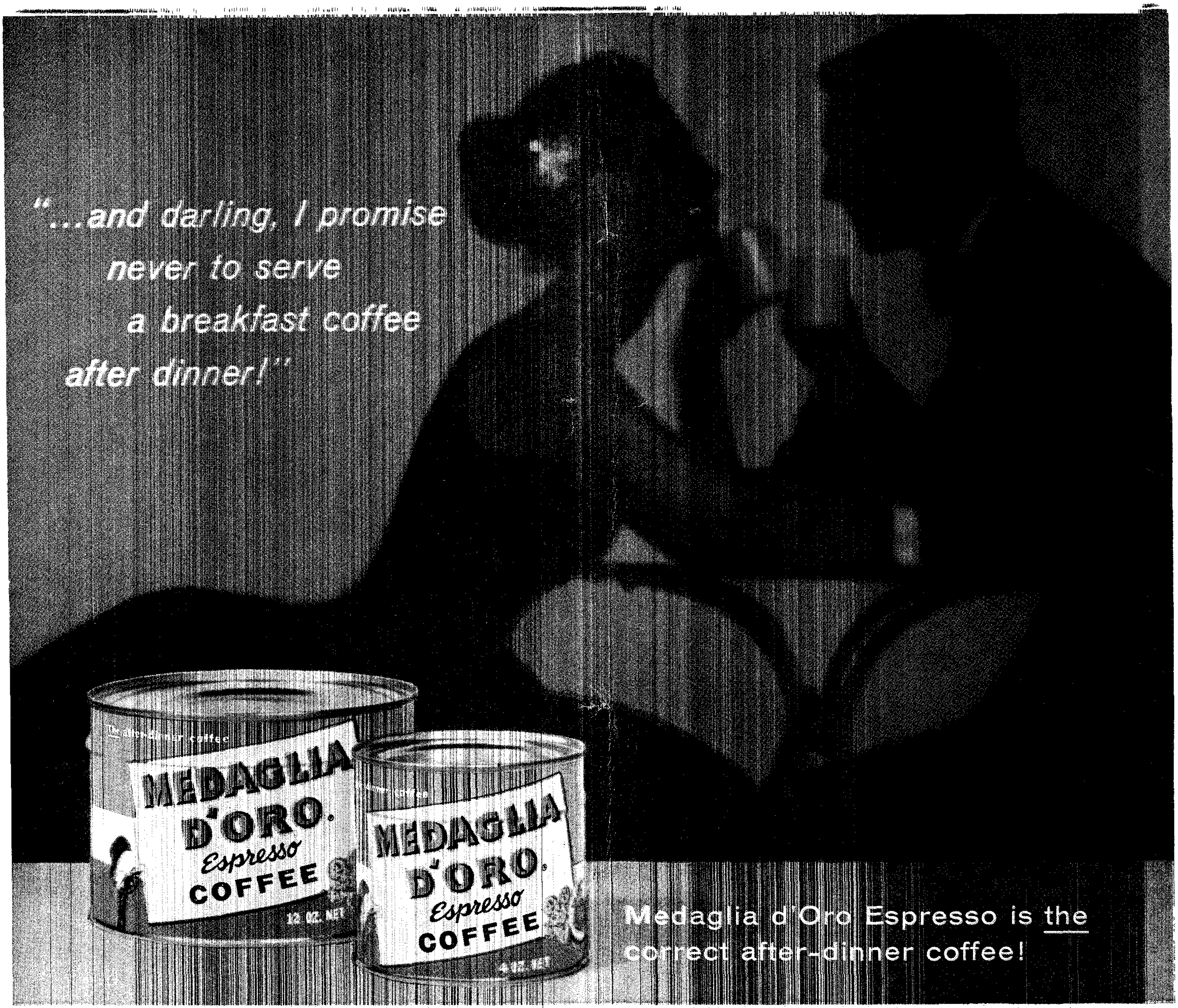
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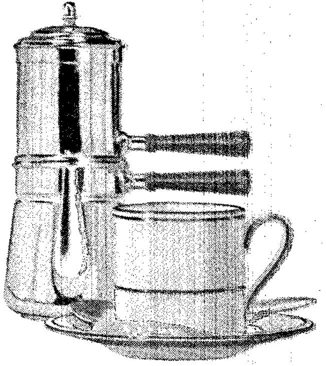

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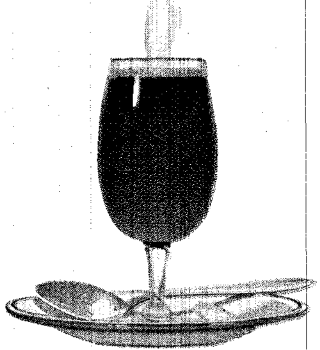

CAFFÈ PONCINO

Stir a teaspoon of rum in a steaming glass or demi-tasse of Medaglia d'Oro. Add twist of lemon peel. Sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow. And the rich coffee flavor *cannot* be imitated because Medaglia d'Oro double-roasts the world's finest coffee beans to achieve it!

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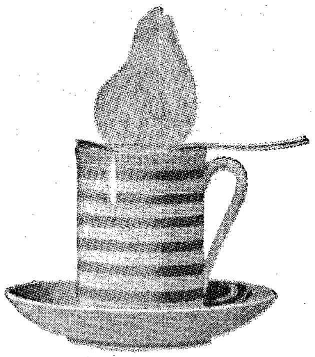

CAFÉ ROYAL

Place lump of sugar in teaspoonful of cognac. Hold spoon over demi-tasse of hot Medaglia d'Oro. Ignite—then lower spoon, thereby firing entire surface. It's a memorable after-dinner treat. And remember, please, throughout the civilized world Medaglia d'Oro is regarded as the *only* correct after-dinner coffee! Try it soon.

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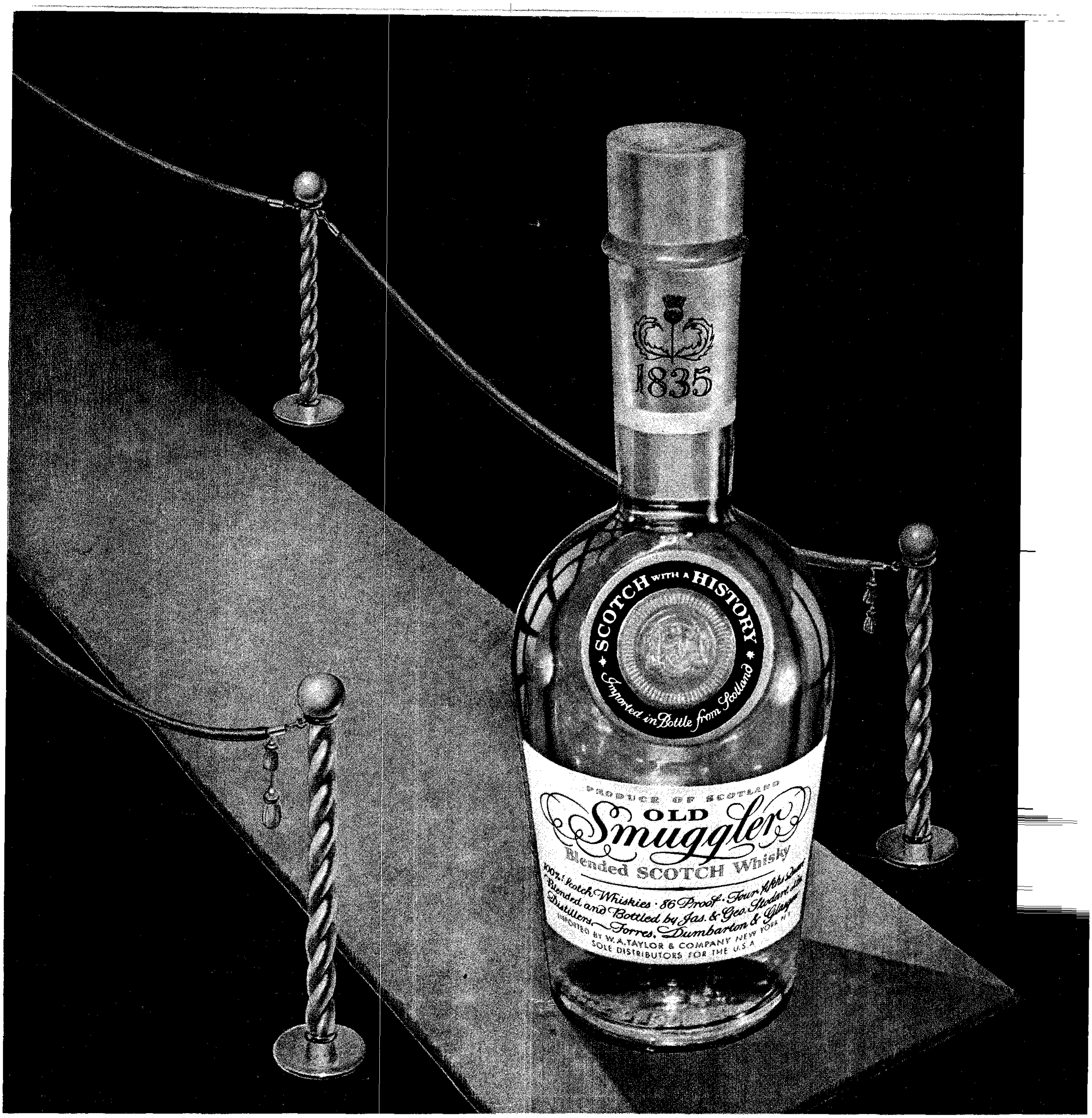
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SCOTCH with a History

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

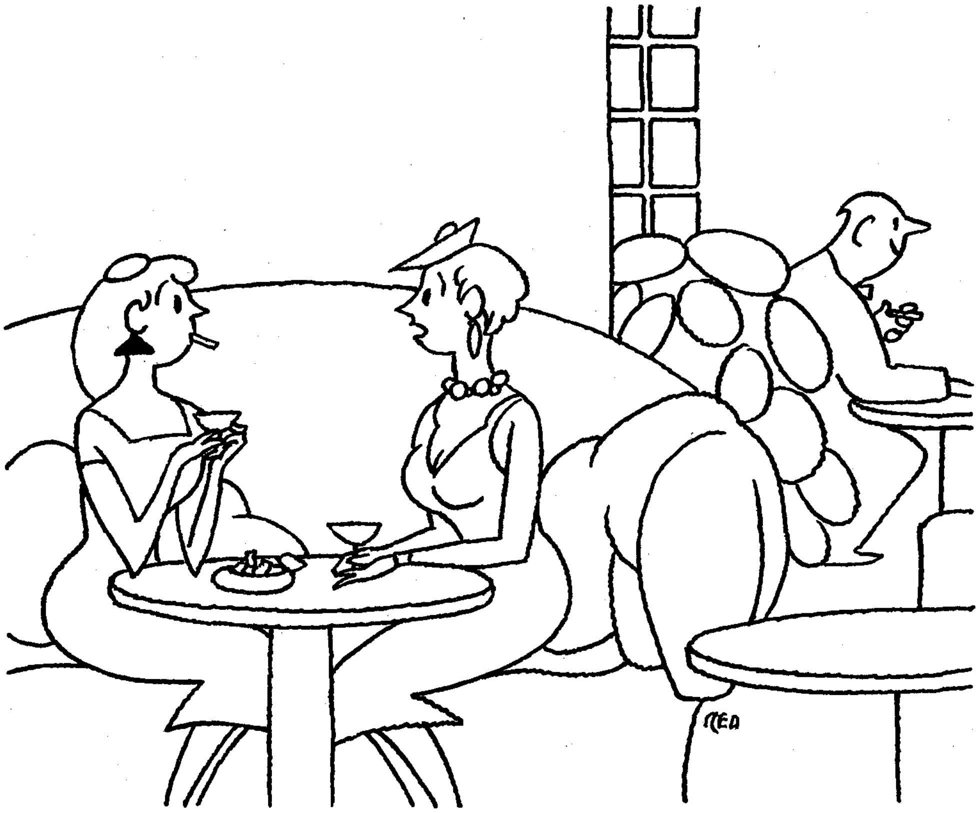
IMPRESSION: ESSENTIALLY NORMAL

NOW, after an interval of many months, Rosemary Morton, as I'll call her, is willing to remember the half year she spent immersed in gravitational anarchy. Until only a few weeks ago, she preferred not to think about it. The risk—the chance that memory might have the power to draw her back again into that capricious world of tilted buildings and rubbery streets—was too great. Her fears were not, perhaps, quite rational. But then, neither was the episode itself.

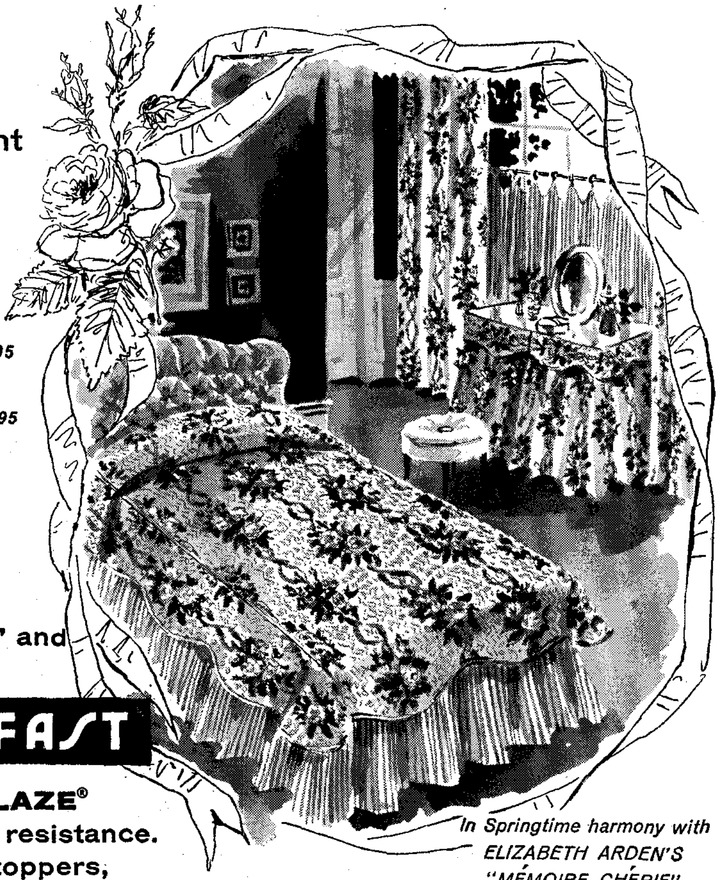
Mrs. Morton, a trim little woman with horn-rimmed spectacles and a bun of graying hair, and her husband, Frank, are in their early fifties, and childless. Both have responsible jobs. Mr. Morton is the editor of an industrial trade journal. His wife has been for many years the librarian of a large Wall Street law firm. She is also an accomplished, though amateur, pianist. They live on the top floor of an old brownstone house in the Murray Hill section of Manhattan, and it was there, around six-thirty one February evening in 1957, that her equivocal experience equivocally began.

"I'd been home about an hour," Mrs. Morton recalls. "Dinner was ready and waiting in the oven, and I was sitting at the piano. Not really playing—just amusing myself. That's something I often do at the end of the day. It helps me relax. My husband was in the kitchen making us a cocktail. Which is another Morton custom. We usually have a drink or two before dinner. So everything was quite ordinary and normal. Until Frank came in with the drinks. I got up to join him on the sofa, and as I did—as I started across the room—I felt the floor sort of shake. Maybe sink would be a better word. It only lasted a moment—less than that, I suppose. Just an eyeblink. But the floor very definitely moved. I remember looking at Frank. 'Good heavens!' I said. 'What was that?' Frank just looked at me. His face was a perfect blank. It was obvious that he didn't know what I was talking about. So I told him, as calmly as I could. 'The floor,' I said. 'It shook.' I suppose Frank believed me. I know he did. But he wasn't much impressed. He made some remark about old buildings' stretching and settling, and handed me my drink. In a way, that was reassuring. If Frank hadn't felt anything, it must have been very slight. And what he said was true. Old houses—and ours goes back to the Civil War, almost—do all kinds of strange things. Besides, we have a tremendous amount of weight in our living room. Not only my piano but about a thousand books and any number of phonograph records. So I took my drink and sat down, and Frank began to talk about some repairs that had to be made on a cottage we have up in the Catskills, and by the time we were ready for dinner, I'd forgotten all about it. No, that isn't true. It was too peculiar to forget. But I had put it out of my mind.

"That was early in the week. I remember because it was two or three days before Washington's Birthday, which fell on a Friday last year. And on Washington's Birthday the same thing happened again. The only difference was where it happened. The place was my office. It was a holiday, of course, and the office was closed, but I had some work I wanted to finish up. Some cataloguing. Also, in a way I couldn't explain—it was so unlike me—I wanted to be alone. Frank had turned on WQXR at lunch, and then, while I was doing the dishes, he started playing records—just the sort of lazy afternoon we both love. But somehow I wasn't in the mood. It made me nervous. Anyway, around two o'clock I went downtown. I worked at my desk for about an hour, and it was heaven. So quiet. So peaceful. Then I got up—I've forgotten for what. To get a book from the stacks, or a drink of water, or something. And it happened. The floor gave a shake, and sank. It went down and up, sort of sagging away to the left, and maybe a little more pronounced than the first time. Just one lurch, however, and then everything was back to normal. Except for my state of mind. I didn't know what to think. The best I could do was tell myself that this was an old building, too. It was built around 1900. It never occurred to me that there might be any other explanation. I suppose I didn't want it to. And that probably explains why I didn't mention the incident to Frank. It was on the tip of my tongue a dozen times that night, and over the weekend, but I didn't. Or, rather, that explains part of it. There was another reason why I held back. I don't know how to describe it, but I had the feeling that my sense of touch was getting more and more acute. Especially in the soles of my feet. I could feel little tremors that other peo-



"But aren't you afraid thirty years is too great an age difference for only a moderately successful man?"



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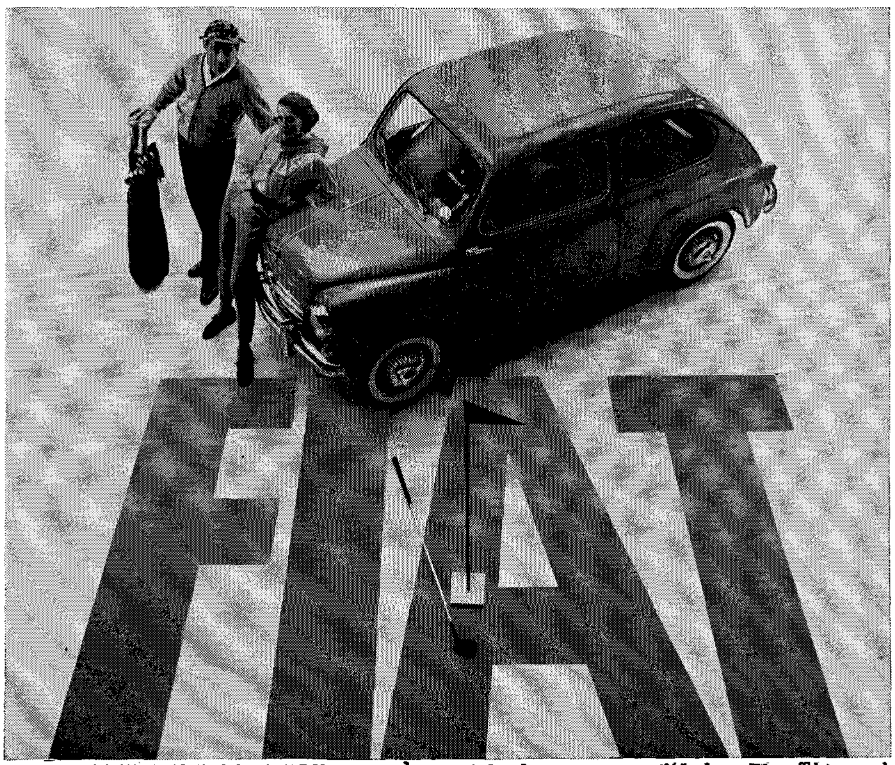

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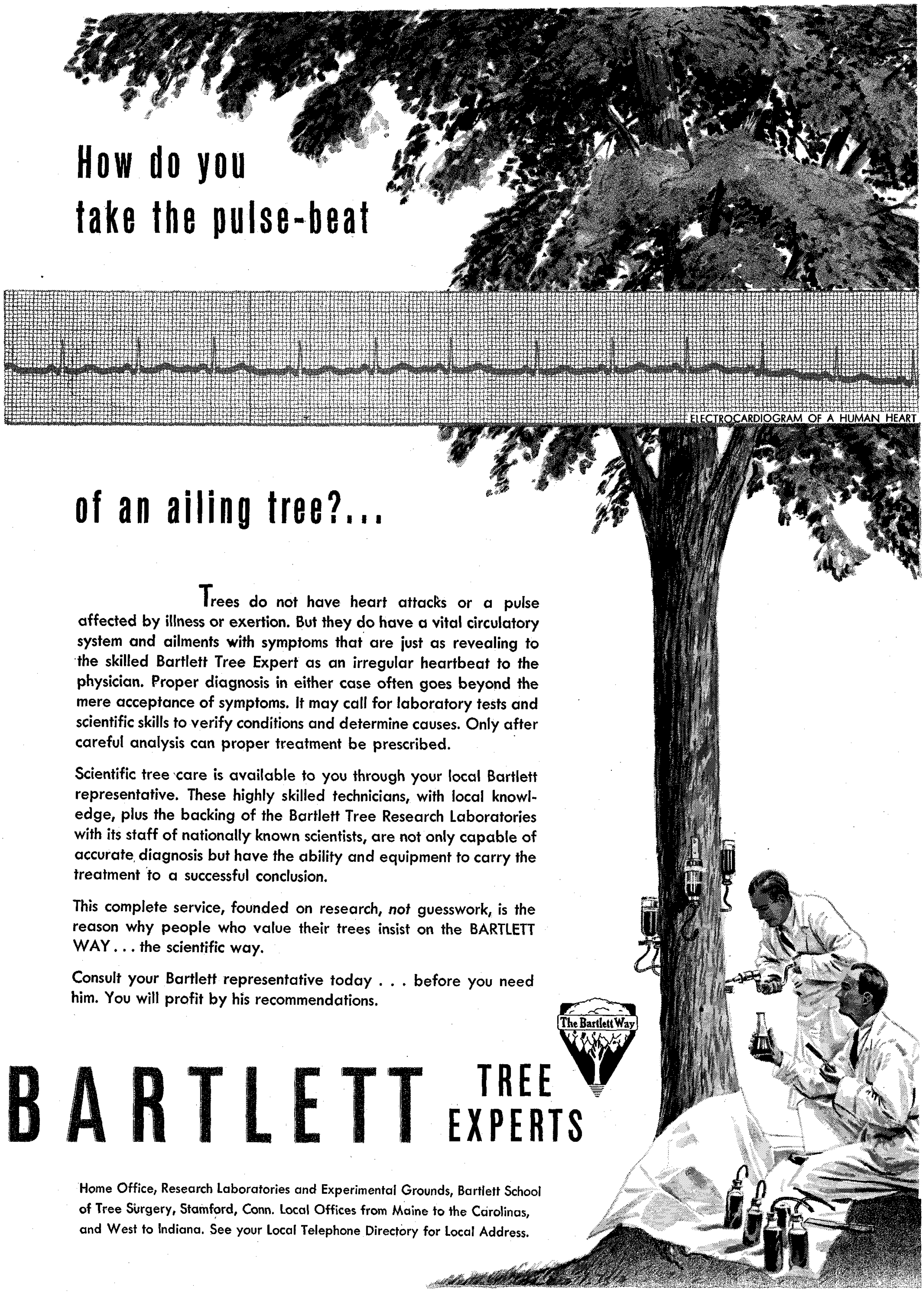
ple couldn't. But Frank is so matter-of-fact. I was afraid that if I told him—well, he wouldn't understand.

"I didn't tell Frank until the middle of the following week. On Wednesday night, to be exact. By then, I had to. I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. I'd had an errand uptown that morning. On the way back, I dropped in to see a friend in the building at 575 Madison Avenue. She works for a publishing house, and we had a nice visit—not that it matters. What matters came after I left her. I was standing just outside her office, waiting for the elevator, when the corridor suddenly sank. The same sensation as before, only a little worse—almost a jolt. Oh, this one was ghastly. I hardly remember leaving the building, I was so frightened. I was petrified. Because there was really a big difference—575 Madison is practically brand-new. It's less than ten years old. I couldn't rationalize this time. I had to face the truth. There was something wrong with *me*.

"Frank agreed. But I don't think he was much upset. He seldom is, about anything—that isn't his way. I've never known a more thorough stoic than Frank. He agreed, though, that my experiences could hardly be considered normal. More than that, he suggested I see the doctor. That was Dr. Dodge [as he will here be named]—a very good man in the neighborhood, whom both of us knew and liked—and I called him the following morning. He gave me an appointment for Monday, March 4th, at six o'clock. All Dr. Dodge knew when I arrived at his office was the general nature of my trouble. I'd told him over the phone that I'd been having dizzy spells. That seemed the simplest way to describe it. But that was on Thursday. By Monday, I hardly knew what to say. There just wasn't any word for the awful sensations I'd been having. The floor-shaking feeling was only one of them. I don't know how many times that happened over the weekend—seven or eight, at least. But even that began to have a different feeling. At first, the floor had moved or sagged as a whole, as a plane. It still did, only now I could feel another movement, too. A kind of counterpoint. Sometimes it was as though I were sinking into the floor. The room would tilt and I'd take a step, and the floor was like snow. It would give under my foot and I'd sink what felt like an inch, and other times it was just the reverse—the floor would rise to meet me. That was one new feeling I told Dr. Dodge about. An-

How do you take the pulse-beat of an ailing tree?...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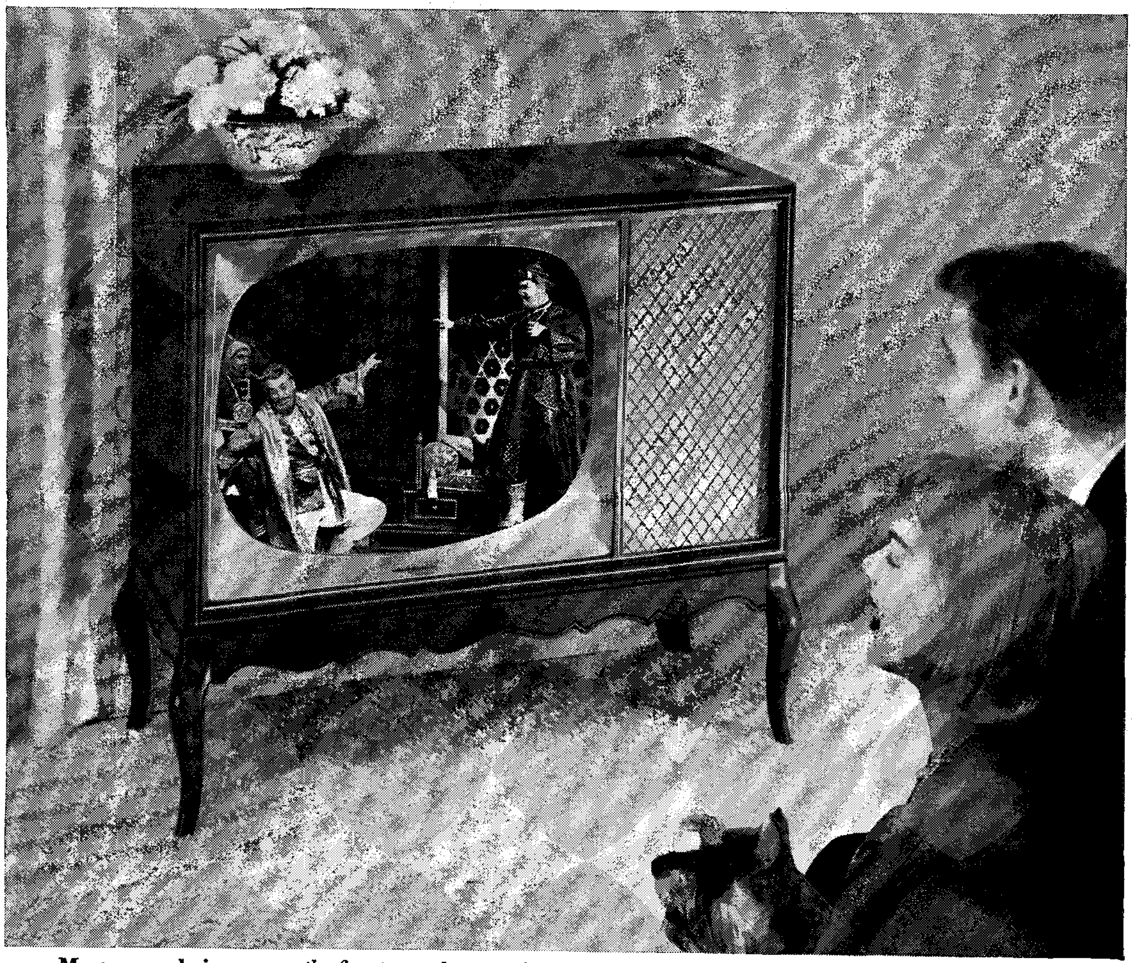
other was something I'd noticed for the first time on Sunday. By then, it wasn't simply the floor that moved. When the floor tilted, the walls of the room tilted with it. And the ceiling. I mean, the shape of the room never changed—only its position in space. I began to realize that the direction of the movement was always the same. The movement was always from right to left. I don't think Dr. Dodge was very much interested in my case at first. Not until I began to describe those latest symptoms. Then his manner quite noticeably changed. He began to listen very carefully. They seemed to make a serious impression on him. But just how serious, and what he thought they meant, I couldn't tell. He didn't say and I didn't ask. I wanted to, but somehow the visit was over before I ever had an opportunity. The only comment he made was after he'd taken my blood pressure and listened to my chest and checked my reflexes—all the routine tests. He said a series of consultations with specialists seemed advisable. To pinpoint the source of the trouble, I gathered. He would arrange the appointments, he said, and let me know when and where. That was all, except that he wanted to see me again in two weeks. Same time. Same day.

"My first special appointment was with an ear, nose, and throat man. I saw him three days later—on Thursday, March 7th. The next day, I saw an oculist. Then, on Thursday of the following week, I saw a gynecologist. They were all top men. I've never had such thorough examinations. And they couldn't have been nicer. But they told me exactly nothing. Especially the gynecologist. He was completely noncommittal. The ear, nose, and throat man gave me a prescription for Dramamine. I tried it—one fifty-milligram tablet twice a day—for a couple of days, but it didn't help. In fact, it made me slightly sick, and my dizzy spells got worse and worse. My vertigo, I should say. I've learned there's a difference. Dizziness is just a giddy feeling in the head. Vertigo is far more violent. It's a feeling outside of yourself. You usually feel that the world is moving—up and down, or around, or sliding off to one side. But you can also feel as if you were whirling with it, somewhere out in space. I did, at least. However, as I say, the ear, nose, and throat man suggested Dramamine, and that was all he said. The only one who made any sort of comment was the oculist. He said he thought my trouble might be partly visual, and recommended new glasses. When he told me that,



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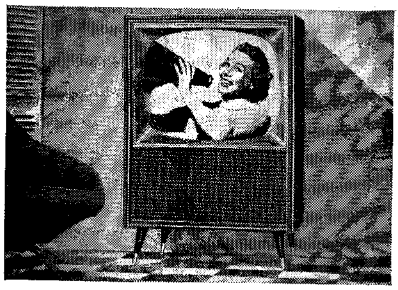

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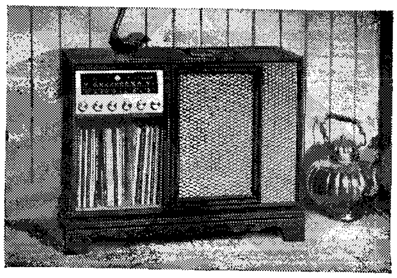

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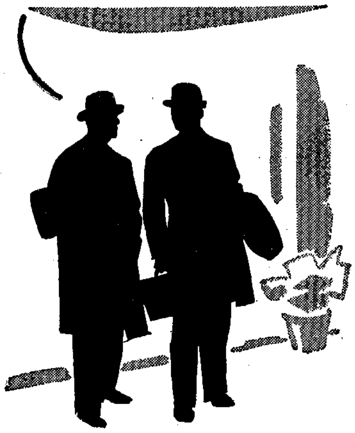

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my heart absolutely leaped. I wanted to believe him. It was such a plausible explanation. And I *had* been having some trouble with my eyes. I'd noticed lately that I couldn't seem to make them focus properly. Any quick movement, like raising my eyes from a book to look at something across the room, made me almost bleary for a minute. But he was mistaken. I had the new lenses by the time I went back to Dr. Dodge, and they didn't really help a bit. Oh, maybe there was some improvement, but, as I told Dr. Dodge, if there was, it was very, very slight. I remember he nodded, as if he already knew. Then he brought out some papers. They were reports from the specialists I'd been to. He read me their conclusions, and they were all the same. They even used the same phrase—'Impression: Essentially normal.'

"I'll never forget that phrase. I must have heard it a dozen times. It got to be a kind of litany. Even Dr. Dodge used it. He gave me a complete physical examination during my second visit. The next time I saw him—the following Monday—he told me the results. Essentially normal. Meanwhile, he had arranged for two more consultations with specialists, and I had been to see them, too. One was a neuropsychiatrist and the other was an internist, and Dr. Dodge had their reports in my folder. Impression: Essentially normal. It sounds so reassuring. Normal—essentially normal. So comforting. But it isn't. At least, it wasn't to me. It was terrifying. While I hadn't the vaguest notion of its medical meaning, I was sure of one thing. It couldn't mean that I was normal at all, because I wasn't. I was just the reverse. I became convinced it meant I was miserably sick and nobody had the faintest idea why."

THE terror that mounted in Mrs. Morton during those weeks of inconclusive consultations was excited by more than uncertainty. Suspense merely sharpened its edge. Its substance was the growing vigor and variety of her hallucinations. The chronology of their proliferation is no longer very clear in Mrs. Morton's mind. Her memory of their nature, however, is cruelly complete. "I can still feel them," she says. "I can close my eyes and feel myself standing in the apartment or the office and the waves of movement rolling under my feet. At first, it was only in the afternoon or evening. Then—within a couple of weeks, I think—it began to happen earlier and earlier in the day. And more frequently. I have a mental

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picture of myself lying in bed on a cold morning—which would probably make it early March—and knowing what would happen the minute I stood up. It was never as pronounced in the morning, though, as it was later in the day. My vertigo seemed to build up hour by hour. To accumulate. Or, possibly, sleep and rest gave me a certain amount of resistance that gradually wore off. But the bathroom was always an ordeal, at any time. Any small room, I should say—my closet, the kitchen, a narrow hallway. I particularly dreaded taking a bath. It was bad enough to close the door and feel the room begin to tip. But when I got into the tub—it was like being in a tiny boat in a heavy swell. Even in the morning.

"I never bathed at night—after the first time. No power on earth could have made me go through that again. In fact, everything was a trial at night. By the end of the day, I seemed to fall apart. It wasn't only vertigo. There was the problem of focussing. I got so I couldn't judge the spatial relationship of things with any kind of precision. I was especially baffled when it came to anything close at hand. Sewing, for example. I had to give up darning and mending. And cooking. Frank finally took over in the kitchen. I simply couldn't cope. By the time I'd finished peeling a potato, there'd be practically no potato left. I'd break an egg—I mean, I'd try to. But instead of just cracking the shell, I'd smash the egg all over the stove. I couldn't even wash the dishes. I'd finish with a plate and stick it in the drying rack. Crash! A complete miss. I'd dropped it on the floor. I broke more dishes in the month of March than I had in the whole of my life before. I also did more walking. At first, I spent every evening just walking—outdoors, where I didn't feel closed in.

"Outdoors and bed—those were the safe places. For a while, at least. The outdoor phase didn't last long, but I was always comfortable lying down. At the office—I don't know how I managed to keep on working, but I did—there was a couch in the rest room I could use when things got too much for me. Although the act of lying down was sometimes distinctly unpleasant. I would stretch out on the rest-room couch or the sofa, or get into bed, and instantly feel myself falling. The distance I fell always varied. I never knew what to expect. I might fall three or four inches. Or it might be a drop of ten feet. Then I'd slowly drift back up. But sometimes there was more to it

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than that. I'd bounce, for what seemed like several minutes. One of those times, it went on and on, and all of a sudden I recognized the rhythm. The fall and rise was in exact synchronization with my breathing. Maybe that explains the whole lying-down phenomenon—I mean the getting-into-bed part. The relief I got from lying down was something else, of course. When you're flat on your back, I suppose, there's no strain on the equilibrium.

"The relief I got from walking the streets—I don't know how to explain that. But, as I say, it was only temporary anyway. It didn't last much beyond the middle of March. Then the buildings started to lean and sway, and the sidewalk began to tilt, and it was almost as bad as being indoors. In some respects, it was worse. The sense of motion was somewhat less violent. I think it was less wild and erratic, too. But the scale was so much bigger. Every block was a downhill slide or an uphill climb, and the intersections looked two miles wide. Crossing a street took all the courage I had. I didn't dare glance to the left or right. Any sudden movement of my head and the world turned upside down. My system was to fix my eyes on some distant object. That usually kept me on balance. Then I'd make a dash for it. It was always better to keep focussed on something in the distance. At close range, everything blurred. Perhaps I should never have gone out alone. I imagine some people would have refused to. But I'm not like that. I was determined not to be an invalid. I'm glad to say that Dr. Dodge agreed with me. And so did Frank. All either of them ever did was caution me to be careful—to cross with the light, to use the handrail on the subway stairs, and so on. Of course, they didn't have much choice. They knew very well that my mind was made up. But, even so, I had some really horrible experiences. At least, they seemed awful then. I remember one evening coming home from work. I was walking north on Lexington Avenue when I noticed a man at the end of the block. He was one of those derelicts, reeling drunk, and he was headed my way. There were just the two of us—nobody else from where I was to the corner. The minute I saw him, my system collapsed. I couldn't seem to focus my eyes on anything, and I began to reel right with him. If he lurched toward the curb, the sidewalk tilted toward the curb. When he caught himself and staggered back across the sidewalk, it tilted in that direction. I was sure we

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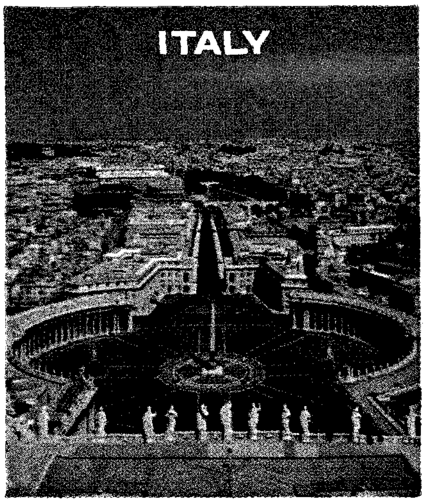

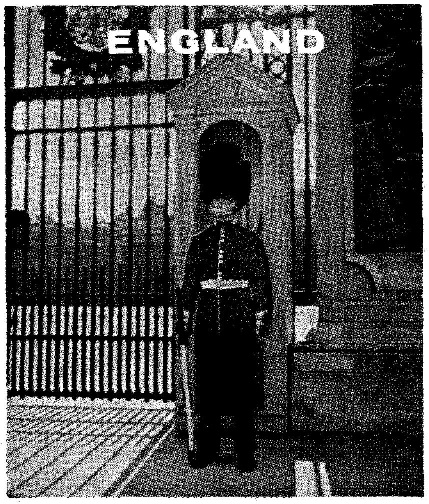

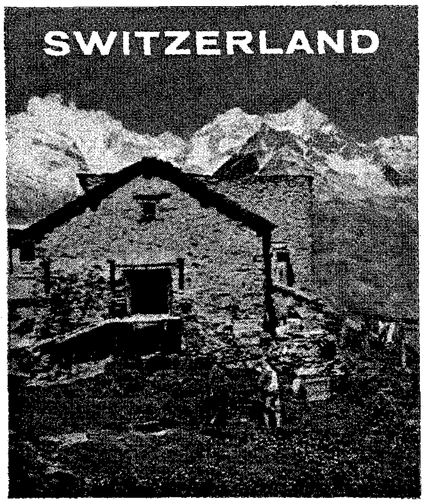

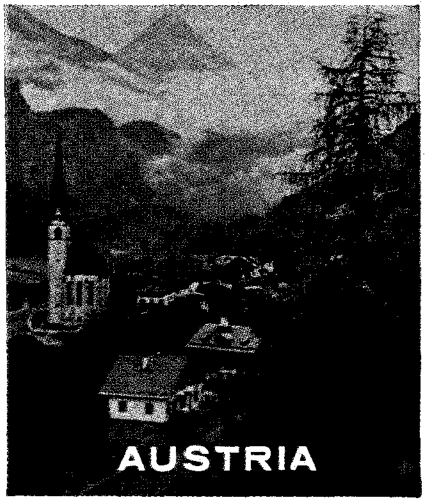

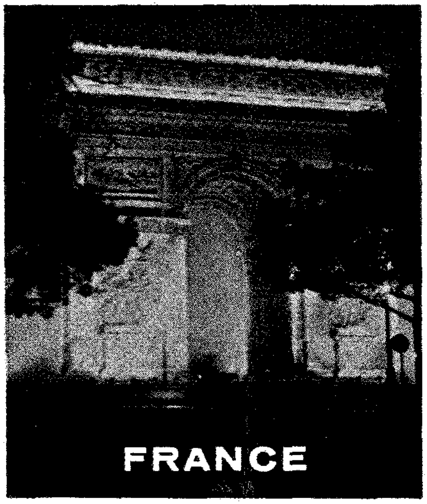

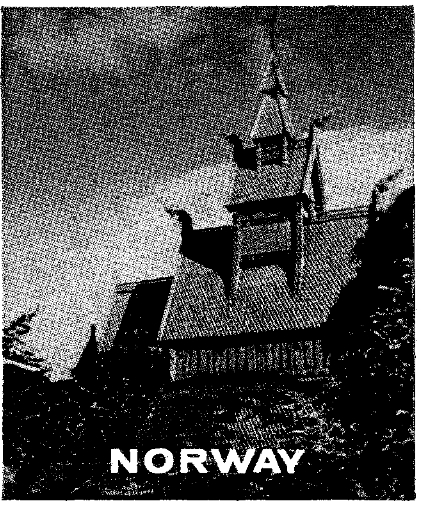

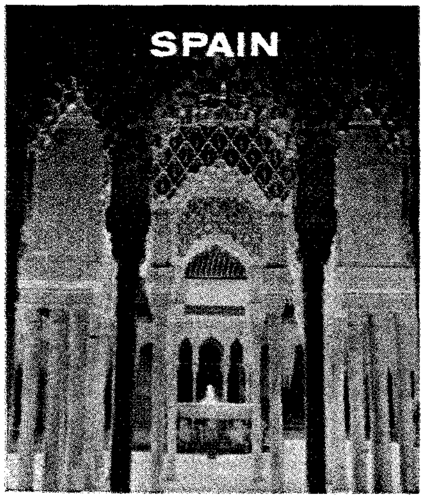

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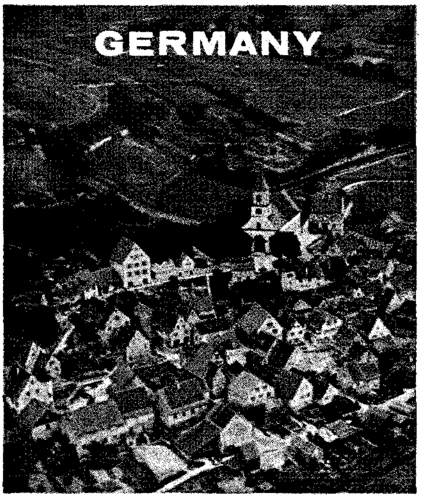

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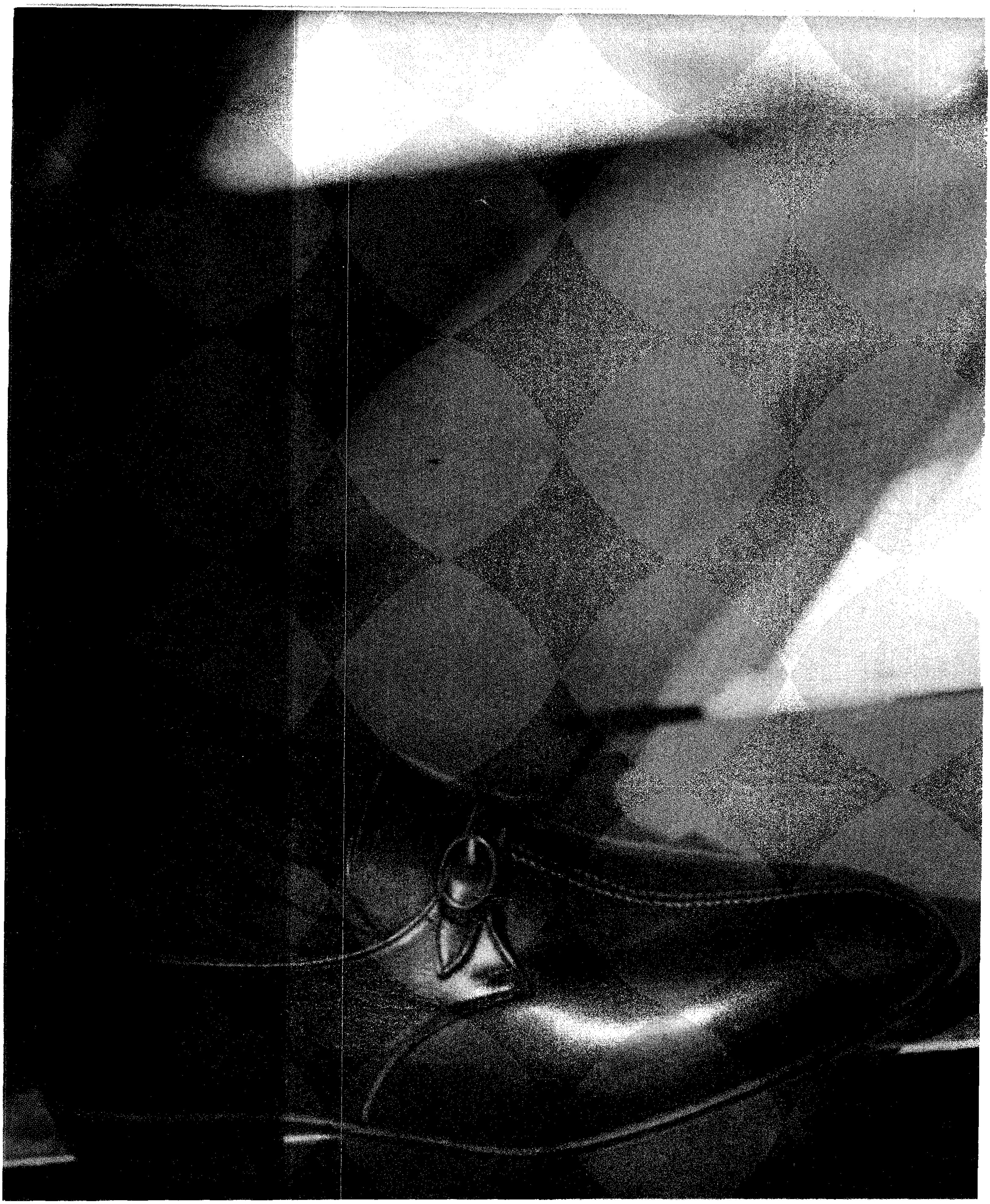

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were going to collide. I could almost feel the impact. But we didn't. We came face to face—so close I could smell his breath. And then I lost him. Everything blurred. The next thing I knew, he was gone—dancing on down the street. I had only one real collision. And it wasn't with a drunk. It was with a perfectly innocent young man, and I was entirely to blame. I was on my way to lunch. The sidewalk began to drop away from under me, and down it I went, practically at a gallop—straight for the front of a store. Fortunately, there was this young man standing there. If I hadn't toppled into him, I might have gone right through the window. He didn't say anything. Neither of us did. I was too numb. I just slunk away. But it wasn't hard to imagine what he thought.

"The most horrible experience I had of that kind wasn't actually on the street. It happened in that underground passage that runs from Grand Central Station to the Roosevelt Hotel. The time was about six o'clock one evening in early April. A woman who had been a classmate of mine at Radcliffe was in town, and we had arranged to meet at the Roosevelt for dinner and go on to a concert at Town Hall. I suppose it sounds odd for someone in my groggy condition to plan a long, unnecessary evening like that, no matter how determined I was to keep going in my day-to-day routine. Well, I wanted to see my friend. I hadn't seen her for several years. That was only part of it, though. The basic reason was me—my state of mind. It didn't seem possible that anyone could be as sick as I was and live. There were times in March and early April when I was absolutely certain I was going to die. But my reaction to death was peculiar. I don't remember feeling afraid. All I remember is an overwhelming sense of urgency. So little time. So little done. So much I wanted to do. I've almost never read imaginative literature, but one Saturday morning I rushed out of the house and bought two recent novels—Rebecca West's 'The Fountain Overflows,' and 'The Lost Steps,' by Alejo Carpentier. It didn't matter that I could scarcely see. I devoured them both. It was like being possessed. I craved every kind of diversion. I dragged Frank to the theatre more than once, and I never thought of refusing when he suggested the Philharmonic or the Metropolitan. My response to music had never been so complete. I spent hours listening to records. I'd play some old favorite—like Beecham conducting

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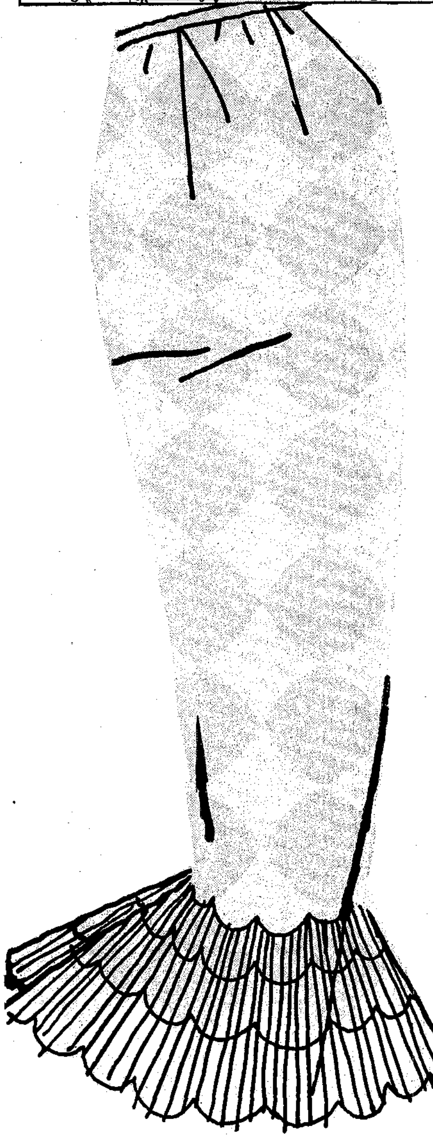

Haydn's 'London' Symphony—and it was amazing. It seemed to me that I could hear the inner structure more clearly than ever before. It was the same with food. I'd always been a rather casual eater, but I began to understand how gourmets must feel. Good food was pure delight.

"So the idea of dinner and a concert wasn't at all unusual. My only mistake was deciding to take that dreadful underground passage. It was raining and I was in a hurry, but even so I should have realized. When I did, it was too late. The passage was jammed with commuters, shoving and pushing and surging toward me. But I didn't dare turn back. The floor was beginning to wobble, and I knew if I tried to swing around, it would tip me head over heels. All I could do was go on. The traffic was still all against me. People kept looming up—towering up. They came charging at me like giants. I don't know whether it was my eyes or the way the passage was rocking or the murky glare of light down there, but they really looked like giants. Their heads were brushing the ceiling. And then I felt something right out of a nightmare. It began with a sensation I'd often had—the feeling that the floor was lifting to meet my foot and, at the next step, sinking under my weight. I was almost at the end of the passage when I felt the movement change. It was as if someone had pulled a lever. There was a little jolt, and the floor was moving very slowly backward down the passage. I was walking on a treadmill. Only for a minute, though. Then I reached the stairs. I drove myself up to the lobby and collapsed in a chair. I was jelly.

"I thought the treadmill must surely be the end. I didn't see how I could possibly stand anything more. It had to be the end. I didn't see how there could be anything more unearthly than that. But it wasn't the end—far from it. The treadmill was only another beginning. From that point on—from early April—I began to move in a different world. Two worlds, rather. In a way, it was like a personality split. I felt more and more removed from everything and everybody. I knew they existed. I lived and worked among them, but always at one remove. I stood apart. Actually, it was more of a triple split. There was me. There was the rest of the world. And there was the me of the past, when reality had been real. It wasn't a schizoid split—not as I understand that term. I never lost touch with reality. I always knew the difference between what actually was and what

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was wild illusion. Also, my two selves were never coexistent. The me of the past existed only in memory. The feeling I had was metamorphic. I'd moved into a new self. In a sense, of course, I had. My personality did change. I wasn't the same person then that I'd been before and that I am now. The craving I had for diversion was wholly out of character, and when that wore off, as it did in a very short while, I was even less like my normal self. I never had a pleasant thought. I lived to sigh and grumble. I couldn't read. I was too restless, too self-absorbed, too empty. My ability to focus on print dropped to practically nil. My limit was the absolute minimum my job required. And that was painful—physically painful. It was the same with music. Music, especially recorded or broadcast music, began to hurt my ears. The upper partials literally felt like needles. I gave up the piano very early. It required a coördination of eye, ear, nerves, tendons, and muscles that I no longer had, and besides it just plain bored me. The only thing that interested me was me, and most of the time I felt too dull to even concentrate on that. I was nothing. I just sat in my shell and sulked.

"But that was only part of the new sense of self I had. The change was more than a matter of mind or emotion. It was a total metamorphosis. I was conscious of a new dimension—a new plane. I had a new relationship to space. My legs, my arms, my face, my whole body felt different. I suppose everyone remembers the Hall of Mirrors at Coney Island. That's the way my body felt. It had no permanent shape. It changed by the minute. I seemed to be completely at the mercy of some outside force—some atmospheric pressure. I was amorphous. Whatever form I had was determined by the contractions or expansions of the force that confined me. And its pressure was never evenly distributed. I mean, I never simply grew or shrunk. My left leg would seem to lengthen. Or my right arm. Or my neck. Or one whole side of me would double or treble in size. And yet that doesn't fully describe it. There were times when the force seemed to be the rotation of the earth. I would have the feeling that I was vertically aligned with the earth's axis. I could feel a sort of winding movement start up inside me. Then one of my legs would begin to shorten, as if it were an anchor being drawn slowly up by a winch. The other leg would dangle. Not for long, however. After a minute, the winch would shift. It would engage the dangling leg,

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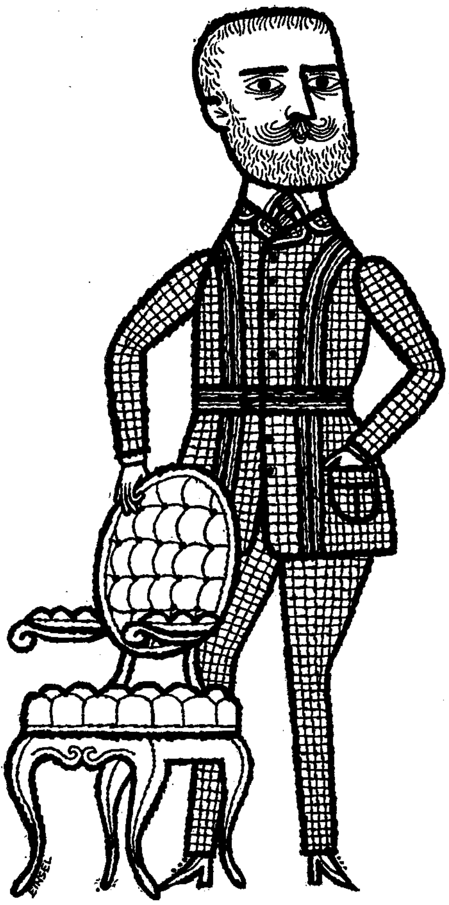

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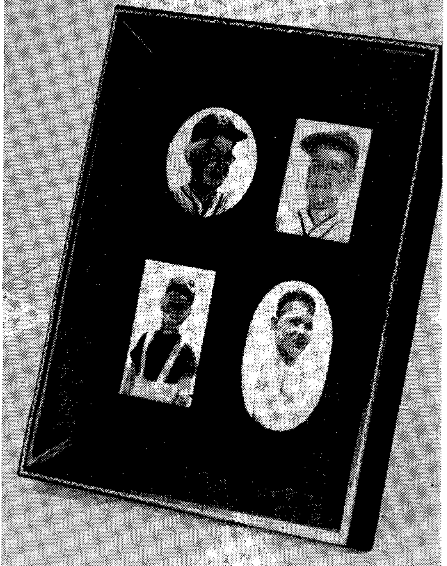
and just as slowly bring it up to match the other. Sometimes the movement alternated back and forth. One leg would be raised perhaps a foot and then gently released, and as it sank back, the other would rise. The only analogy I can think of is treading water. That was exactly the sensation. But my relation to the rotation of the earth took other forms, too. I often moved in opposition. The problem then was to somehow resist—to hold on. It took every ounce of strength I had to keep from being spun off into outer space. At such times, I was always teetering on the edge of space. One sensation I had on innumerable occasions was of floating in space on a tiny platform. I was somewhere between the earth and nowhere. If I was standing still, or had just stood up, the platform bounced. If I was actually moving, it tipped or tilted. Or slid away behind me—like the treadmill. The only sensation more terrifying than the platform was what happened when I had to go down a flight of stairs. It meant stepping off into space. But I don't want to talk about that. I can't even bear to think about it.

"THE only person I ever attempted to tell what it felt like going downstairs was Dr. Dodge. That was on April 10th. I hadn't seen him for over two weeks, and he wanted to know exactly how I felt. So I told him. I told him all my symptoms, all my experiences, all my fears and worries—everything that had happened since our last meeting. How glad I was that I did. I still am. Because, for once, his reaction was more than merely sympathetic. He actually did something. He picked up his pen and wrote out a prescription. It was for Equanil, he said, one of the tranquillizing drugs, and the dose was three four-hundred-milligram tablets per day. Then he added that there was one more specialist he wanted me to see. Another physiologist, whose particular field was electroencephalography. Dr. Dodge would make the arrangements, and let me know. He was very offhand about it. Deliberately so, I realize now. He made it seem like just another routine test. I'd heard of electroencephalography—vaguely. I knew it had something to do with recording electrical currents in the brain. But that was all I knew—or cared. My mind was fixed on Equanil. I'd heard a great deal about tranquillizers. Who hasn't? I knew they had helped and saved so many people—people much worse off than I was. I was really prepared for something not far from a miracle. What

FIVE IN ONE



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happened was not quite that. Equanil had no effect on anything fundamental. But it did something for my morale. It made me feel less like screaming. It kept my shirt on.

"Dr. Dodge phoned me the following day. My EEG test—as he called it—was set for the next afternoon, April 12th, at four o'clock. Our next appointment would be on April 15th. He would have my EEG report by then. I don't remember much about that test. I arrived in such a state of confusion. The doctor's office was in a huge block of buildings, and everything went wrong. I misread his name on the directory. I took the wrong elevator. I got lost in a maze of corridors. And when I finally got straightened out, I had to wait in a dim little box of a foyer that reduced me to a pulp. But apparently that didn't matter. The doctor gave me the test, and he must have been satisfied that the findings were accurate, because his report reached Dr. Dodge on schedule. He was reading it when I walked into his office. Or so it turned out. I knew he was reading something that had to do with me. Something important, too. His expression told me that. Then, as soon as I sat down, he told me so himself. He was really in a most communicative mood. He said he was more relieved than it was possible to say. Our talk at my last visit—some of the more outrageous things I'd described—had made him uneasy. It had led him to suspect that the root of my trouble might be a brain tumor. The EEG test, as perhaps I knew, was diagnostic for that. Some doctors, he said, might have ordered one earlier, but he had held off, because he wanted to see the results of other tests first. A brain tumor was a rather outside possibility. Well, anyway, here was the electroencephalographist's summary of his findings. He read it off—'Impression: Essentially normal.'

"You can imagine the chill that ran up my spine. Even the thought of brain tumor is frightening. For a moment, I was cold to the bone. I just sat there. So did Dr. Dodge. Then he tucked the report away in my folder and leaned back in his chair. He said he was sorry to have kept me in suspense so long. I realized, he hoped, that his noncommittal stand had been unavoidable. My case had presented certain problems. It still did. But, in his considered opinion, the basic outline was now sufficiently clear to justify a diagnosis. And one that held no cause whatever for alarm. My trouble was a disturbance of the

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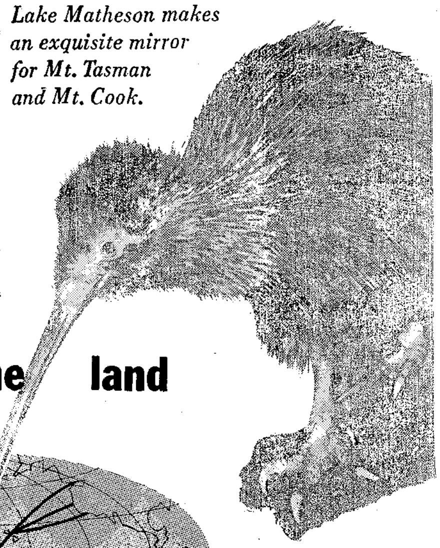

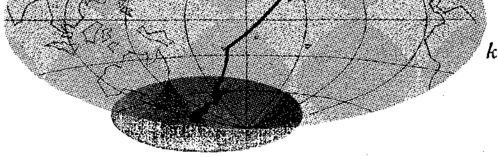

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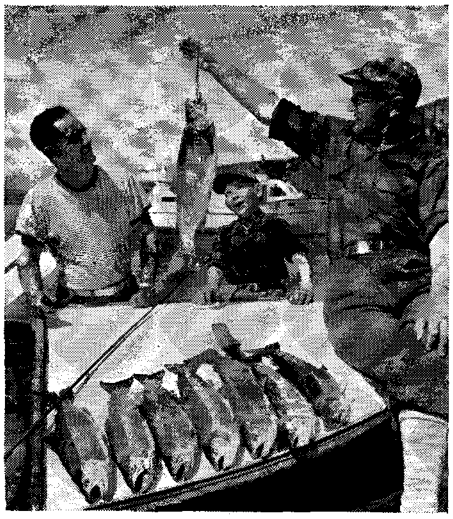

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"It takes so soon to get old, so old to get schmart!"

After four score and even a few years more, I'm ready to agree with the old German credited with this remark.

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internal ear called labyrinthitis. He explained it to me in some detail. Enormous detail, in fact. He couldn't have been more considerate. But I'm afraid that at the moment I didn't grasp much of what he said. Except at the end—and this was very encouraging—that it wouldn't be necessary for me to come in again for several weeks. May 8th, he said, would be soon enough. Meanwhile, of course, I was to continue taking Equanil."

Mrs. Morton's recollection of that diagnostic discussion, though limited, is entirely correct. The explanation that Dr. Dodge considerately gave her was a thorough review of the subject. It was also, he told me during a recent talk I had with him in his office, a thoroughly candid one. He began with a few words on the nomenclature of middle-ear disorders. Labyrinthitis, he informed her, was only one of several more or less synonymous names by which such disturbances are known. Another was Ménière's Syndrome. It takes its name from Prosper Ménière, a nineteenth-century French otologist, who first described the condition. Until 1861, when Ménière published a revolutionary paper entitled "Maladies de l'Oreille Interne Offrant les Symptomes de la Congestion Cerebrale Apoplectiforme," vertigo had been considered an invariable symptom of brain damage or disease. His paper, which was based on definitive clinical findings, demonstrated that the true seat of the phenomenon was the internal ear. Other names for Mrs. Morton's condition included aural vertigo, vestibulitis, and, of course, labyrinthitis. Dr. Dodge preferred—at least in this instance—the last. The suffix "itis," as he supposed she was aware, meant "inflammation." So the meaning of labyrinthitis, as a word, was simply an inflammation of the aural labyrinth. The specific nature of the disturbance in her case was something that neither he nor his colleagues had been able to determine. As she knew, the results of her various examinations had all been essentially normal. In other words, they were negative. That didn't mean that no disturbance existed, though. Quite the contrary. It simply meant that none of the techniques available to medicine had been able to detect it. Labyrinthitis is a slippery thing. Its possible causes are extremely numerous. The triggering mechanism can be a tumor or a cyst. It can be a bacterial or a viral infection. It can conceivably be a metabolic abnormality. Some investigators

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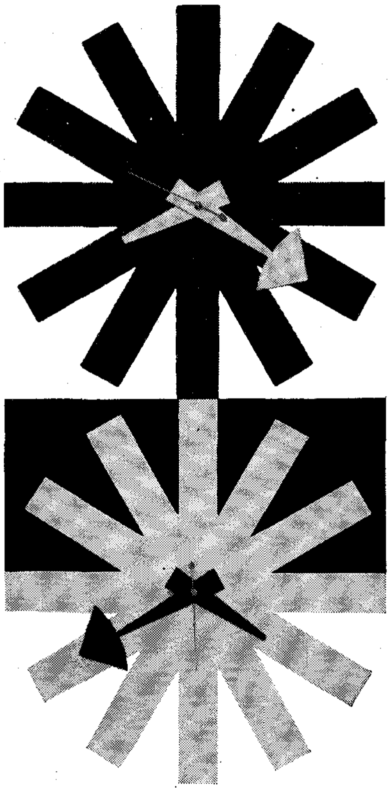

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believe that it can be traced—in part, at any rate—to psychogenic factors. Or even to an allergy. And there may be other factors, still unknown to science. It was at this point, Dr. Dodge told me, that he informed Mrs. Morton that she could put her mind at rest. She could be quite sure that he had eliminated all the more serious possibilities. But he then went on to make it clear to her that the condition was considered chronic. It was also accepted, he felt obliged to add, that no known treatment was effective. Nevertheless, he felt justified in suggesting that in all probability she would soon begin to feel more like herself again. Long remissions were frequent, and there was some reason to believe that the condition was often self-limiting. In some instances, the symptoms simply vanished and never recurred. That, he told Mrs. Morton, in conclusion, had been his experience with several cases closely resembling hers. It was not, however, as it turned out, a prognosis whose accuracy was immediately confirmed.

"I often think about that visit," Mrs. Morton says. "My reaction was so peculiar. I mean, of all the things that Dr. Dodge told me, the most important made the least impression. I'd been living for weeks with the thought of death. It had haunted me day and night. I'd felt literally doomed. I'd been so sure of dying that I'd accepted it as fact. Yet when I learned that my condition wasn't even serious, I hardly reacted at all. It was as if I'd never had a moment's apprehension. What left me simply weak with relief was knowing the truth at last. My trouble was no longer a mystery. At least, it had a name. It was astonishing what a difference that made. And I wasn't alone. There were many other people in the same boat—thousands of them, apparently. Labyrinthitis is really quite common, I gathered. Or, rather, I made it my business to find out. I got hold of a medical text and read about its incidence with the most morbid avidity. The old saying is only too true, I'm afraid—misery does love company. As a matter of fact, several people I knew, or people friends of mine knew, turned out to be companions in misery. They'd had the same trouble off and on for years. One of them, poor thing, was a dancer. Another was a concert pianist. He had a recurrent experience that was truly appalling. It would happen during recitals. He'd be playing along when he'd suddenly have the feeling that the piano was sliding away from him. The only thing he

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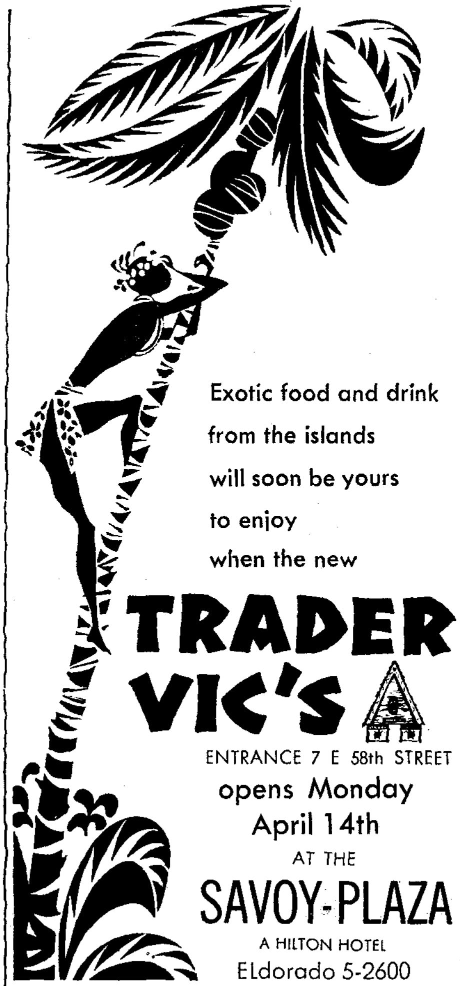
could do when that happened was to concentrate on trying to will the movement to stop. At times it would work and at times it wouldn't, but somehow he always managed to keep going.

"It was also comforting to think that I would most likely be feeling better soon. I didn't expect it to happen overnight, naturally, or even in a matter of days. Dr. Dodge had merely said it would probably be soon, and the people I talked to—my fellow-victims—said the same. Improvement took time. So at first I wasn't disappointed. I dragged myself along from day to day, and tried to be patient. And I was—through the rest of April and the first part of May. How I did it I'll never know. Those weeks were the ghastliest of all. The stairs, the treadmill, the platform in space, the awful amorphous feeling—everything seemed to be closing in at once. There was hardly an hour that wasn't a total nightmare. By that time, the mornings had become almost the worst—because each one was such a letdown. I'd wake up and lie there and wonder if this would be the day when I'd begin to improve. And pretty soon I'd get up and start for the bathroom—and then I'd know it wasn't. To be teased like that was torture.

"I went back to Dr. Dodge on May 8th, as arranged. When I told him that nothing had changed, he seemed quite surprised. But all he did was renew my prescription for Equanil and repeat what he'd said during my last visit. The only new thing he did was not give me another appointment. It wasn't necessary, he said—although, of course, I could call him whenever I liked. But I never did call him, even though I went home from that appointment about as low as I've ever been in my life. About a week later, I broke down. I'd reached the end of my rope. I couldn't go on any longer. So I decided to go up to our place in the Catskills for a couple of weeks, and rest. The office was very understanding. They told me to go right ahead. But my husband had his doubts about leaving me all by myself in an isolated country cottage for a couple of weeks. After all, I still wasn't able to cook or wash dishes—a problem that hadn't even occurred to me. Frank didn't mention his misgivings to me, though. He called Dr. Dodge and asked him what he thought of my plan. Dr. Dodge said that a change of routine and scenery might indeed be helpful, and he wanted to know if it would be possible to get someone to look in on me once a day—fix my principal meal, clean up, and so



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on. As it happened, Frank knew just the person—the teen-age daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood. For a couple of seasons, she'd been going over to open and air out the cottage for us just before we went up for our vacation—a nice, quiet, unobtrusive girl. So Frank got hold of her on the telephone, and she agreed to come over for an hour or so every afternoon—while I could be taking a nap. We drove up on Saturday, May 18th, and Frank stayed over Sunday. When he left, I was nicely settled.

"It was a glorious time to be in the country. Everything was beautiful. The weather was perfect and the foliage was bursting out. And the birds—I hadn't seen so many birds in years. I arrived at the peak of the spring migration, and they were there by the thousand. It took me back to the springs when I was a girl in Iowa. That's where I grew up. My father was an amateur ornithologist, and we used to go on long bird-watching walks together. It was wonderful how that almost forgotten interest revived. Not that I did any great amount of walking. The least little movement still sent me reeling. In that respect, the country was just like the city. It was all I could manage to crawl from bed to a chair out on the lawn. But that was far enough. The birds were everywhere. I just sat on the lawn and watched them. They almost seemed to pose for me. I saw at least a dozen species that I'd never seen before, including a blue grosbeak and a pileated woodpecker, both of which are fairly rare. They probably mistook me for part of the scenery. I guess I was, to all intents and purposes. I spent hours at a time just sitting there. It was all I did, except eat and sleep, but I wasn't bored for a minute. It was as if all my ambition and energy had drained away. I was perfectly content to simply vegetate."

MRS. MORTON returned to New York on Sunday, June 2nd. Her husband went up for the weekend and accompanied her home. She felt relaxed and rested, but otherwise much the same. "The thought of going back to work was agony," she says. "I really doubted if I could make it. I was afraid that the traffic and the subway and the tension would be too much for me. And it almost was, those first few days—the first week of work—but I kept going. I felt I had to. It was a matter of pride. I was determined not to collapse again. And, little by little, the strain began to ease. The change I noticed first was

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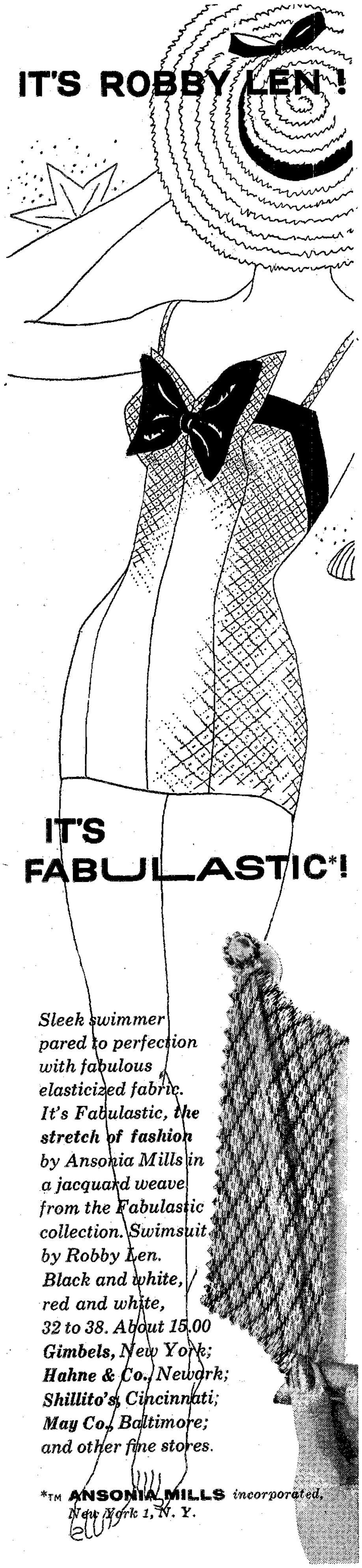

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in my mental attitude. I don't mean morale. It wasn't a sense of lift or an Equanil tranquillity. My mind began to function. It was something like getting over a severe attack of the flu. I began to feel less dull and self-contained—less empty in the head. Things outside myself began to penetrate. They had meaning. I think I noticed it first at home, in my relationship with Frank. Even when I'd felt my worst—in late April and early May—I'd tried not to be an absolute lump. I'd made an effort to talk and listen and seem to take an interest. Not very successfully, I'm afraid, but I'd tried. I wasn't aware of any turning point when I got back from the Catskills. But I kept trying to be something more than a lump, and then, after a while, it gradually dawned on me that I wasn't consciously trying any more. I wasn't pretending. The interest I showed was genuine.

"That must have been around the middle of June. Then, even more slowly, I began to notice other differences. My sense of self was one—the split I'd felt between my new self and my old grew less and less distinct. I also began to have permanent form and shape. Then, at some point, some week—sometime in late June or early July—I suddenly felt intact again. I don't know what came next. I mean, there wasn't any sequence of change. I simply began to have a firmer control over motion. I could stop the treadmill. I could keep from teetering out in space. I could make the stairs be there and stand up under my weight. And yet there was a sort of pattern. The wildest sensations were the first to go. I had them less often, and then less intensely, and finally not at all—a slow simmering down to normal. By the middle of August, I was back where I'd been in February. The floor gave a lurch every now and then, and I still had a little trouble focussing, but that was all. And then, as well as I could judge, those remnants vanished, too. It's impossible to say exactly when it all ended. But I think it was Frank who really sensed it first. It was after dinner one night in late August, and he suddenly smiled and remarked that I must be feeling much better. I asked him what he meant. 'You never look scared any more,' he said." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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THE ART GALLERIES

Seurat, Albers, Sheeler

THERE'S an old tradition that the artists who die young are invariably precocious, and although the theory can be questioned (how many artists die young who were not precocious, and hence go unrecognized?), the cases in which it is true, from Giorgione and Raphael on down to Toulouse-Lautrec, are striking enough to give it some validity. Georges Seurat, now the subject of a handsome loan exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, is an example. Born in 1859, he died in 1891, in his thirty-first year, and in this brief span his production was certainly not large. A catalogue compiled in the nineteen-twenties and considered definitive listed only forty-seven paintings, of which many were detail studies for the seven that are usually considered his major ones. Yet he managed to establish himself in the general estimation as one of the very greatest painters of his period.

I myself would not rate him quite so high. Though he was the foremost exponent of the Pointillist technique—and its most thoroughgoing practitioner—he was not its sole originator; the distinction must be divided between him and his friend and near contemporary Paul Signac, not to mention the much older Camille Pissarro, who, while he employed the method only briefly, seems actually to have tinkered with its basic idea (of producing intermediate tonalities by applying tiny dabs or "points" of pure pigment on the canvas) even earlier than the others. There was, too, a lack of what I can only call emotional *involvement* in Seurat's approach that detracts a little from his stature. The truly great artist must not only present the scene; he must also convey a point of view, his own philosophical attitude about it—to the end that both he and the spectator are caught up in it—and this Seurat fails almost completely to do. The very discipline that enabled him to master Pointillism, with its tiny, methodical stipplings and rigidly "scientific" methods of color selection, cut him off, inevitably, from any deep immersion in the philosophical implications of his subject.

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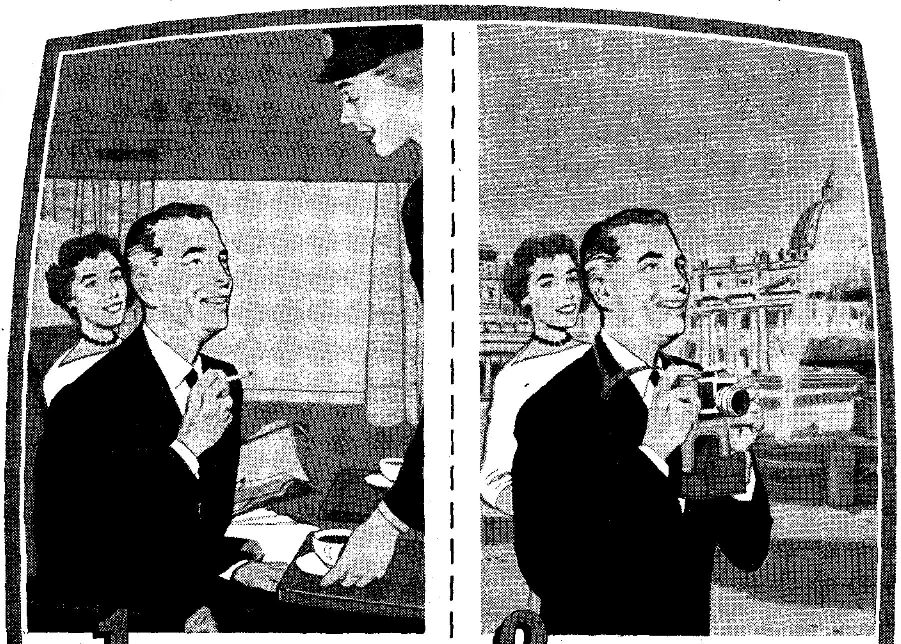

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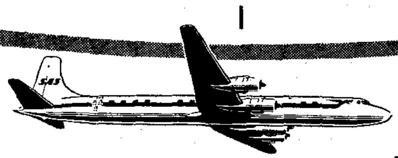

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paradoxically, that his really "big" pictures—"La Grande Jatte," "Le Chahut," "The Circus," "The Three Models," and so on—are the thinnest in emotional evocation. What they have, to a superlative degree, is a classic compositional rectitude. The figures and the objects seem fixed for all time, in their separate places. (How clearly one remembers, years after seeing the canvases, the grouping of the Sunday strollers in "La Grande Jatte" and the angle of the dancers' legs in "Le Chahut"!) But the scenes themselves are otherwise as remote as a dream, and the smaller studies are often much more directly and immediately moving. Though all this puts Seurat, to my mind, below Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, and even others of his time who were perhaps not his equals technically but were more well-rounded philosophically—above all, more communicative—Seurat occupies a commanding if rather lonely position in modern art (Pointillism died, more or less, with him, and has never been revived), and the current exhibition has been beautifully organized to demonstrate the extent of his achievement.

All but two of his major compositions, "The Bathers" and "La Parade," are there (a third, "Three Models," is represented by a smaller version), and there is an impressive array of the studies, often extremely detailed, that he made for them—well over twenty for "La Grande Jatte" (and why, for once, don't I give the picture its full title, "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of the Grande Jatte"?) and a respectable number for each of the others. Chronologically, the show ranges from a considerable selection of small paintings and drawings done in the early eighteen-eighties, when he was barely in his twenties (note especially, among the oils, the charming group of rustic subjects—"The Reaper," "Figure in a Field," "Farm Laborer with a Hoe," and so on), to a couple of pieces, among them the handsome "The Channel at Gravelines," done just a year or so before he died.

His landscapes, happily, are not skimped, either, nor are his drawings. Almost alone among the color-minded men of the Impressionist period, Seurat had a fondness for the elegance and clarity of the black-and-white, and showed an enormous facility in the medium. He loved the soft, oily quality of Conté crayon, and by smudging, rubbing, and other devices he was able to create the subtlest nuances of texture and tonal suggestion with it. Among many, many others, I liked most the

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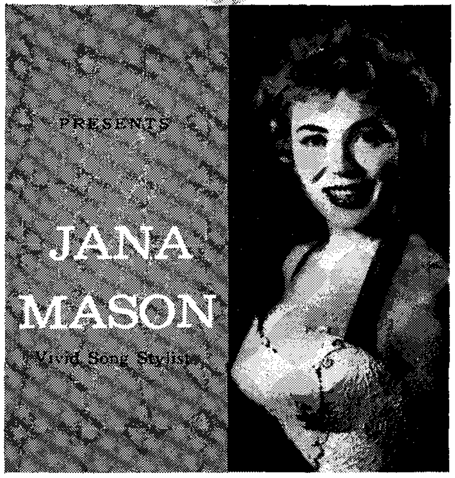

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early "Back of a Youth" and "Echo," as well as the later and masterly "Portrait of Paul Signac." As for the landscapes, which are mainly of scenes along the Channel coast, Seurat apparently didn't think highly of them. Though he went there frequently to paint, he did it largely, he said, to "wash the light of the studio" from his eyes, and he seems never to have considered the landscapes real full-dress performances. But there's a directness of observation, coupled with a Dutch rationality of design, that gives them tremendous appeal—particularly "The Channel at Gravelines," "Le Crotoy, Seaside," and the monumental "Le Bec du Hoc, Grandcamp." The whole show—which originated at the Art Institute of Chicago—is a treat, and a rare one, too, for in the nature of things it will be a long time before such a selection of the man's work can be got together again.

THE number 7 figures in two shows this week. Josef Albers, at the Janis, is celebrating his seventieth birthday with a new set of paintings, while, at the Downtown, Charles Sheeler, who is four years further into his seventies, is having his first exhibition in seven years. It is pleasant to report that both men are far from doddering. Sheeler displays a richness of color and a compositional inventiveness that one would have to go back to his earliest phases to duplicate. The subjects, mostly barns and industrial scenes, are also reminiscent. But the design is at once subtler and more assured, and in such pieces as the adroit "Architectural Cadences" and the spiralling "Continuity" he is at about his all-time best. Subtle, too, is the word for Albers. Working still in the simplest kind of rectangular design, he displays something like wizardry in the coloristic magic he achieves. "Gray Turns Violet" (which it does, before your eyes) gets its effect by a juxtaposition with green and magenta areas that surround the gray, while in others—notably "Desert Dusk," with its close gradations of ochres, and the silvery-gray-yellow "Platinum"—colors vibrate till they seem to have a life of their own. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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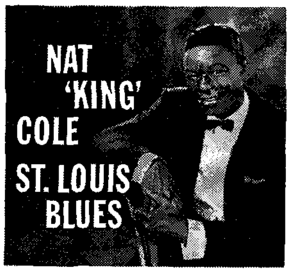

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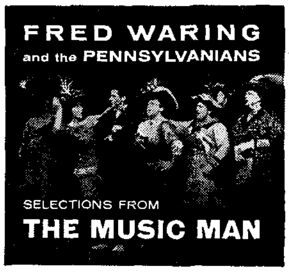

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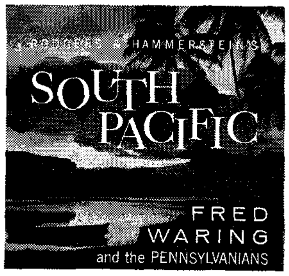

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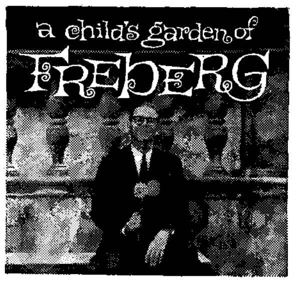

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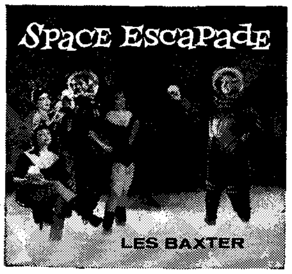

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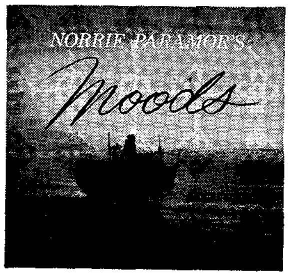

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MARKETS AND MENUS

WITH even more than my usual rashness, I recently declared in these columns that the mussels of our Eastern seacoast are nowhere nearly as fine as those of France. This ill-advised pronouncement had no sooner reached the remoter sections of Maine than I received from Saltwater Farm, a first-rate lobster-fishing concern in Damariscotta, a letter, written more in pain than in anger, suggesting that only someone unfamiliar with the Maine variety of mussel could conceivably have made so preposterous a misstatement, and urging me, in all fairness, to give the Damariscotta mussels a try. I have now done just that; indeed, I have given them two tries, and on each occasion, relying as best I could on those undependable taste buds of memory, I have been forced to agree that the Maine mollusk is a satisfactory substitute for the French, and certainly far, far superior to the mussel found in New York markets and on the menus of most French-American restaurants. The Saltwater Farm specimen is tender, rich, and succulent, with that peculiarly appetizing taste of low tide, as pungent as anything you have ever enjoyed on the *quais* of Le Havre. And no wonder, for the mussels come to you fresh as the day they were born. Immediately after a thorough cleaning and debarnacling, they are packed with rockweed in a large metal container, which, itself packed in a stout bag full of ice, is shipped by Railway Express to arrive in New York the day after it leaves Damariscotta.

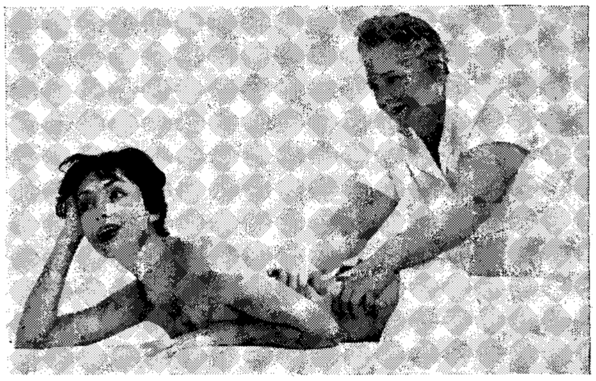
The people at Saltwater Farm favor cooking their mussels exactly like clams, except for the addition (a curious one, it strikes me, for residents of the State of Maine) of a cupful of Madeira, and I must say I found the Madeira-flavored broth extremely good, but to my taste what is needed to give character to the dish is a variation on the classic sauce poulette that goes like this: Some Crosse & Blackwell tarragon vinegar is put in a pot with chopped onion, parsley, and the mussels, and cooked until the shells open; the resultant broth is strained over a mixture of beaten egg yolks and butter, and allowed to thicken to the consistency of a thin béarnaise. The price of a peck of the ice-packed shellfish is $4.75, F.O.B. Damariscotta, and by my count a peck contains a hundred and fifty mussels.

If you are wondering what to drink with your *moules à la poulette*, I can recommend a mighty nice little Piesporter Pichter Spätlese of 1955, which costs $1.69 at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), and is quite a find, I think, for unpretentious occasions. It isn't estate-bottled, or anything like that, but then the mussels themselves, whatever the prestige they may gain by being shipped from Damariscotta, are only a very simple family dish, and this light, fresh wine, with its slight but quite perceptible fragrance, seems just right with them. It is also to be had in half bottles, at ninety-nine cents.

LAST year, a few of the town's better food shops carried for a brief period (a particularly happy period for many of us) exquisite little rounds of Demi Suisse—that miracle of freshness that is neither quite cheese nor quite cream but has the delicious taste of both. In spite of the fact that the delicate stuff was flown from France and was snatched up by greedy amateurs as soon as it hit the shops, its extreme fragility made the operation an unprofitable one, and it was all too soon discontinued. Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st), has now solved the problem of preservation by the simple expedient of having the little Suisses frozen before they start on the transatlantic flight from their native Montrouge—an expedient that must strike every cheese lover with horror but that, to my own shocked amazement, turns out not to harm either the consistency or the flavor in the least. The rounds of Demi Suisse (they are the same as Petit Suisse but only half the size) are, as everybody knows, at their creamy best eaten with strawberry jam on crusty French rolls, and, to make perfection complete, the jam should be stirred up in small batches (a boxful at a time) from fresh berries, which are now beginning to come to market in something like profusion. Don't make this jam after your grandma's slow-cooking formula, which aimed at something for the years, but, using a cup of sugar to a cup of berries, boil it up quickly until the syrup thickens, and when it is cool, serve it alongside the Demi Suisse, with, if your figure can bear it, a dribble of heavy cream—not forgetting, of course, the crusty rolls. A carton of six of the cheeses costs $1.50.

The Demi Suisse is not Fraser Morris's only venturesome experiment with frozen foods; the shop has a

17
Ed Fisher



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WITH so many new and stylish food products on the market these days, it may sound like a bit of rather studied quaintness to call your attention to such a homely old customer as boiled beef. My excuse is that at the meat market of M. Lobel & Sons, 1096 Madison Avenue (82nd), I have found, for the first time in New York, a cut of boiling beef as delectable as any that made the fame of that old bourgeois standby in Paris and Vienna. The usual cut sold for boiled beef by butchers hereabouts, and the usual cut served by the few local restaurants that bother with the dish at all, is short ribs, and no matter what artistry is brought to its preparation, this is a cut that remains stringy and relatively flavorless. The vastly superior offering of the Lobel market is, it is true, also from the short ribs, but it is from the *front* short ribs, of which there are only two to each side of beef. Since they are a luxury cut compared to the other short ribs (the shop also carries these, at half the price), they must usually be ordered in advance. To make this succulent pièce de non-résistance entirely irresistible, I suggest borrowing the best features of both the *bœuf bouilli* and the *gekochtes Rindfleisch;* that is, serving it, French fashion, with a bowlful of the *pot-au-feu* in which the meat has cooked, and adding on the side the cream horseradish sauce of the Germans. At M. Lobel & Sons, the cut that makes this deliciously tender dish is identified by its German name, *Flanken*, and costs $1.19 a pound.

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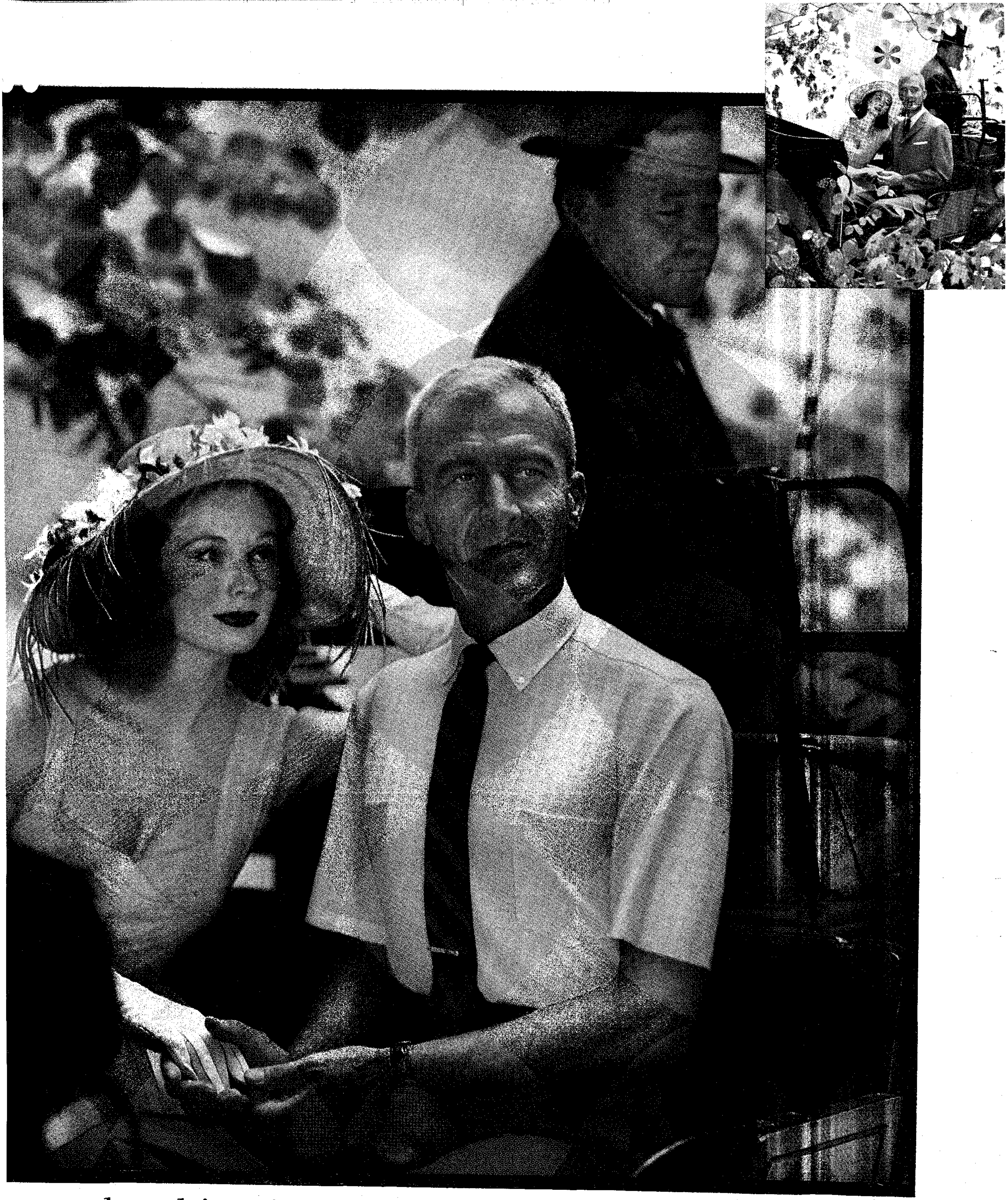

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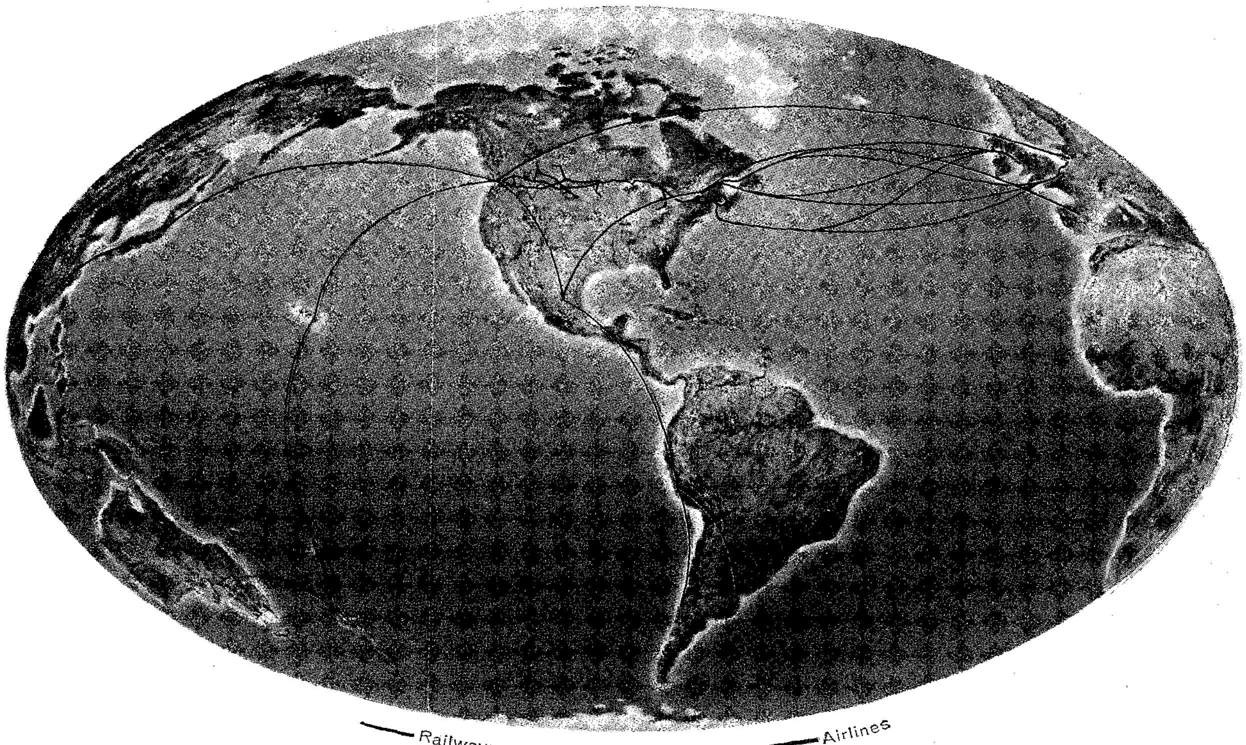

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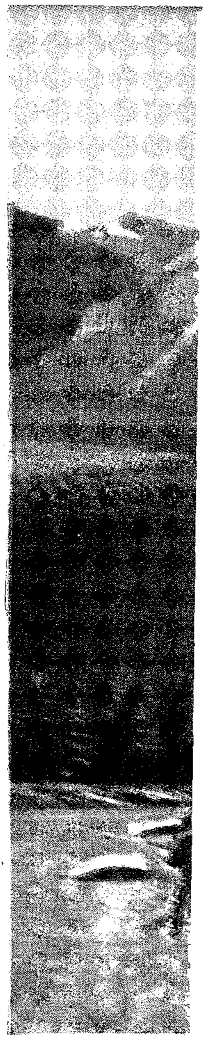

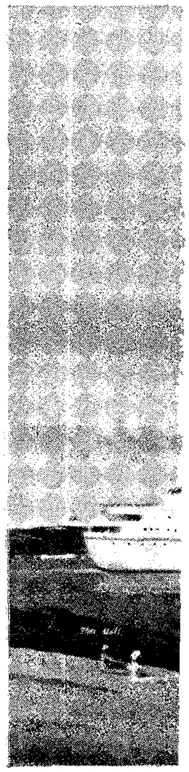

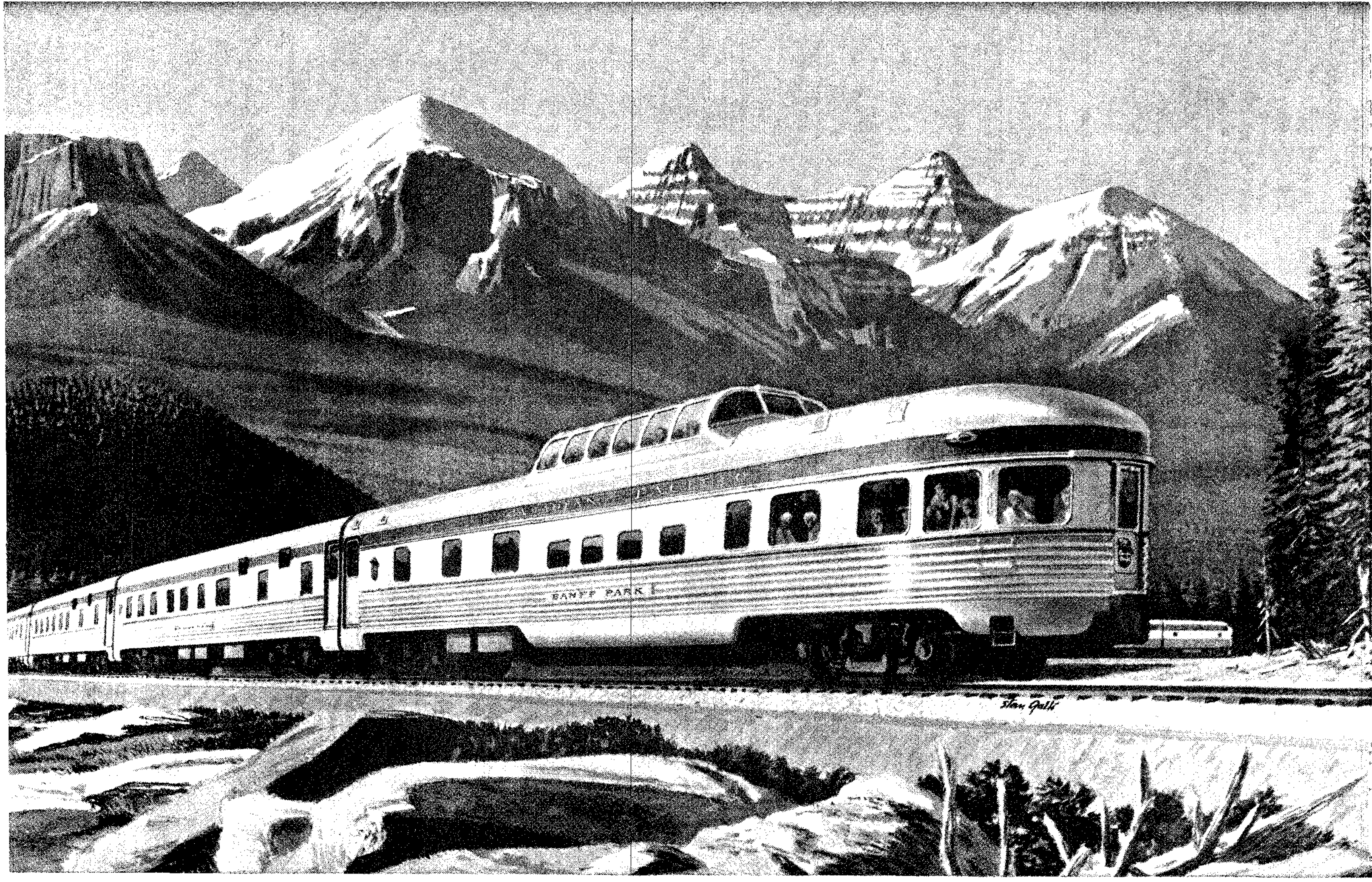

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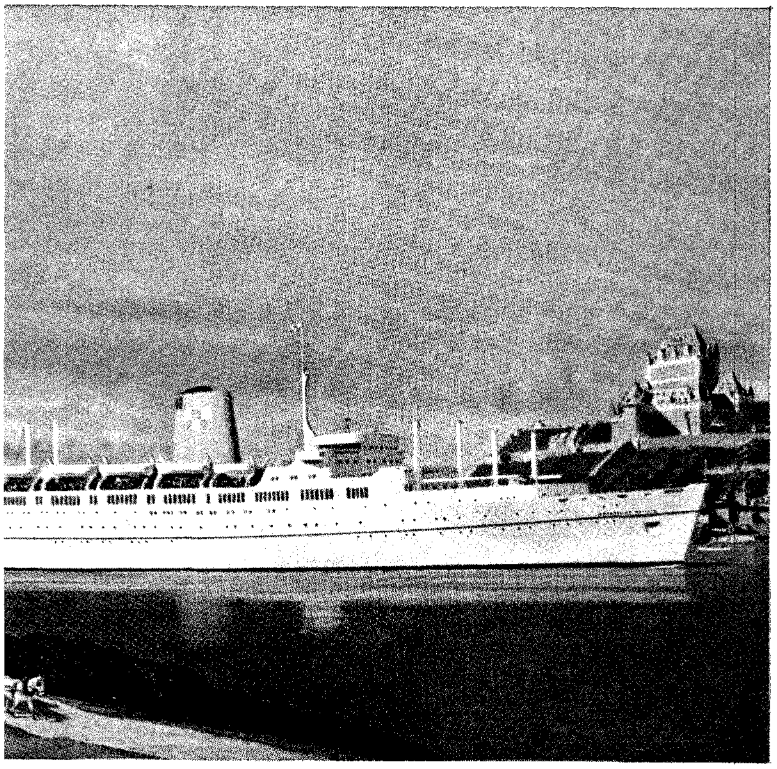

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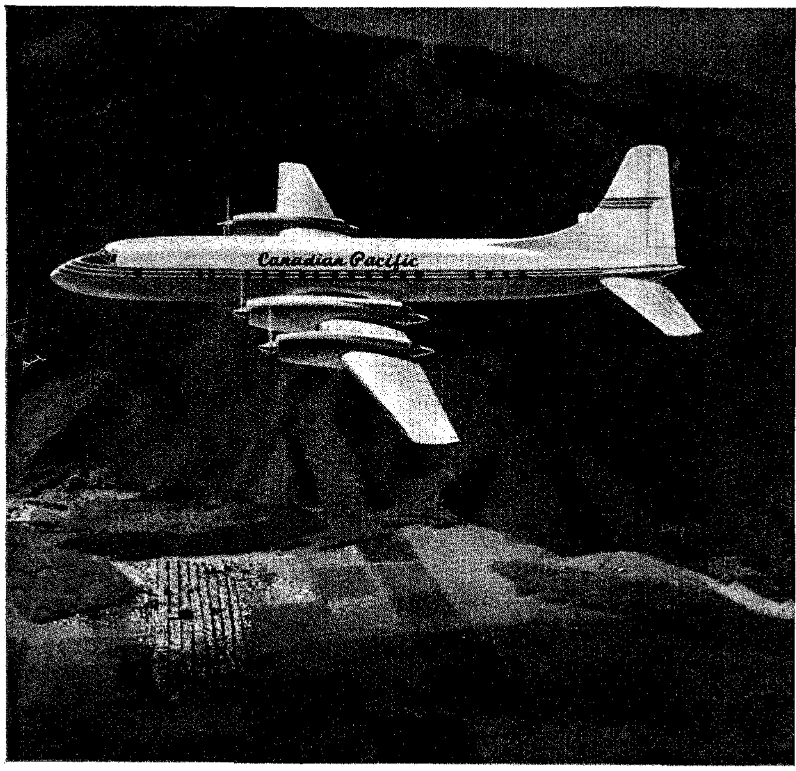

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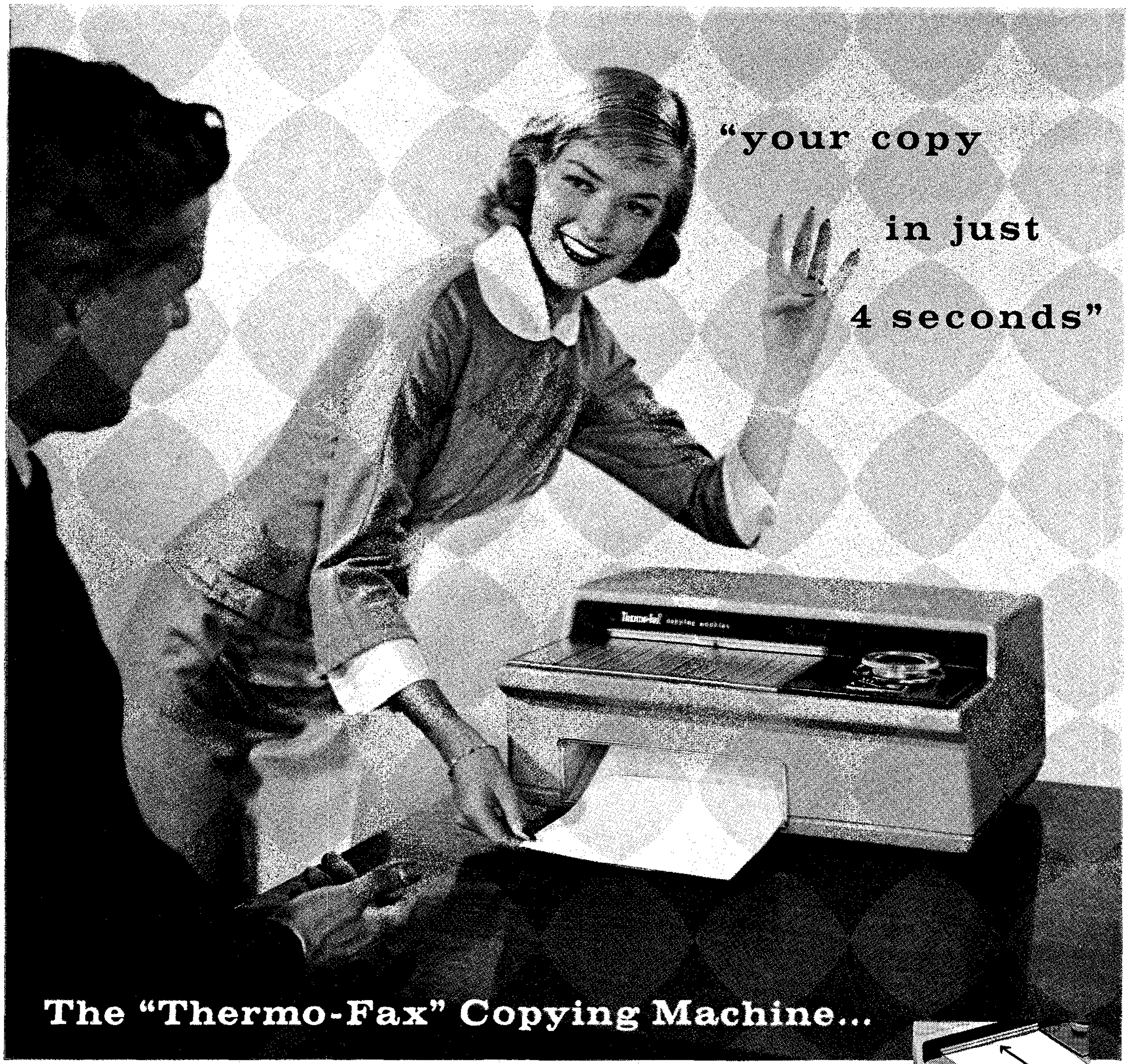

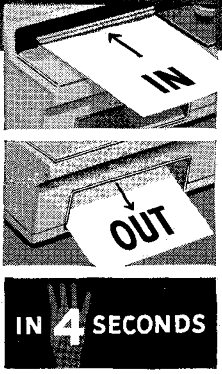

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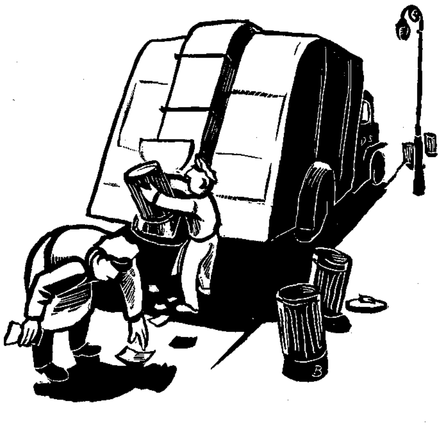
greater elegance, I shall now speak of some magnificent sirloin beefsteaks that are being sold frozen by Chandler's Restaurant, 49 East 49th Street. The restaurant management credits the perfection of its beef partly to the use of a new blast-freezing process, by which a jet of terrifically cold air instantly freezes the surfaces of the meat before it is placed in the usual deep freeze to be frozen solid. My own guess is that what makes these steaks so exceptionally good is that they are cut from the very best quality of prime beef, but the blast freeze may have something to do with their extraordinary juiciness. Whatever the cause, the Chandler sirloins are, I think, as fine as beefsteaks get to be; they weigh a pound each, trimmed of all bone and tail, and there is no excess fat. They cost $4.25 each, and the minimum order is six. They can be delivered anywhere in town, or they can be picked up at the restaurant. Out-of-town orders are sent out packed in dry ice, at no extra cost other than the postage or air-express charge.

TO continue the subject of frozen foods that are worth your while, I can recommend to you some of Seabrook Farms' new Continental specialties—beef *bourguignonne*, fillet of fish *bonne femme*, and veal scaloppini—which seem to bear out my contention that whatever is wrong with frozen food was wrong before it got frozen. Nothing having been seriously wrong with the original preparation of most of these dishes (the line includes a chicken *cacciatore* with which, I regret to say, something seems to have gone very wrong indeed), they have borne up nobly under freezing, and even under packaging in grimly utilitarian little plastic bags, in which they can be heated easily and from which they emerge as quite appetizing entrées. Sensitively liverish customers who turn against any product that describes itself as "gourmet" (a newly invented adjective, presumably meaning fit for human



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We give you, in the list below, the most abundant selection of fine wines of any region in the world . . .

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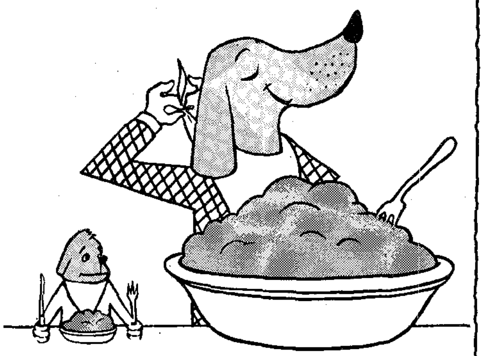

DOGS COME IN ASSORTED SIZES, like safety pins and the holes in Swiss cheese. Big, hard-working dogs need a lot of food. Less active house pets require fewer calories. Just plain lazy dogs need the least of all.

The important point to remember is that no food—not even the finest—should be expected to provide your dog with all twenty of the vitamins and minerals known to be essential for well-balanced canine nutrition. For that, you need Vionate.

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If you breed dogs, remember that Vionate is especially important for pregnant and nursing dogs and for growing puppies to provide bone-building calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D. Vionate is ideal for horses, cats, birds and other pets, too.

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consumption, that the food industry has enthusiastically made its own) should by no means be put off the products by this pompous designation, which, as a matter of fact, is unobtrusively hidden in the fine print. Where Seabrook has shown good common sense is in aiming the new dishes not at a hypothetical dinner-party hostess—the figment of some promotional imagination—but at the hard-pressed city dweller who, upon getting home from an office around six o'clock, *must prepare her (or his)* own evening meal. Each of the frozen packets contains one bountiful serving—an arrangement that makes the collection particularly adaptable to live-alone menus, and, as any solitary eater knows, these are menus that nobody except the consumer seems to take any interest in. Of the new dishes, it is the beef *bourguignonne* (beef with red wine) that, to my taste, is the most satisfactory. This is, of course, a modest example of *la cuisine bourgeoise*, depending for its success on the suave blending of simple ingredients, and the Seabrook chef has stirred them up quite competently. My one complaint about the fillet of fish *bonne femme* is that the well-flavored white-wine sauce is too good to dress our old friend the haddock, who is a worthy enough denizen of the deep, to be sure, but lacks the delicacy needed for such treatment. The packages cost from fifty-nine cents to eighty-nine cents, and can be had at any of the better food shops.

Unless you have a vegetable garden of your own and gather your string beans in the first flush of their youth, you are not likely to find anywhere beans of such tender delicacy as the ones that Seabrook Farms has recently started freezing under a new gold label, to distinguish them from the more usual string beans offered under the standard Seabrook label. Certainly such a succulent vegetable rarely makes its way to New York markets, so this product (besides being young, the beans are, I am told, of a new variety) is especially welcome here. With fresh asparagus coming into market more delicious and less expensive every day, this is perhaps no time to speak of a second item in Seabrook's special gold-label series—frozen asparagus spears that are very close indeed, in tenderness and flavor, to the best of our seasonal blessings. For the days when forty-nine-cent asparagus is no longer with us, however, you might make a note of this admirable Seabrook substitute. The price is fifty-four cents a package (three servings per package), and the string

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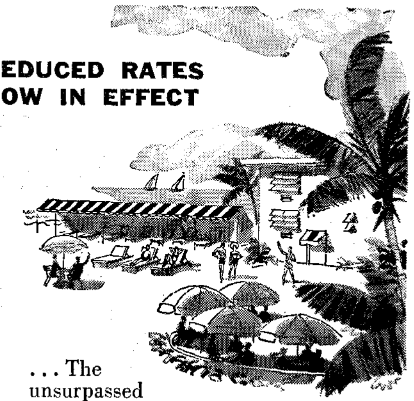

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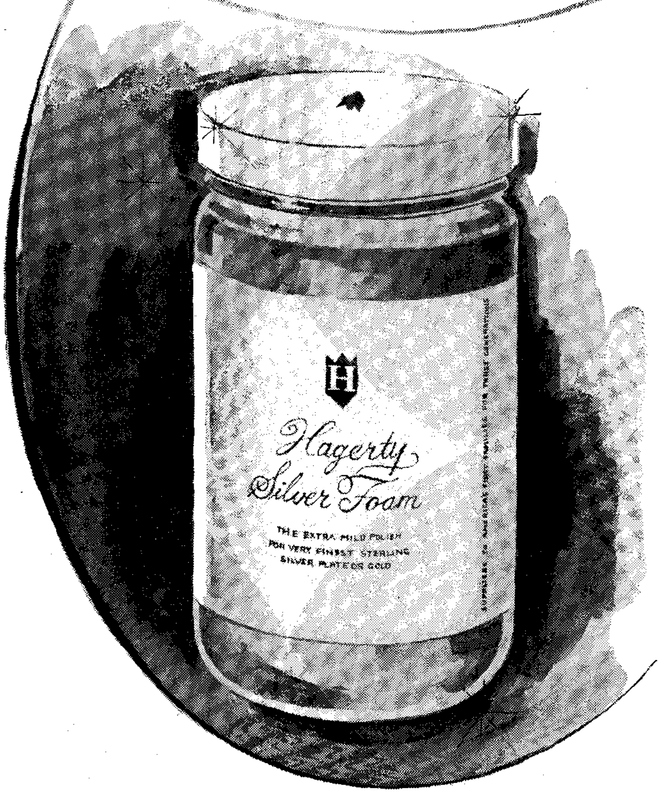

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beans cost twenty-seven cents, at just about all groceries.

WHEN friends assure you that they have discovered the very finest coffee on the market, it signifies no more, of course, than that they have discovered the kind of coffee they like, so I tell myself that my earnest conviction that the Café Chambord's new blend makes one of the very best *cafés au lait* ever brewed must mean only that it suits me down to the ground. This exquisite mixture is a combination of Colombian, Maracaibo, and Mocha coffees that have been aged for five years, roasted medium dark, and packed in fourteen-ounce vacuum tins, which cost $1.55 at the Chambord Gourmet Shop, 1805 Third Avenue (50th).

—S. H.

•

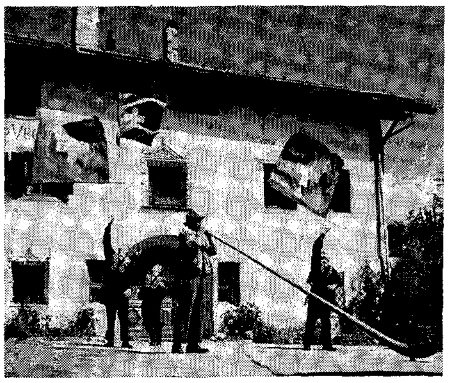
POESY DEPARTMENT
(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE FULLER EXPLANATION DEPARTMENT)

[*From Halkin Sesi, an English-language newspaper published in Cyprus*]

THE MORE THEY AGREE THE MORE THEY DISAGREE
by
S. Zorig

Europe, the brilliant center of culture and wealth
Through German stupidity lost its glorious health
What is worse, in Yankee hands a toy it became
In plainer English, it was reduced to a dog lame.
It's true the Yanks tried to help her on her feet
But their clumsy blunders their faint purpose did beat
Proofs abound, let us take their stupendous mistake
In weakening England, unaware that at stake
Were the tremendous interests of the greedy West
To undo British prestige was to destroy their own nest.
Who'll forget the Yanks Senate after World War Two
With jeers and sneers asked what was fleeced England to do?
Best course open w as to join the States' forty ninth State
With arched brows Britons howled "By Jove what do they prate?"
Whilst Churcill roared that the British Empire was not
Put up for auction, who believed so was a sot.
Soo the Yanks with drew into their shell, then they thought
John Bull's chattels by some other means could be bought
Self-determination was found to be the simplest trick
But this white carrot made the Anglo-Saxon world sick.
From Gibraltar to Hong Kong the rebels bugles blew
Deepest contempt for all Westerners apace grew

Switzerland



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AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
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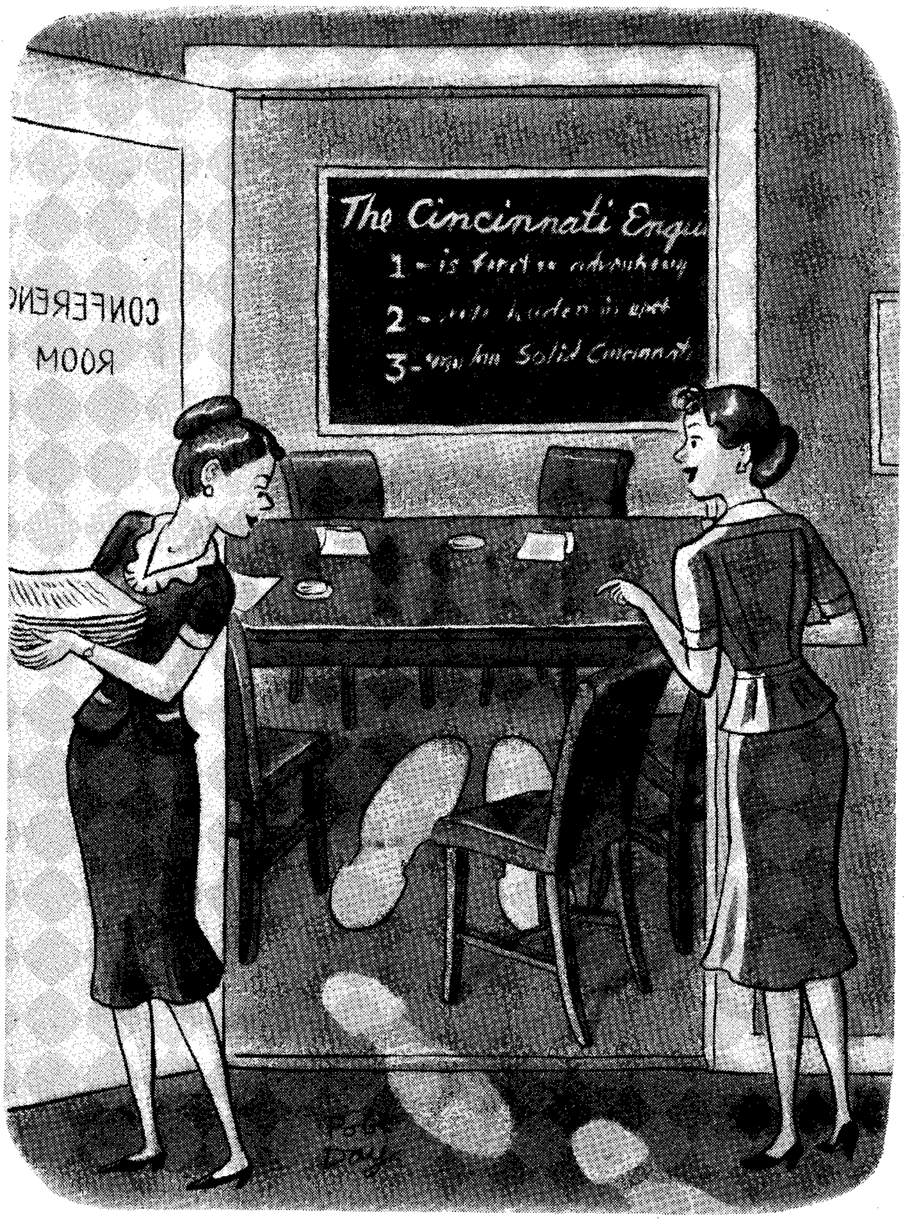
No need to add it shook old friendships in the Middle East
A grievous fact which all of us could expect the least
Giving Moslems and Jews a perfect right to cry shame
On Christians who pride themselves on Christ's waning fame.
Dulles &Co thought they'd fill the gap left by Britons
But they toook alarm for at sixes and sevens
Things became in East and West, how to mend bottles broken
Was a query which the power of dollars did threaten.
The old adage that blood is thicker than water
Was coming home to Yanks as wholesome reminder
The truth had dawned on them by the Syrian turmoil
There *the passions' caldron* had been brought to a boil
By the Russian fox, who cleverly took advantage
Of all that among Allies led to a cleavage.
Just as they were wondering how their bacon to save
After having so foolishly dug Britain's grave
Stark terror the Yanks' bewildered mind did firmly seize
The Sputnik the very blood in their veins did freeze.
To close ranks was now a supreme need, so a halter
Had to be put to selfish ends in order to bolster
The Allied front, which was showing ominous cracks
Grave was the danger, fools would think of slaps and smacks.
At last Ike had grasped the truth, that was the *reason*
Why he had been driven doctor Macmillan to summon
Consultations turned on how best their means to pool
In order Krushchef's soda-soaked head to cool.
So dizzy had Russia's Musso grown that in a ball
He snarled out to foreign guests "I'll bury you all"
This put us in mind of Bonaparte's fanfaronades
Which vied with ill-starred Hitler's boastful gasconades
What a sad fate they both met there is no need to stress
Bombastic Krushchef may well suffer the same distress
For like a mad dog he is barking and biting
At Russia's brainiest leaders without thinking
Of the time-honoured proverb which so wisely says
That who digs graves for others traps for himself lays.
Let's pray the Allies will no longer dupe each other
Their past record though sends down my back a cold tremor
For the more they've agreed, the more they've disagreed
Hence their accords have been a miserable broken reed.
Deep rumbling of a jar in NATO views are now heard
An undreamen miracle it'll be to yoke its human herd.

(*Advertisement*)



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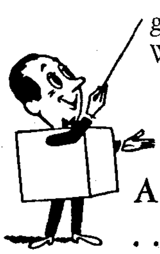

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ORIGINS

I SAT with Antonita in the living room of her house—a square brown house, as square and brown, and verging on the elderly, as Antonita herself. I am an ethnologist, and she was, at the time, my informant—one of the Pueblo Indians among whom I had been engaged in research for several years. I had been anxious to work with a woman, hoping that, because I was one also, I would be able to gain her confidence, and I felt that now I had succeeded and that Antonita and I were friends.

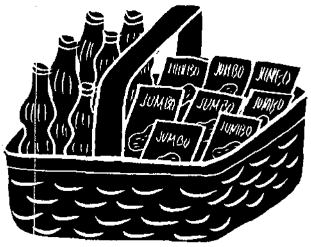
Outside Antonita's yard, the peach trees spread, pink with bloom, down a slope, and the fields beyond were showing the first pale green of the spring. The winter had been long and hard, but now it was over and the Indians were preparing for their spring activities. "Irrigation starts a week from today," Antonita told me.

"Holy Saturday—the day before Easter," I said, scribbling in the notebook I had open on my lap.

"The Saturday after the first spring full moon," Antonita corrected me, referring to the moon that begins the Indian year. "Do you have to write all that down?"

"I might forget it," I said.

Antonita, unlike other Indian informants I had worked with, had never become quite reconciled to my taking notes. She regarded my notebook and pencil with suspicion, and had told me, from time to time, that if she could carry four-day ceremonies in her head without forgetting a single gesture, she didn't see why I couldn't remember a few little everyday things like recipes and pottery designs. "I tell the kids it's bad to learn to write," she said. "When you can write, you don't try to remember."



"But do you always remember everything?" I asked her. "Aren't there things Indians forget, just the way white people do? We know that there have been changes in pottery-making and designs in the last seven hundred years. The museum people dig that old pottery up, and we can see that the designs have changed. What we don't know is *why*—whether a tribe encountered another that made different designs, and learned from them, or whether they just got tired of one thing and started doing something else. Anyway, if the reasons had been written down—"

"Why?" Antonita asked.

"Why would anybody write them down, you mean? Why do we want to know? Because it's interesting. I'd love to find out why people stopped making pottery designs with straight lines—like the patterns on baskets—seven hundred years ago, and began making designs with curves."

"Oh, that!" Antonita dismissed my curiosity with a quick twist of her fingers, as if she were snapping them. "Maybeso one woman got tired of straight lines one day, and start making curves."

"Maybeso," I said, "but I think it would be interesting to know about it, whatever happened. Everything about people is interesting. And perhaps that *isn't* all there is to it. Perhaps there was some other change that took place about that time, to make the change in designs—maybe a change in religion."

"Indian religion don't change," Antonita said flatly. "Indian religion didn't change even when the Spanish come. Indians just got more religion to put with religion they already had."

"Well, it might be interesting to know why they decided they could use some more," I said. (It is true that in this region the Indians' religion is a mixture of Christianity and their tribal beliefs.) "None of the Spanish wrote that part of it down, because the Indians didn't tell them. Do the modern Indians know why?"

"They don't bother. They just have it." She smiled disarmingly, and changed the subject. "You coming to the dance, Easter Sunday?"

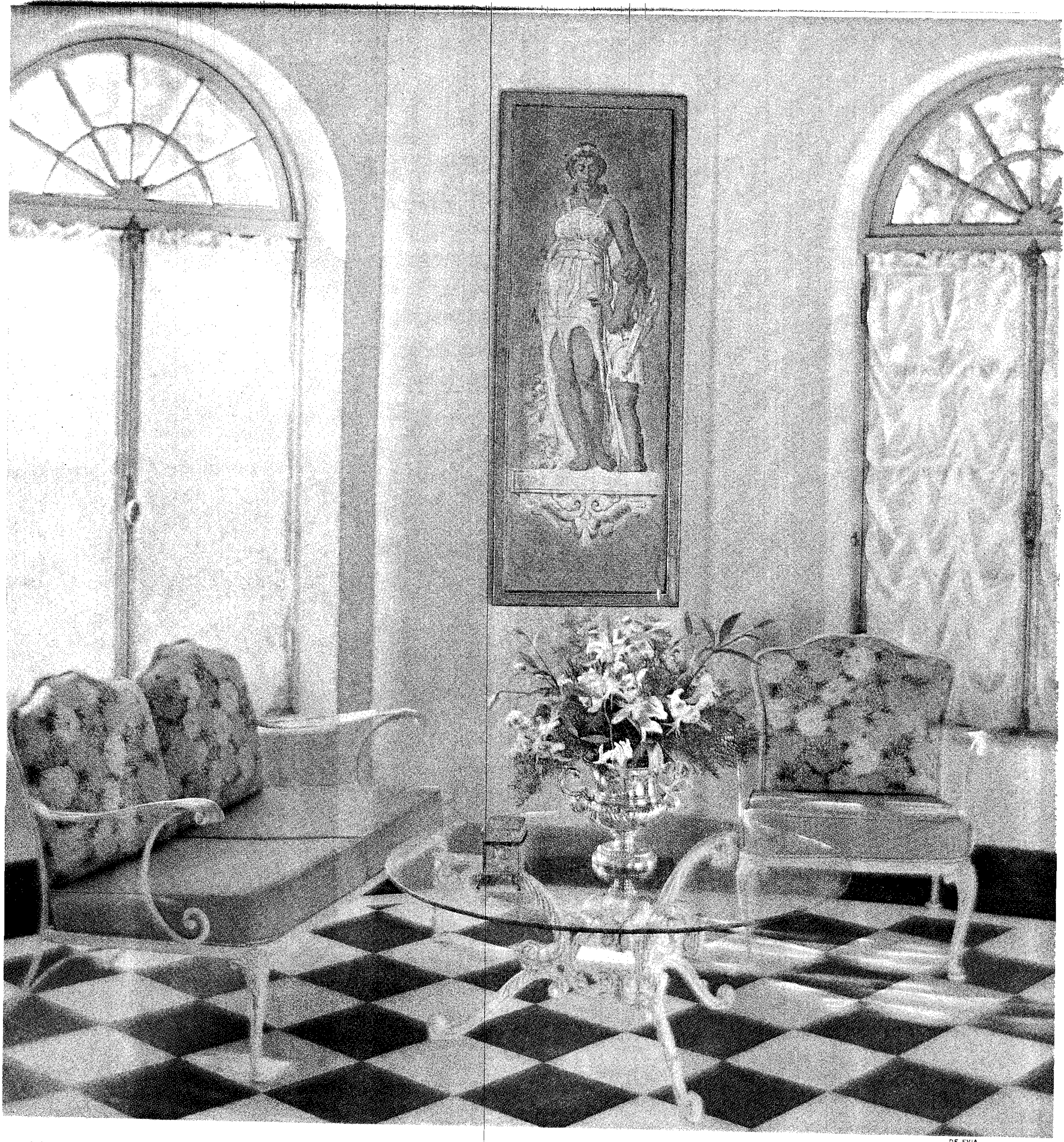
"Is it an Easter dance?" I asked.

"No. It's an irrigation dance," Antonita said. "It's a rain dance, to show we wants lots of water to fill the ditches."

"Why do you have it the day after the ditches are opened?" I asked her. "Why not before?"

Antonita looked shocked. "In Holy Week? We couldn't do that!" she said. "The padres wouldn't like it. But Easter comes the day after we open the ditches, so we wait and dance then. We're getting everything ready. The men who are going to dance go into the kiva today. They'll have eight days' praying."

A kiva, in the old days, was a com-



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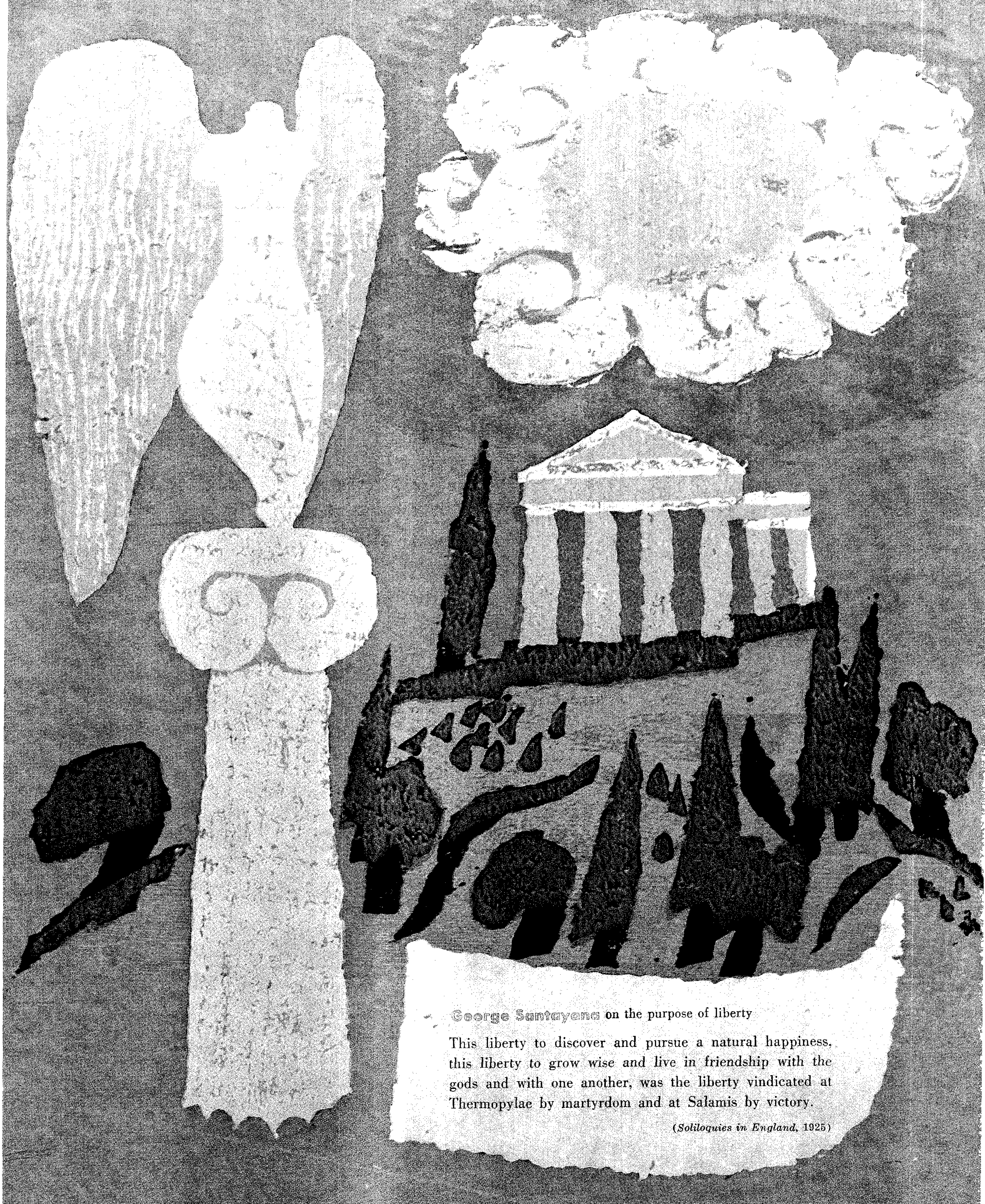

George Santayana on the purpose of liberty

This liberty to discover and pursue a natural happiness, this liberty to grow wise and live in friendship with the gods and with one another, was the liberty vindicated at Thermopylae by martyrdom and at Salamis by victory.

(*Soliloquies in England*, 1925)

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bined place of worship, town hall, boys' school, and men's club; now it is a place of worship only, for there are government buildings to meet the other needs.

"Didn't they *ever* give the dance before the ditches were opened?" I asked.

"I don't know." Antonita looked puzzled. "They got to clean 'em out first, so the water runs through good. I guess they always danced afterward. They would get too tired dancing to clean good. But I don't know."

"That's what I mean," I told her. "If somebody had been around with a notebook, you'd know if it had always been this way, or if there was a change after the padres came, or if they used to dance first, and then the village grew smaller and there weren't enough men to let one bunch pray while the others worked. That's why I write things down—so I'll have a record of all those changes."

"I guess," Antonita agreed politely. Like every other Pueblo woman I have ever known, she would rather be beaten than argue with anyone. We finished our work period pleasantly, and I closed the notebook and rose to go.

"You come to see the dance on Easter Sunday," Antonita said. "You eat Easter dinner with us. Don't come in the week. We too busy to talk then. We got to plaster the house, grind corn meal, make new clothes, get everything ready for the dance."

"I'd love to come," I said. "Can I bring something?"

"You got eggs? My chickens haven't been laying."

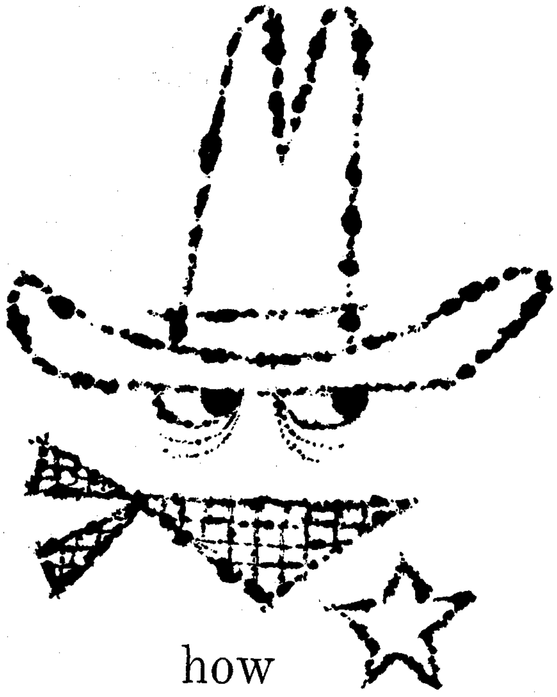
"I can get some."

"Hard-boiled," she said. "We generally have eggs hard-boiled for this dance."

So the Indians had hard-boiled eggs on Easter! I smiled and nodded. "All right," I said. "I'll bring them. Thank you for asking me."

I went out to my car and drove across the valley to my house—a rented one, in which I was living alone.

ANTONITA and I had worked steadily most of the winter. Now I had the freedom of a spring vacation—a whole week to myself—and a chance to catch up with the typing of my field notes. It was a relief to take things out of my notebooks instead of always putting them in. By Wednesday evening, my files had been brought up to date. I laid the notebooks aside and spent Thursday and part of Friday writing letters. On Saturday morning, with all my correspondence out of the way, I



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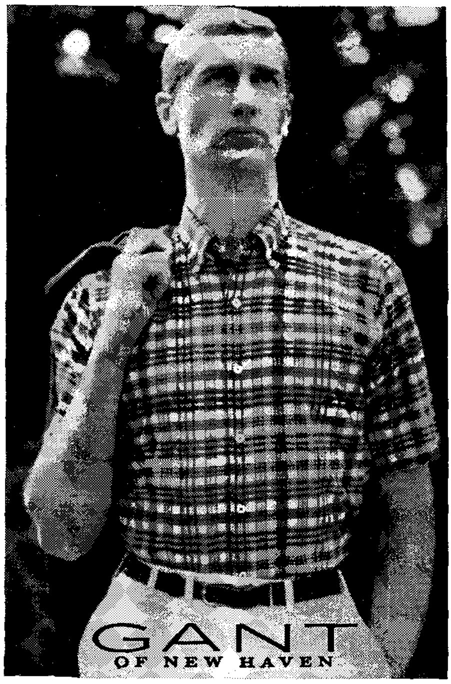

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was restless. I cleaned house and did my laundry. Something uncomfortable was stirring in me, and presently I recognized it: I was homesick.

I put lunch on a tray and took it out under the apricot tree in the back yard. As clearly as if I were at home with my family, I could see our traditional Easter. By this time, on Easter Eve, the house was straightened and the clothes were washed, ironed, and put away—as my own house and clothes were. Family lunch was next, and here I sat, eating my lunch. Then, filling the afternoon, came preparations for the annual Easter-egg-dyeing party that would end the Lenten fast that evening.

Well, it was too late in the day for me to invite people to a party. Still, I could dye eggs. It would be something to do; it would be fun. I would make a basketful of colored eggs and take them to Antonita for her grandchildren. I washed my lunch dishes and drove down the winding dirt road that led to the nearest store.

I bought three dozen eggs. At home, egg dyeing had always been circumscribed by the number of hard-boiled eggs that one family and a few friends would be likely to eat. But I knew the Indians would distribute any surplus eggs throughout their village. I could do what I had always wanted to do—dye as many eggs as I felt like dyeing.

That is, I could dye eggs if I could find dyes. The nearby store had none, so I went afield. No Easter-egg dyes were to be had. I explained what I wanted to all the Spanish-American storekeepers within a several-mile radius. "We don't dye eggs. We eat them," they replied, with polite regret, over and over.

At last, I bought cake colors. I went home and started the eggs boiling. The cake colors made fine dyes, and in a couple of hours I had a platter filled with brilliant colored eggs. But there was still plenty of daylight, and an empty evening loomed ahead of me. I decided that I would paint the eggs. I got out a box of water colors and began.

At first, I did it simply. I painted the names of Antonita's grandchildren on eggs: a red "Adan" on a green egg; a violet "Viola" on a yellow egg; a black "Tonita" on an orange one; and so on. These were handsome indeed, and the rest looked rather bare in contrast. I began to paint designs on the other eggs.

The brush in my hand curved, almost of its own volition, around the curving surfaces. Absently, I watched its movement as I worked. The painted designs

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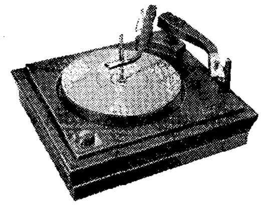

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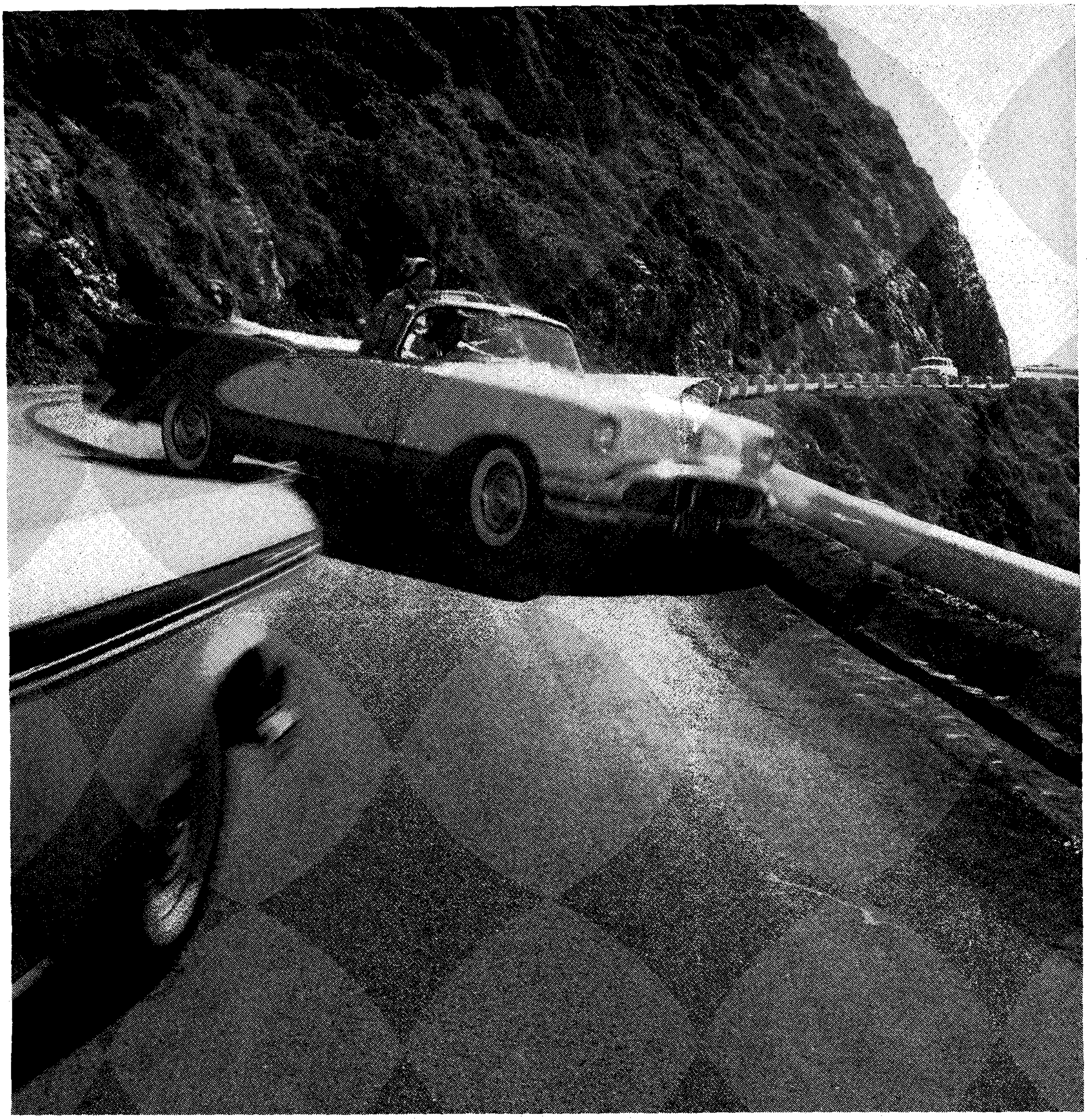

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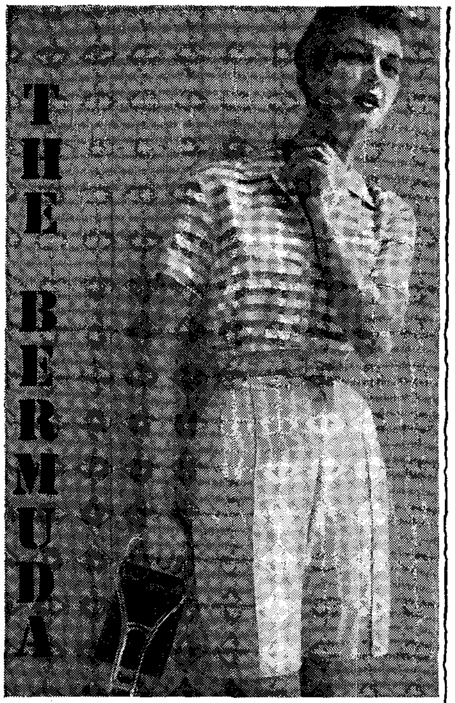

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began to look more and more like those on Indian pottery. Suddenly an idea came to me. I finished the egg I was working on and went into the next room, where I kept a pottery collection. It confirmed my hunch, as I had known it would. All the older vessels had rigid, textilelike designs, while the decorations of the newer ones were composed of curved lines—and the straight lines had been cut into the surface of the clay when it was damp, but the curved ones had been painted on, after the clay dried.

That was it, then. The change in the style of design had come about as a result of—or at least in combination with—a change in the method of marking the clay. Perhaps, eventually, I would be able to confirm my guess that design and method had both changed because a *new tool*—*the brush*—was introduced or invented.

THE next day was the kind of day Easter should be but, in New Mexico, seldom is. The sun shone clearly. Not a gust of wind disturbed the smoothness of the dust beside the road as I drove to Antonita's village. There were only downy puffs of vapor in the sky—none of the long cloud ellipses that herald spring windstorms. The road was lined with blossoming fruit trees, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. Every house along the way had been newly plastered during the preceding week. Clear water purled through the irrigation ditches beside the road. I parked the car next to Antonita's house, took up my basket of eggs, and went into the house by the back door.

The air in the kitchen was heavy with the scents of chili and *orégano*, onions and roasting kid. Antonita and her daughter were preparing a gigantic feast. The smaller grandchildren played on the kitchen floor, and most of the larger ones stood leaning against the whitewashed walls. They were all sucking at varicolored candy Easter eggs, their faces so daubed with the colors that they looked—as Antonita remarked—"like the wild Comanches."

I presented Antonita with my basket of eggs, and she looked at them and at me in bewilderment. "What are these for?" she asked.

"You said you wanted hard-boiled eggs," I said, "and since it's Easter, I brought Easter eggs."

"*Them* are Easter eggs," said Antonita, pointing to the candies that the children clutched.

"Well, yes, they are," I agreed, "but

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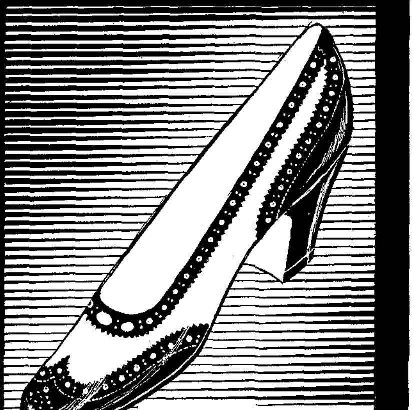

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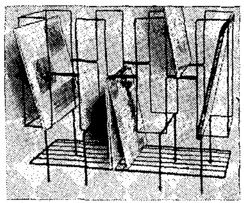

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these are, too. I thought we could hide them." I *hadn't* thought of it until that moment, but it seemed like a good idea.

"Hide?" Antonita repeated.

"Why, yes, hide," I said, and, briefly and in a whisper, described the custom of hunting for Easter eggs. As I spoke, I was aware that I was describing a ritual as pagan as any that ever took place in a kiva. "There's an egg for each of the children," I concluded, showing her the painted names.

Antonita looked across the kitchen at her daughter. "Pretty, no?" she asked. Then she spoke rapidly in her own language. The daughter listened, nodding from time to time. She came over and took the basket of eggs from her mother and carried it into the living room.

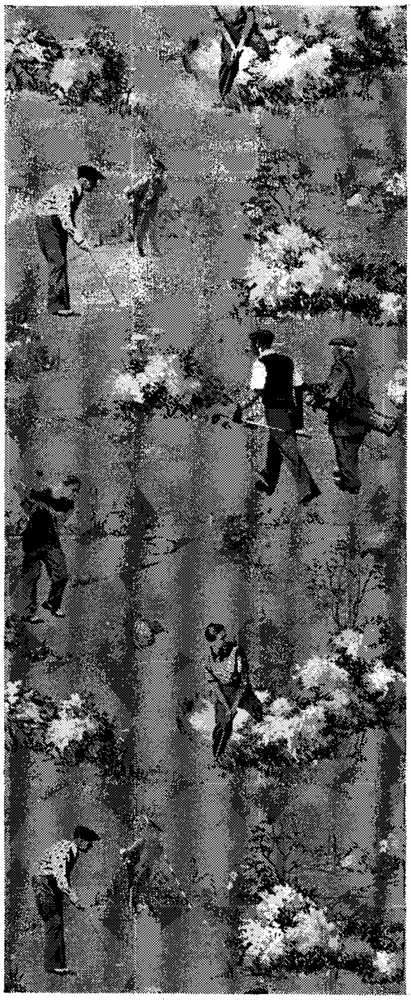
"You go on down to the plaza," Antonita said to me. "They're just about to come out of the kiva and start dancing."

Obediently, I left the house and, taking from the car a small cushion I had brought along to sit on, went down into the village proper. The kiva's cheesebox form stood solidly in the center of the plaza. I found a shady spot on somebody's portal (visitors at dances are always accommodated willingly in Indian villages, and besides I was known here as Antonita's friend), and settled down on my cushion.

Sure enough, the dancers, wearing macaw-feather headdresses, embroidered kilts, and blue-and-yellow body paint, as well as necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of shell, turquoise, and silver, were coming out. They were climbing the ladder from the interior of the kiva to its roof, and winding in a line like a blazoned snake down the curved steps around its outer wall. Now my whole world was suddenly filled with curves: curves on pottery, curves on eggs, the curves of the kiva steps, the round or oval designs that were painted on the dancers' bodies, the lines of the dance formations themselves curving before my eyes.

I watched all morning while the dancers circled the plaza. When the sun was overhead, the men withdrew into the kiva, and I saw women leaving their houses or their shady places alongside the plaza and walking across to the sacred building. Under their shawls, more curves showed—the shapes of bowls and baskets and loaves of bread—as the mothers and sisters of the dancers carried lunch to them. I picked up my cushion and reported to Antonita's house to be fed.

By this time, you could have cut the



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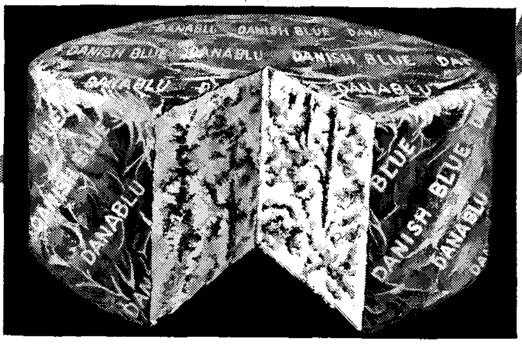

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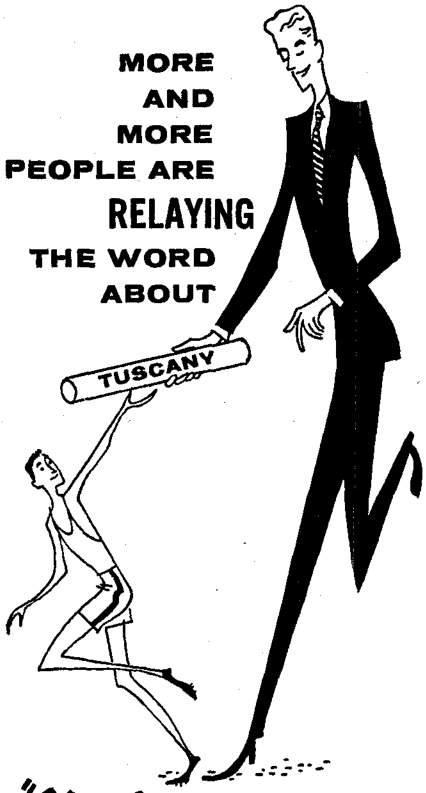

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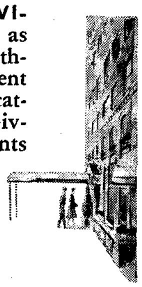

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kitchen atmosphere with a knife. The table was loaded with food. People—visitors from other villages and other tribes—were already seated around it. There was one vacant place, and Antonita turned from the stove to wave me to it. I sat down and filled my plate like the others. Like them, I ate well, without hurry, and in the utter silence—broken only by requests for bread or coffee—that tribal etiquette demanded.

When the first edge had been taken off my hunger, I looked around the room. The children still filled every vacant space, and they still clung to their candy Easter eggs. Nowhere could I see any sign of my hard-boiled eggs; there was not an eggshell in evidence. Presently, Antonita's daughter came through the living-room door, crossed the kitchen, and went out, her shawl concealing a parcel, as the shawls of the women in the plaza had done.

After I had finished my meal, I hurried back to the village to find another shady place for the afternoon. Around the roof of the kiva sat a ring of dancers, cracking bright-colored hard-boiled eggs and eating them. And I remembered then what I had forgotten in my enthusiasm for duplicating the customs of my own Easter: Antonita had wanted the eggs not for the children but for the ceremony—for, I now realized, the dancers themselves.

MY notebook was full of questions when I went to Antonita's house the next morning. The first was comparatively easy to dispose of: Eggs were always sent to the kiva when the ditches were opened. In the old days, they had been the eggs of wild doves; since the time hens had been in the village, they were hens' eggs. The fact that the particular eggs sent there yesterday were the gift of an outsider made no difference. "You're a friend of the village," she said.

"What about the names on the eggs?" I asked.

"Oh, I painted the names out with house enamel," Antonita said. "Then I filled in the designs."

"Oh!" I said. "What did the children think?"

"They didn't know the eggs was for them," said Antonita. "They like candy better than eggs anyway. But why didn't you paint *our* designs on them eggs? Why did you take designs from them downriver villages?"

"I didn't exactly intend to," I said. "The designs sort of painted them-

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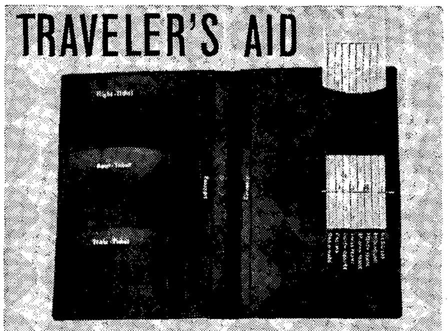

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selves. I didn't *plan* them. The brush just seemed to go into certain curves."

Antonita nodded. "That's the way they do," she said. "You take your brush and start to paint a design on a pot—it comes out curved every time."

I waited a moment, and then I asked warily, "Did you ever try to *scratch* a curved design on a pot, with a knife?"

"Sometimes I did, when I was younger," Antonita replied. "It's hard, though. When you scratch a design, it goes straight—it won't curve. You don't use a knife, though. A sharp stone is better."

"Do you know *when* people stopped scratching and started painting?" I asked, still cautious.

Antonita shook her head. "No," she said reluctantly.

"Well, there you are!" I cried. "*That's* the point of keeping track of these things as they happen. If somebody writes them down, then people who come along later will know just when and how each change took place."

Antonita looked at me. "Day before yesterday, when you dyed them eggs for the kiva, you had your notebook right there," she said gently. "That started a big change, because now the dancers say they want colored eggs with designs on them *every* year. They are always going to want colored eggs. Did you write down everything you did—every single thing? Did you?"

I shook my head, and then I began, in haste, to try to remember.

—ALICE MARRIOTT

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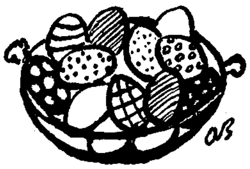
THE WAYWARD PRESS

A CLOSER LOOK

ON March 6th, the *Times* printed a long letter from Congressman Frank Thompson, Jr. The gist of it was that the *Times* and two members of its Washington staff, Allen Drury and William S. White (who was identified in the letter as another writer, William L. White, but no matter), hadn't been paying enough attention to the House of Representatives. Mr. Thompson thought the *Times* was unfairly partial toward the Senate—in fact, "has stars in its eyes when looking at the Senate"—and that "A closer look at the House is in order, I think, than either Mr. Drury or Mr. White has attempted. A number of competent observers have noted the failure of the American press to report the activities of the House adequately. They draw the conclusion that what is really involved here is not the failure of the House to carry its weight but the failure of the press to competently discharge its duty." Mr. Thompson's own conclusion was:

> It is perhaps not out of place here to remind The New York Times of its proud masthead phrase "All the News That's Fit to Print." I have never seen anything unworthy in The Times, but I feel constrained to say that sometimes I have my doubts about that word "All" on its masthead.

For the *Times* to be charged with discrimination against the larger of the two parts of what, three days later, it was to call "the most famous Congress since the Congress of Westphalia" was a serious matter indeed, and the indictment was all the more sobering in that the *Times* is a major source of information for most chroniclers of our era. If the paper has been mistreating the House, history is bound to suffer for it. The *Times* did not reply directly to Mr. Thompson's allegation (I dismiss as pure happenstance its announcement, on March 22nd, of Mr. White's resignation), but the Congressman's letter disturbed me, and I decided to check for a couple of weeks, beginning March 7th, on the paper's handling of the House. Since Mr. Thompson had scattered his shot at the whole American press, it seemed proper to me at least to examine—there are limits to what one can do—all seven New York papers. On looking up Mr. Thompson in the Congressional Directory and learning that he comes from Trenton, New Jersey, I threw in the Trenton *Evening Times*, whose own proud masthead phrase is "Trenton Makes—The World Takes." It occurred to me that Mr. Thompson, in the fullness of his wrath, might berate his home-town paper, too. He didn't, maybe because he is a Democrat and it is a newspaper friendly to Democrats in the capital city of a state governed by a Democrat.



In my research, which was fairly thorough, but for which, in view of the quantity of newsprint involved, it would be presumptuous of me to claim infallibility, I found that the *Times* had a great chance on March 10th to discriminate against the House of Representatives. The day before, eight Republican senators announced a plan for mitigating the recession, and thirteen Democratic representatives came up with a scheme of their own. Most of the papers, among them the *Tribune*, the *News*, and the Trenton *Evening Times*, gave the Upper House salvationists all the better of the play. The *Times*' headline, however (incidentally, its attendant story was written by Allen Drury and was placed on page 1, directly under "All the News That's Fit . . ."), was

TWO PARTIES ASK
FIGHT ON SLUMP
BY PUBLIC WORKS

and Mr. Drury's story began, with commendable dispassionateness, "Democrats and Republicans on both sides of the Capitol called today for an immediate program of stepped-up public works." I felt constrained to score that round for the *Times*.

But I ought to point out here that the *Times* cannot plead completely guiltless to Mr. Thompson's accusation of preferential treatment. On March 19th, it ran an obituary of an Ohio politician, Roscoe C. McCulloch, who had three times been elected to the House and to whom William M. McCulloch, now in the House, was distantly related. The elder McCulloch also served in the Senate, by appointment, for little over a year, but was defeated in his only campaign for that job. Yet his *Times* obituary was headed

R. C. M'CULLOCH,
FORMER SENATOR

Of course, if Mr. Thompson were to cite this as evidence of anti-House bias, the *Times* could properly retort that

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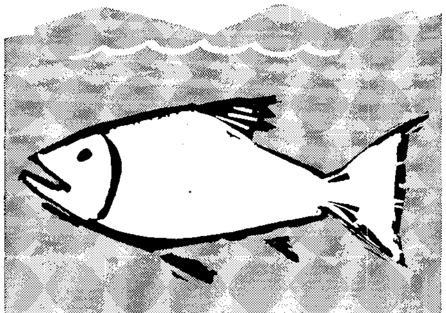
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the deceased's autobiographical entry in *Who's Who* dubbed him an "ex-senator." We'll call that one a draw.

I suppose that a lawyer preparing a brief against the *Times* could also regard it as significant that when, on March 9th, the paper ran a letter from President Eisenhower to the two leading Congressional Republican legislators, Senator Knowland and Representative Martin, the story was illustrated with a page-one photograph of the President and the Senator. Mr. Martin got only an inside-page picture with Jim Hagerty, and three days later, at that. It is my hunch, though, that the juxtapositions were arranged not by the *Times* but by the White House. Perhaps Mr. Thompson—or, better still, Mr. Martin—should write a complaint to Mr. Hagerty. As compensation, Mr. Thompson can console himself with a March 18th headline in the *Tribune*, above a United Press story that said, without singling out either chamber, "Congress passed a bill today to make a Petrified Forest in Arizona a national park." Over this—a slap at the Senate if ever I saw one—some starry-eyed headline writer had arbitrarily put

HOUSE PASSES PARK BILL

That metonymical mischief was of no great consequence. I came across only one certain instance of outright mishandling of facts in any headline over a Congressional news story. The head on a *Times* item about a cultural colloquy during a Senate subcommittee hearing was:

HILLBILLY TUNES
PRAISED IN HOUSE

But if publicity is to be the criterion, the error can only have redounded to the advantage of Mr. Thompson and his colleagues, although they might not regard as a testimonial an assumption that the federal legislative body more likely to entertain a declaration of love for mountain music would be the House. Maybe the headline writer had been affected by an item, five days earlier, in the *World-Telegram & Sun*, attributing to Representative Patrick J. Hillings, a Republican from California, the Nestorian observation "Why don't we beam films of such cowboy heroes as Wyatt Earp and Matt Dillon into Russian television sets? Good guys like Earp and Dillon would quickly show the Russians what happens to desperadoes like Khrushchev and Bulganin."

THERE are four hundred and thirty-five seats in the House of Representatives. On March 7th, three

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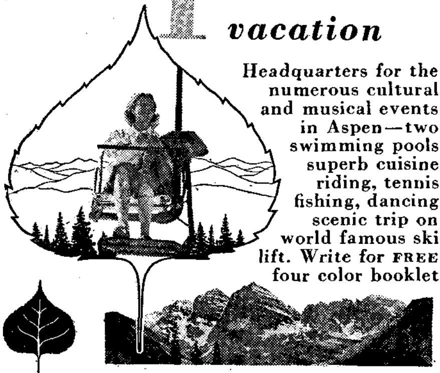
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were vacant. Thus there were four hundred and thirty-two congressmen to reckon with, one of whom died on March 11th. Not including the roll-call results that the *Times* conscientiously runs every Monday, the seven New York dailies alluded by name to one hundred and forty representatives. The *Times* was far in the lead, with seventy-four citations (forty-three Democrats and thirty-one Republicans, a fair enough distribution). These hailed from thirty states. Ten were from New York, but then New York not only is the *Times'* mailing address but also has the largest delegation. Eight Michiganders got their names in the *Times*, and seven Californians. Although, between them, the New York papers recognized eight New Jersey representatives (out of a statewide delegation of fourteen—a statistic I learned from the *Times*), the *Times* mentioned a mere three, which gave that state no better than an equal rating in its columns with Arkansas and North Carolina. If I were from New Jersey, I wouldn't take that lying down, and maybe New Jersey won't.

The *Times* mentioned twenty-three congressmen whose names none of the other papers I read deemed fit to print during the two weeks. The Trenton *Evening Times*, by contrast, had, in referring to a total of less than two dozen congressmen, only two exclusives. It grieves me to report that one was Representative Thompson, whose legislative derring-do was ignored by all the papers this side of the Hudson. The *Tribune* had thirteen exclusives, but five were Republican women members of the House, a species toward which the *Trib* has long demonstrated uncommon gallantry. The *Mirror*, which has room for nowhere near the news that the *Times* or even the *Tribune* carries, had twenty-one exclusives. This total may be misleading, though: Ten legislators appeared in a single story, as sponsors of a single bill, and four turned up in Drew Pearson's syndicated column, which is always on the prowl for exclusives. One of Pearson's quartet was Michael Kirwan, a Democrat from Ohio, who "chided Rep. John McCormack of Massachusetts for proclaiming March 4 as Theodore Roosevelt Day and forgetting it was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of another Roosevelt's New Deal."

In the *Post*, on March 19th, Mr. Pearson's onetime collaborator, Robert S. Allen, was disclosing that he had seen a memorandum from Representative Omar Burleson, a Texas Democrat,

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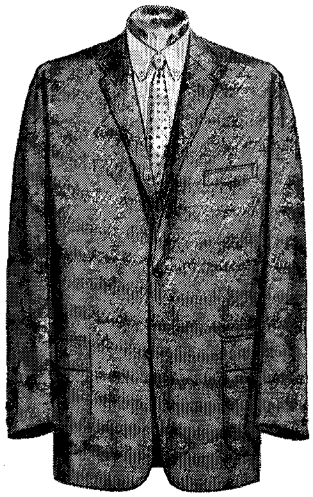

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indicating that some congressmen were considering voting themselves a moving sidewalk between the Capitol and the three House Office Buildings. The same day, one of the *Times'* most eminent Washington men, James Reston, was brooding about a lunch at which President Eisenhower had been told that many officials in our Foreign Service are linguistically retarded. "Though he is responsible for the appointment of Ambassadors," Reston wrote, "and though the Foreign Service officers who head our embassies overseas are his personal representatives, the President's attitude was reported to be: 'Why didn't somebody tell me about this?' " Practically everybody but the President, the piece went on, knows that the villain is Representative John J. Rooney, a New York Democrat who "is generally regarded, despite his obscurity, as one of the most powerful men in America, in a negative way, so far as United States foreign policy is concerned. The President was interested in Mr. Rooney and offered to do something about talking to him."

None of my papers disclosed just what the President accomplished, but the *Mirror*, that morning, did its ringing bit to insure that Mr. Rooney would not long remain obscure. An editorial lamenting the niggardly legislative support of our participation in the forthcoming World's Fair in Brussels said, "Rep. Rooney (D.-B'klyn) has stubbornly fought the Fair appropriation. The conference committee should put him in his place, squash his personal obstreperousness, and okay the Senate figure." On the same day, in the *Journal-American*, Westbrook Pegler was having his say about Congress. In an essay about Americans dining in French restaurants, he had one café proprietor remark, in Peglerian Gallic dialect, " 'I 'ope Congress will make the law to teach the manners.' " (Another *Journal* columnist, Dorothy Kilgallen, had figured in a singular disclosure three days earlier, on the television show "What's My Line?" Congressman James Roosevelt, a Democrat from California and a guest on the program, introduced Miss Kilgallen as a lady "whose column I read every morning to start the day right." While Mr. Roosevelt's chivalry was laudable, his confession, if honest, indicated that his journalistic appetites are quite different from those of Representative Thompson, inasmuch as the only reference Miss Kilgallen made to Congress during my two-week study was the comment that a former assistant

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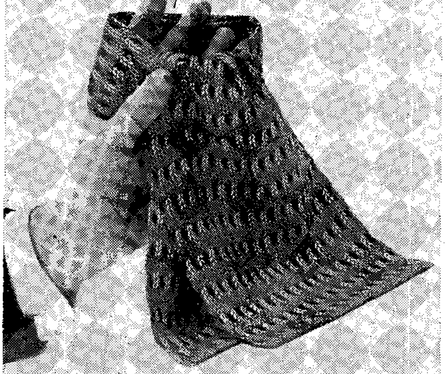

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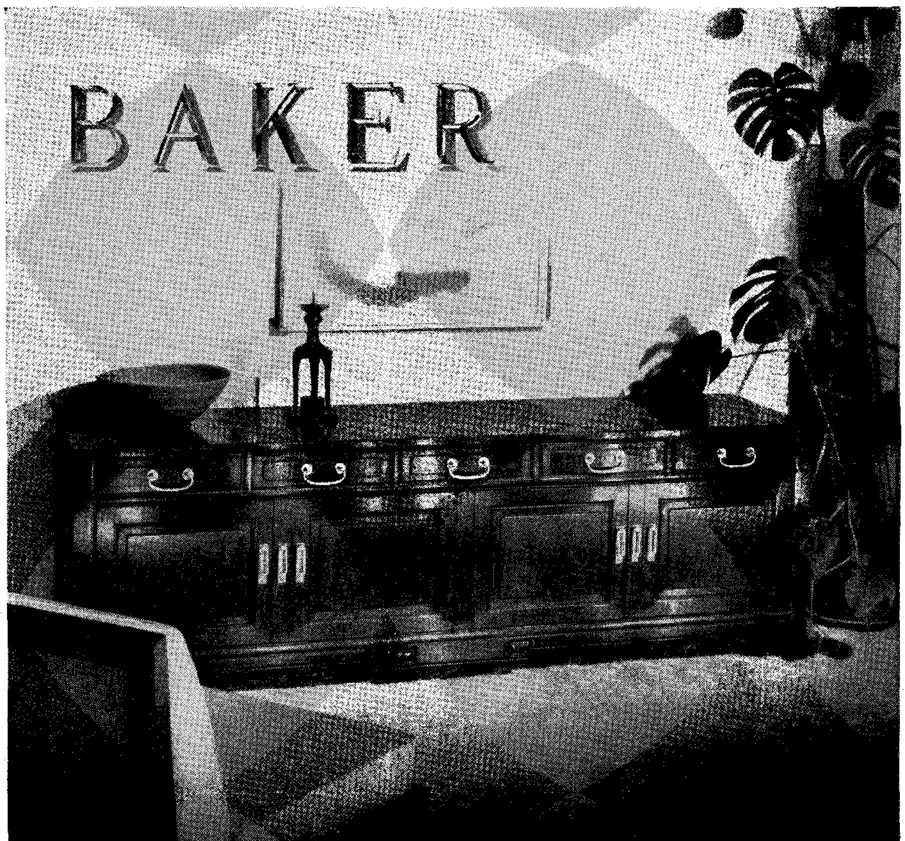
to a Democratic member of the House was about to be released from prison. Fortunately for residents of New York, Miss Kilgallen is published here in the afternoon, so it is possible, without hurting her feelings, to wake up in Manhattan and start the day right by reading the *Times*.)

THERE are twenty committees of the House. During my survey, the *Times* mentioned the work of all twenty of them, as well as a flock of buzzing subcommittees (including the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which, to universal newspaper attention, has been investigating the F.C.C.'s allotment of that Miami television channel). Furthermore, the *Times* ran seven editorials about the House or its inhabitants. Two of these seven—one was the lead editorial the day after Mr. Thompson's letter was published—were chastisements of Sam Rayburn (Dem., Tex.) for trying to have the East Front of the Capitol altered. The *Times* used words like "vandalism" and "senseless desecration" and observed that Mr. Rayburn, for all his prestige as Speaker of the House, "doesn't own the Capitol." Evidently Mr. Rayburn, like his colleague from Trenton, felt that the *Times* was picking on their favorite institution, for, as Arthur Krock was subsequently to write in the paper, "[Mr. Rayburn] cannot, as he has remarked to friends, for the life of him see how this newspaper (he said 'this great newspaper'), commenting editorially on the East Front dispute, could say of him: 'The Speaker does not own the Capitol.' " (As the elder statesman among *Times* writers, Mr. Krock can get away with editing his own editors' copy and changing the editorial's breezy "doesn't" to the more formal "does not.") In summation, though, Krock stuck faithfully by the *Times*. While conceding that the Speaker "is kindly as well as constructive and fair," he said that "his admirers have set him on a pedestal, where the air is always heady. . . . It takes a strong daily dose of humility to physic the effects of such stimulants." The *Times*, however, had already demonstrated that it, too, can be kindly. On March 14th, a week after its first editorial blast at Mr. Rayburn, its most prominent front-page headline was:

RAYBURN AND G.O.P. AGREE
TO CONFER ON TAX ACTION;
DIP IN SPENDING FORECAST

What a tribute to Mr. Sam! What a tribute, indeed, to the legislative body over which he presides, to have its leader



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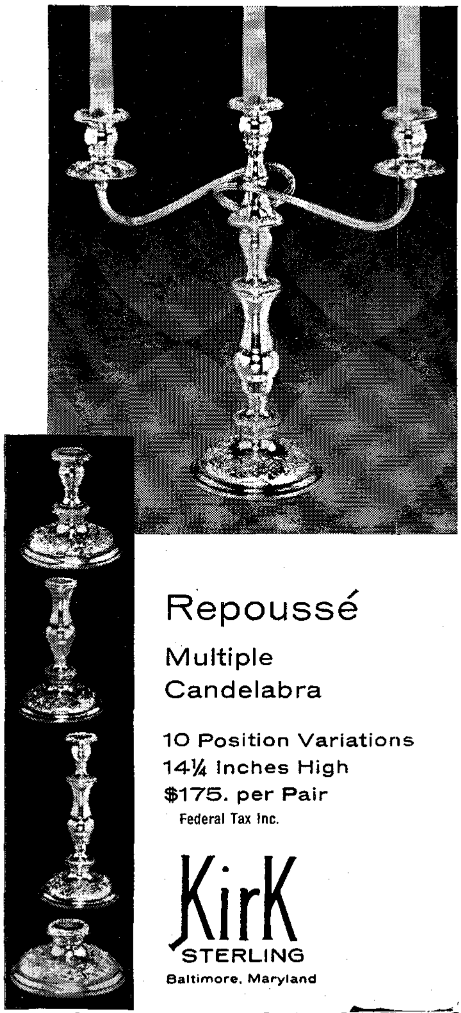

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put on a level with—nay, placed before—the entire reigning political party of the administrative branch of the United States government!

ON March 6th, the day Mr. Thompson's letter was published, the House Public Works Committee, as the *Times* recorded, approved the inclusion in a rivers-and-harbors bill of nineteen supplementary projects, worth close to eighty-eight million dollars. The only one of them the *Times* saw fit to mention, perhaps as an accommodating gesture to a neighboring state, was a New Jersey erosion-control project budgeted at $6,755,000. On March 11th, the House, by a vote of 321 to 81, approved the entire package, which was budgeted at $1,544,627,800. (The Associated Press knocked the $44,627,800 off the total, presumably on the theory that most people cannot be bothered with caudal sums, but the *Times* gave the full figure.) After letting one day go by, possibly to calm itself, the *Times* came out with an angry editorial, "Let Them Eat Pork," which started off, "The thing that many Congressmen find it easiest to do is vote for rivers and harbors projects, otherwise known as pork-barrel bills; and now that they have a recession to spur them on they find it easier than ever." They didn't stop there, either. Within a week after the enactment of this legislation, the papers reported, a Republican congressman from Jersey asked for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a survey on the rehabilitation of some Jersey meadowlands, and a Democrat from California tried to persuade the House to go along unanimously with the Senate in appropriating four million dollars for the 1960 winter Olympics, to be held in California. All but five hundred thousand of this sum was to be for building an ice arena; the rest was for Army and Navy assistance in supplying communications and controlling avalanches. (Offhand, the Navy best equipped to control avalanches should be the Swiss Navy.) Pork-barrelling, after a fashion, even made the *Times*' obituary page. Its account of the death, on March 11th, of Representative John J. Dempsey, a Democrat from New Mexico, stated that he had gone to the hospital just two days after getting the House to authorize an immediate start on a thirty-six-million-dollar dam in his state.

Members of the House are elected to represent particular districts, and loyalty to their constituents is expected of them. The papers' accounts of some of their

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activities during the interval under consideration show that their devotion was unflagging. When the Air Force accidentally dropped an unarmed atomic bomb on a South Carolina farm, Representative L. Mendel Rivers, a local boy, asserted, "When they start dropping bombs on South Carolina, it's everybody's business." When Congress was seeking ways and means to counteract the recession, and the automobile manufacturers were murmuring their distaste for the ten-per-cent federal tax on cars, the Michigan delegation was in there pitching. One member proposed a year's moratorium on the tax, another proposed cutting it in half ("The bill is a pet of Michigan Congressmen," the *Tribune* said), and two others were for eliminating it. A fifth, Clare Hoffman, a labor-relations expert from way back, thought the solution was, as had been suggested to him by a constituent, to declare a moratorium on the collection of dues by the United Automobile Workers.

Similarly, when the House approved a bill banning the trading of onion futures on commodity exchanges (farmers don't care for the practice), the *Times* ran a United Press story noting that "Representative Clifford G. McIntire, Republican of Maine, sought to broaden the bill to include Irish potatoes, but was ruled out of order." The *Tribune*, conceivably because a congresswoman was arrayed alongside the unruly Mr. McIntire, ran ten additional U.P. paragraphs. The lady was Representative Gracie Pfost, a Democrat from Idaho, another big potato state. Illinois must be a big onion state. At any rate, toward the end of the *Tribune* version, a Democratic representative from Illinois, Barratt O'Hara, was quoted as warning his colleagues, "You are carrying the onion farmers to their doom." Since this is an election year, I hope for Mr. O'Hara's sake that the papers served by the U.P. in his area carried the full dispatch.

IN view of the multiplicity of congressmen and of their pet interests, not even the *Times* could reasonably be expected to relate all their sayings and doings. But its coverage is almost heroically comprehensive. To be sure, whereas the *News* put the offices of the newly constituted House Outer Space Committee in a House Office Building basement, and the *Mirror* put them in a sub-basement, the *Times*, in its treatment of the committee, left its headquarters up—so to speak—in the air. (The *Times* story ran on the society

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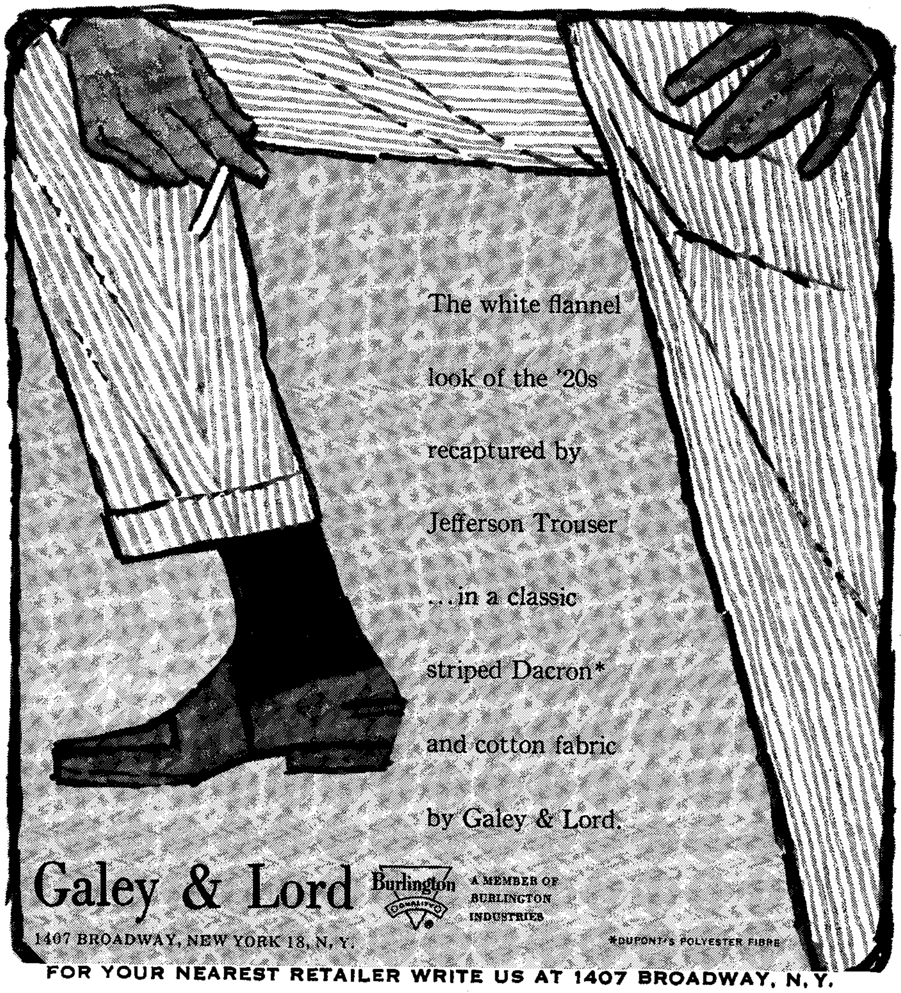
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page; maybe the editors believe that downstairs intelligence is no more worthy of appearing in that setting than backstairs.) I am indebted to the *Times*, however, among all the local papers, for being apprised—to mention just a few of the items it alone has served up—that a House Commerce subcommittee was told by the National Institute of Municipal Law Officers that we are fast running out of fresh air, owing in part to pollution from automobile exhausts (if any Michigan congressmen demurred, their views were not passed along); that Representative Charles A. Halleck, a Republican from Indiana, has a Chevrolet Corvette that, in the Congressional parking lot, looks "jaunty and impish among the pompous limousines surrounding it;" that the House Appropriations Committee heard that the National Science Foundation will soon start translating thirty Russian technical journals, as opposed to its current fifteen; that Representative Clair Engle, a California Republican, piloted a jet at thirteen hundred miles an hour; that the Maine Congressional delegation has requested a postage stamp honoring Admiral Peary, who, though he was born in Pennsylvania and died in Washington, D.C., lived for a while in Maine; and that the House has passed a bill permitting the Sons of Union Veterans to accept a medal awarded to the last surviving Union vet, who died two years ago.

The other New York papers had not, though, been laggard. Thanks to the *Tribune*, I know that the House passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to acquire wet-land areas and potholes for the production of wild fowl; that Representative Henry A. Dixon, a Republican from Utah, has warned that Russia may annihilate us with droughts or floods; and that the main problem in campaigning for office in the 17th Congressional District of New York City is getting past apartment-house doormen and elevator operators.

I know from the *News* that Representative Edna F. Kelly, a Democrat from New York, thinks Congress will pass a bill according permanent status to Hungarian refugees in this country; and that, according to Danton Walker's column, "A poll conducted by the Affiliated Young Democrats of New York revealed that 76% of our city's residents do not know who their elected officials are."

From the *Mirror:* that Representative Rivers, of South Carolina, where the bomb was dropped, also said,

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From the *Journal-American:* that Representative Kenneth B. Keating, of New York, the ranking Republican on the House Judiciary Committee, thinks J. Edgar Hoover's latest book should be "required reading for every American."

From the *Post:* that Mrs. Roosevelt was relieved, when her son James was born, that he was a boy, not a girl; and that when Representative Sidney R. Yates, a Democrat from Illinois, tried to get the House to appropriate a paltry million and a half dollars for aeronautical research, the proposal was voted down, with less than a third of the members present and not a soul clamoring for a roll call.

From the *World-Telegram:* that Representative Robert Corbett, a Republican from Pennsylvania, recommended to the Civil Service Committee that federal wages be adjusted in the same manner that utility rates are adjusted in his home state; that the going price range for black-market babies (or so a House subcommittee was told by the United States Children's Bureau) is between a thousand and forty-five hundred dollars; and that Representative Bob Wilson, a Republican from California, has been distributing sealed but empty tuna-fish cans among his colleagues, by way of predicting what will happen to the California tuna-fish industry if tariffs aren't raised on tuna imports.

THAT brings us to the Trenton *Evening Times.* It, too, had its share of exclusive stories about the House—nearly all of them relating to Congressman Frank Thompson, Jr. The Princeton and Trenton delegations of the New Jersey Association of Letter Carriers, for instance, sat with him at a breakfast party during a pilgrimage to the Capitol. Because of the cold shoulder Thompson was getting from the *Times,* I was delighted to find in the *Evening Times* such scale-balancing headlines as

ACCELERATED
PWA BACKED
BY THOMPSON

and (even though it was stuck way back on the last page)

THOMPSON FOR
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"Many of us who serve on the Committee on Education and Labor are determined to make every possible effort to have school construction added to the programs to be speeded up in the anti-recession drive," he was quoted as

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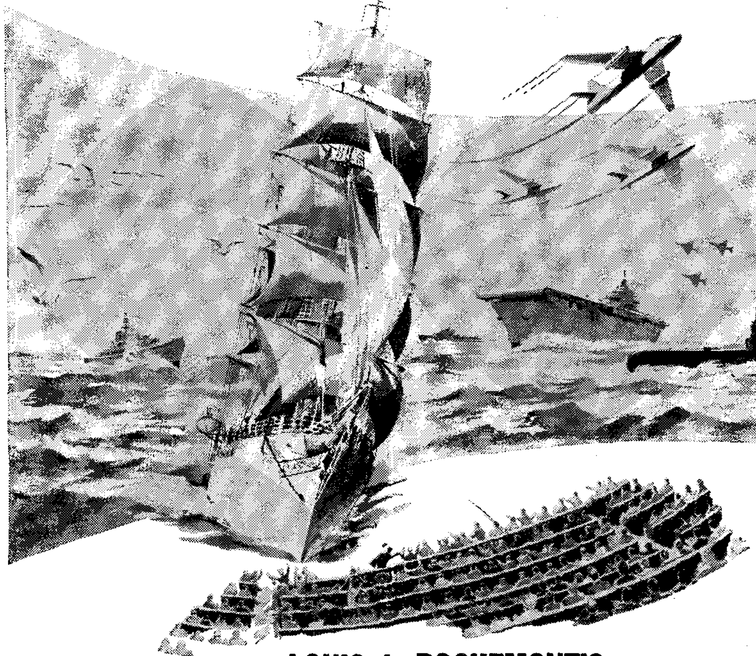

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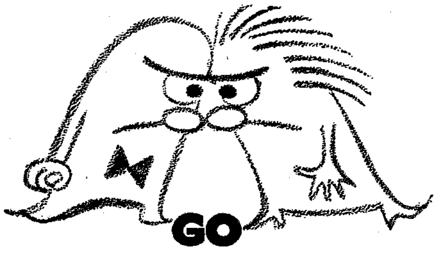

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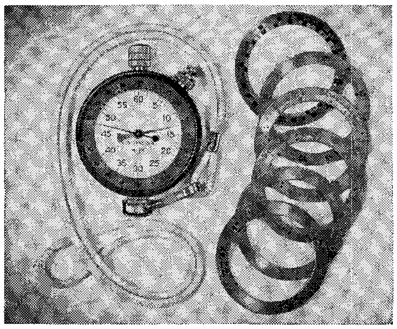

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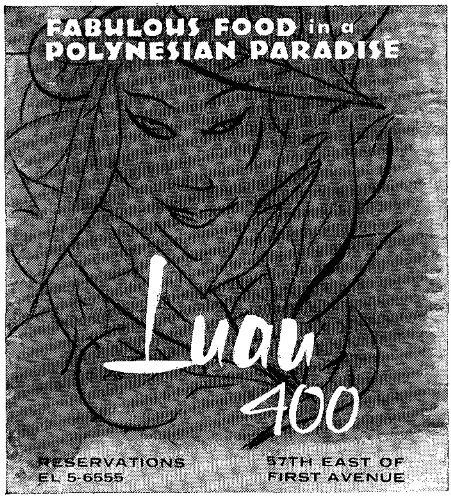
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saying. "Programs to renovate and build post offices and highways are splendid, but can they compare in ultimate value with educated children? I think not."

Thus alerted to one of Mr. Thompson's committee affiliations, I could not help thinking of him when, five days later, on March 16th, I read a "Special to the New York Times" dispatch, which meant the paper had gone out of its way to obtain it, that a dozen unspecified members of the Education and Labor Committee were going to Hagerstown, Maryland, to observe an experiment in closed-circuit-television teaching. The next day, I searched the *Times* to no avail for a report on how they fared. The day after that, the Trenton *Evening Times* furnished collateral enlightenment in a special story of its own, on page 1, that was chattily headlined

A TOTAL LOSS
FOR THOMPY

and that went:

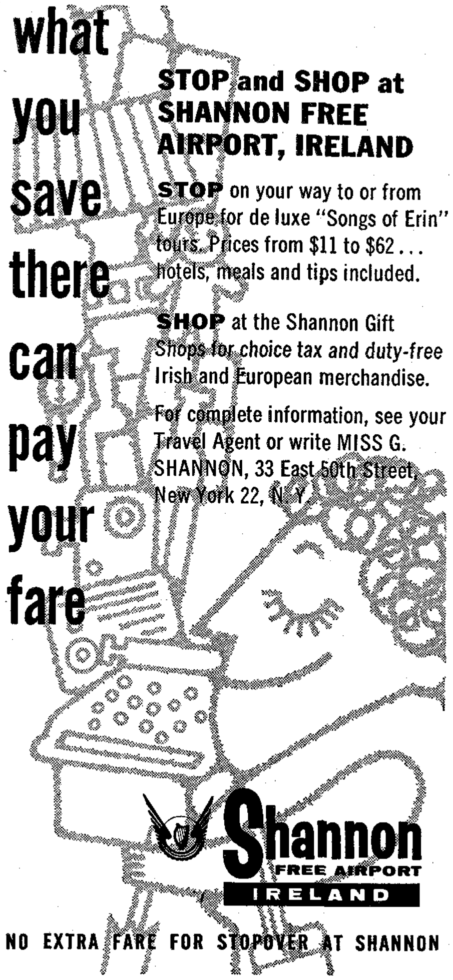
> The Constitution says members of Congress "shall . . . be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from same. . . ."
>
> Late last night Congressman Frank Thompson was driving back to Washington from a day-long mission to Hagerstown, Md., for the House Committee on Labor and Education. Riding with him were Congressmen Udall of Arizona and McGovern of South Dakota.
>
> A policeman clocked him doing 45 miles an hour in a 35-mile-an-hour zone on Wisconsin Avenue near the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Bethesda, Md.
>
> In order to avoid any publicity, Thompson decided not to invoke his congressional immunity and accepted the traffic ticket the cop, D. J. Hoover (of all people), handed him.
>
> For Democrat Thompson, it was a total loss. He not only got the publicity (as you can see) but he's out of pocket $11.45, the fine for speeding in Bethesda.

Well, perhaps not a total loss. Thompy can always comfort himself with the reflection that the New York *Times* evidently decided that this intimate recital of his embarrassment was not fit to print. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

> The Junior League Sustaining Members held a luncheon meeting at the Bangor House Wednesday. Mrs. Hugh G. Connor gave a book review of Christine Weston's "The Wise Children." The short business meeting was presided over by Mrs. Edward Thegen, chairman. The table was centered with an arrangement of Spring flowers. Twenty-tight members attended.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

Every one of them opinionated, we'll bet.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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hard Lines on Bungo Pete

THE United States Navy's submarine service, with which we have so often gone down to the sea in movies about the Second World War, is on belligerent display again in the picture called "Run Silent, Run Deep," and although the film follows a fairly familiar pattern, it provides quite a few rousing moments, both above and below the waves. Since my custom is to get aboard something spacious, like the Ile-de-France, whenever I'm afflicted by sea fever, I have no idea how authentically "Run Silent, Run Deep" portrays life on a patrolling submarine, but its story is based on a novel by Commander Edward L. Beach, whose *bona fides* is excellent, and its technical details would seem to be absolutely on the level. It is possible that some aspects of the plot are a little difficult to credit, but as a steamer-chair-and-deck-tennis sailor I'm in no position to be captious.

At the outset of the movie, we are introduced to a Navy commander (Clark Gable) who has been chained to a desk in Pearl Harbor for a year, after losing a sub to an enemy destroyer nicknamed Bungo Pete. While Mr. Gable is sulkily scheming to return to sea, a submarine named Nerka, whose captain is disabled, puts in to Pearl Harbor in the charge of its executive officer (Burt Lancaster). It is Mr. Lancaster's earnest hope—and, indeed, the earnest hope of the Nerka's crew—that he will take over command of the craft, but Mr. Gable does some expert wirepulling, and in a trice he is Mr. Lancaster's superior. Stern, implacable, and noncommittal, Mr. Gable keeps drilling the men in crash diving and such matters until they are all very sore at him, and although he wins their respect by sinking a tanker and a destroyer with some tricky maneuvers, they start muttering again when they learn that, in defiance of orders, he is going to seek out Bungo Pete. At one point, the junior officers on the Nerka propose that Mr. Lancaster take over from the captain, and for a moment it appears that another Caine mutiny, God forbid, is about to develop. But Mr. Lancaster is true to his officer's

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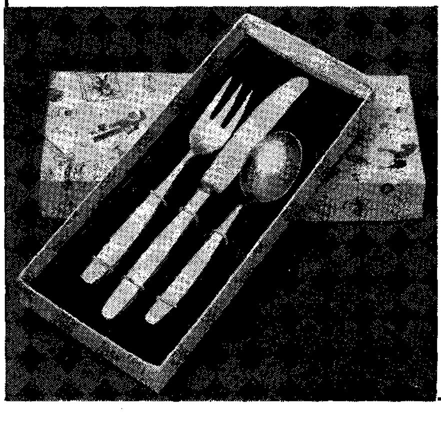

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trust, and he and Mr. Gable go stalking Bungo Pete together.

There's a good deal of repetitious action in "Run Silent, Run Deep"—if you've seen a couple of submarine dives, you've seen them all—and the dialogue isn't stimulating by a long shot, the crew being a rather primitive bunch. But when the Nerka does finally get around to tangling with Bungo Pete, things become interesting. Of the cast, which also includes Jack Warden, Brad Dexter, Don Rickles, Nick Cravat, and Joe Maross, the most effective is Mr. Lancaster, who plays the patient executive officer very sympathetically.

ANOTHER manly exercise that came along recently is called "Saddle the Wind," a cow-country drama confected by Rod Serling, who based his screenplay on a story by Thomas Thompson. In this one, Robert Taylor plays a reformed gunfighter who has settled peacefully among some hard-working ranchers. Regrettably, he has a mean-tempered brother (John Cassavetes) who is always spoiling for trouble and trying to make life miserable for a group of squatters and their worthy leader (Royal Dano). Moreover, Mr. Cassavetes has taken up with a young lady (Julie London) who doesn't seem to be a very refined type. In the circumstances, Mr. Taylor eventually comes to the conclusion that his brother will have to be eliminated, and he sets about doing just that. The picture, which starts out briskly, tends to lag toward the end, and even though Mr. Serling has provided better dialogue than is customary in Westerns, "Saddle the Wind" doesn't come up to a good many of its less literate predecessors. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Where is the wife who has not tasted the strong and various tangs of the mixture that is marriage?
There is the salt of anger—bitter, sweet, granular, intense, grateful for having an object to assail.
There is the healing herb of rosemary, the taste of reconciliation, when eyes meet eyes.
There is the heady garlic of sex.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Which takes us right back to a girl named Rosemary.

•

As for the non-fiction titles of 1910, no fewer than twenty-five were books about Africa, of which the most popular was Theodore Roosevelt's "African Game Travels."—*The New Yorker.*

Not to be confused with "The Travel of the Lonesome Pine."

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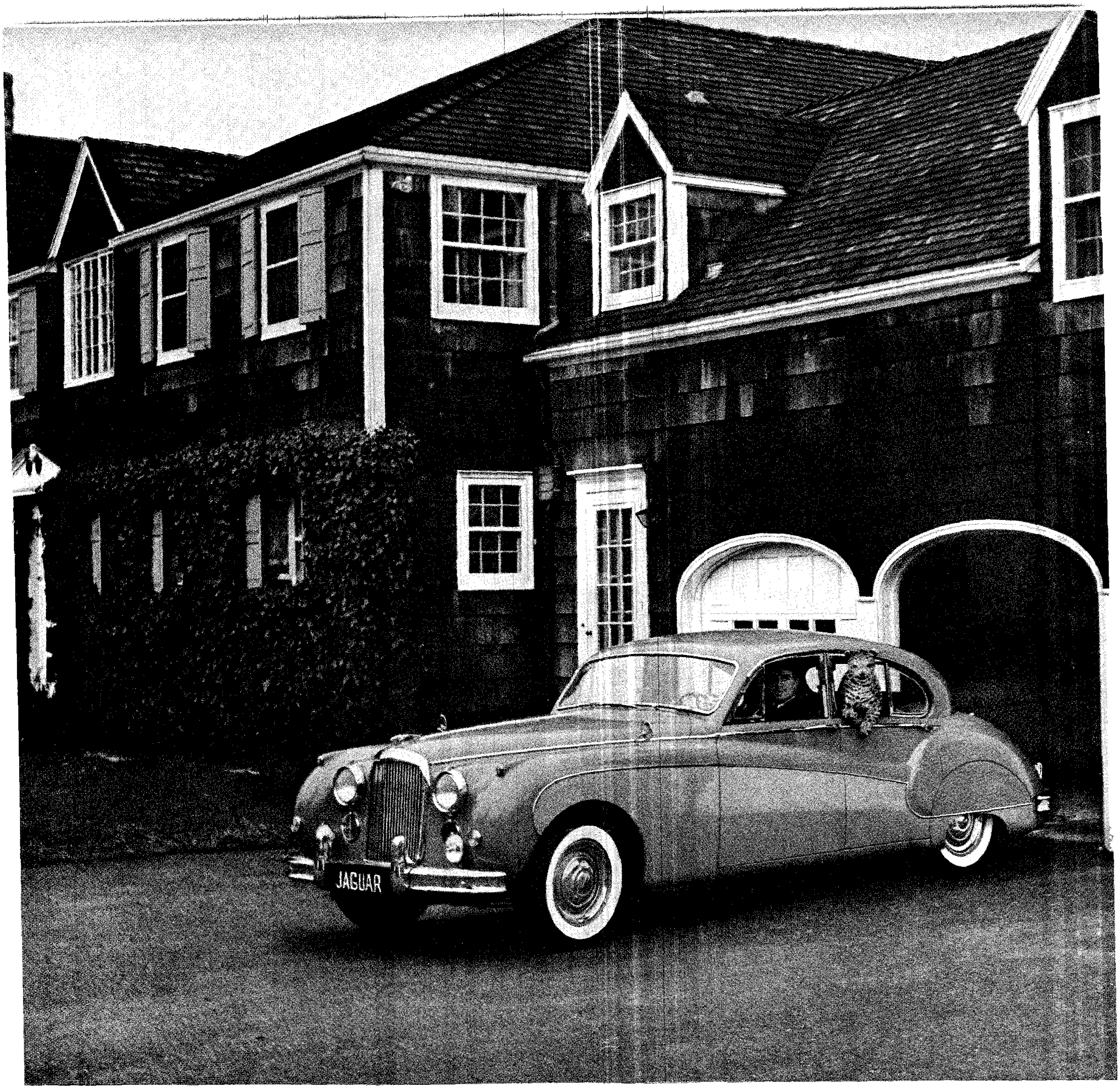

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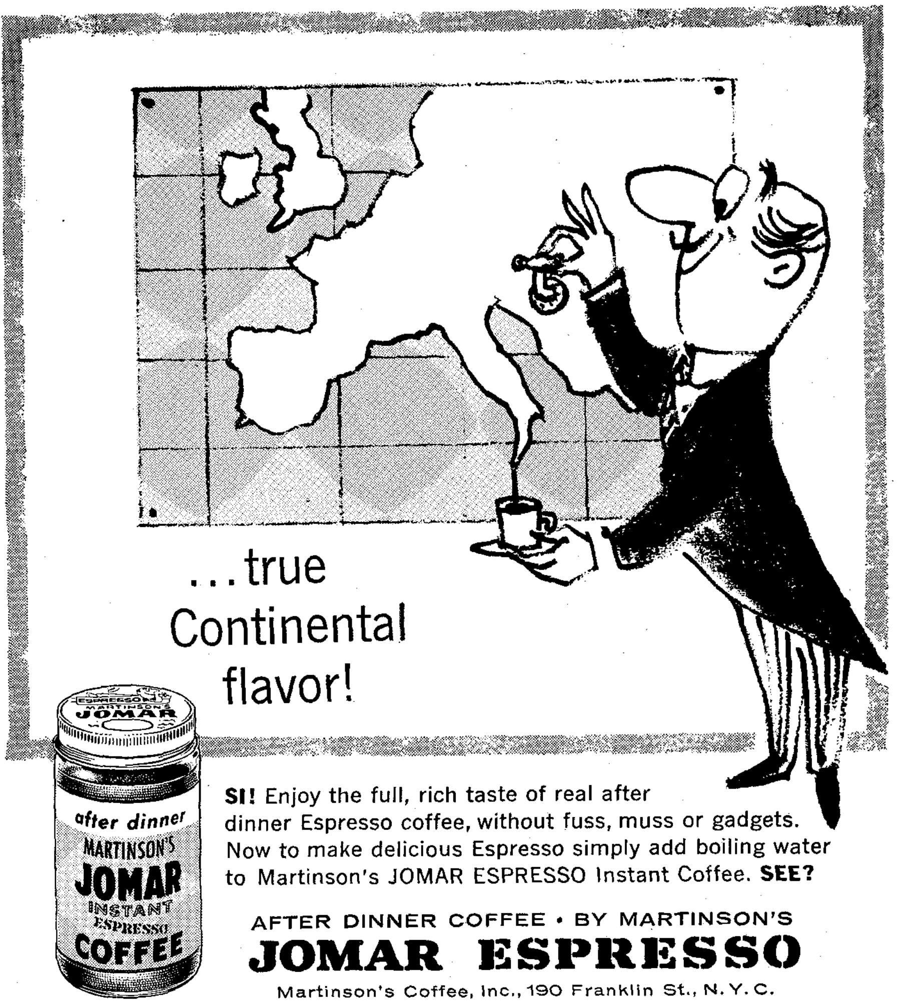
So next time you order Vodka-and-Tonic, make jolly well sure the barman mixes it with the one-and-only *Schweppes.* Raise a row if he doesn't.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Violent Martyrs

SOME time ago, while reading Henry and Sidney Cowell's interesting biography of the American composer Charles Ives, I came across a footnote (presumably quoted from Ives himself) referring to "those white-livered weaklings who cannot stand up and receive the full force of a dissonance like a man." The phrase stuck in my mind—partly, perhaps, because I question the idea that the ability to listen unflinchingly to dissonance is a sure test of masculinity. The remark was undoubtedly intended as humor, and I might note in passing that the late Mr. Ives was by no means a composer of unrelievedly dissonant music, though some of his works are dissonant enough. Still, it identifies dissonance with an impulse of violence toward the listener, and in thinking it over I found myself wondering whether it did not pose a very pertinent question, worthy of psychological investigation: To what extent is dissonance (or, more accurately, cacophony) an expression of hostility on the part of a composer toward his audience? And, to get a little deeper into the psychological ramifications of this question, one might ask a further one: To what extent are the aesthetics of modern music of the more decadent sort permeated by the phenomenon that psychiatrists call psychic masochism?

In the musical history of the past fifty years, it is not difficult to find incidents and attitudes that might logically be thought to reflect this neurosis, which consists of deliberately courting rejection and subsequently taking pride in being rejected. The glee with which the avant-garde greeted the near riots that attended the premières of things like Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" and George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" is typical of what I mean. The rejected composer becomes a hero; inviting rejection from audiences thereupon becomes a fad; and before you know it, the technique of inviting rejection has become part of the standard equipment of a large number of composers. It is very much as if these composers were to say, "It is vulgar to please an audience. I shall therefore assault it with something it doesn't like. It will greet my assault with boos and cat-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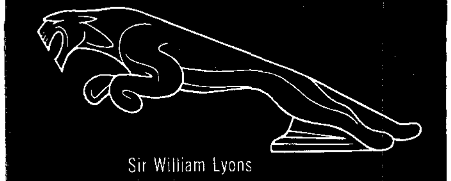

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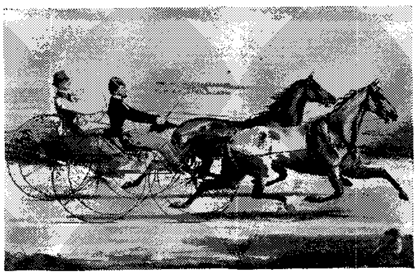

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calls, and this will prove that I am one of music's great misunderstood hero-martyrs." I am not suggesting that this attitude is solely responsible for what has been aptly termed "the agony of modern music." There are other factors, I am sure, ranging from technical and social considerations to a simple lack of talent. Moreover, the presence of psychic masochism in a composer is not necessarily a reflection on the quality of his music; Ludwig van Beethoven himself was something of a psychic masochist, as anyone who reads the recent psychological studies of his life can see. But Beethoven was, after all, an exceptional figure in the music of his time. The point I am making is that self-invited martyrdom has nowadays become chic, and that the composer who humbly seeks to please his audience is likely to be dismissed as a hopeless square.

I was reminded of all this last week while listening to Frank Martin's "Petite Symphonie Concertante," a work that turned up on the Philharmonic program conducted by Ernest Ansermet in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Martin's composition is a very subdued and well-bred one as works of its sort go. Its evidences of psychic masochism are mild, and may be merely the result of adherence to fashionable formulas evolved by other composers. Yet I cannot say that listening to it brightened my life to any extent. Here and there, as in his opera "The Tempest," which I reviewed some time ago, Mr. Martin seemed on the point of actually making a gesture of love toward his audience, but in each case the potential moment of lyricism was cut short by a modish twist apparently designed to show that the composer had no intention of being caught with his heart bared. Perhaps it is unfair to hold up Mr. Martin's comparatively placid little composition as a horrible example. It is one of thousands of capably constructed works of its type. But it did not convey anything to me, and I don't think it was intended to. In any case, its performance by Mr. Ansermet, with Sylvia Marlowe, Christine Stavrache, and Bruce Prince-Joseph as soloists on the harpsichord, harp, and piano, respectively, was lucid and meticulous.

THE Little Orchestra Society's concert version of Verdi's opera "Macbeth," another of last week's events at Carnegie Hall, was remarkable chiefly for the first appearance here of the celebrated Central European soprano Leonie Rysanek, who undertook the role of Lady Macbeth. To my

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mind, Miss Rysanek was somewhat miscast in this rather grisly part, for which she has neither the peculiar dramatic temperament nor the requisite subtlety of musical inflection. Having said this, however, I hasten to add that she has a truly lovely voice, which combines power and great range with the most melting and sensuous tone quality. And in the famous sleepwalking scene, which calls for some of the most spectacular vocalism anywhere in opera, she did to a certain extent succeed in projecting the menacing atmosphere that Verdi had in mind, as well as in singing all the frighteningly difficult high passages in tune and with considerable ease. I should like very much to hear her in something better suited to her character, for she is unquestionably a dramatic soprano of unusual gifts. Looking back on the performance as a whole, I must say that I found "Macbeth" fairly disappointing in concert form. Its music, with the exception of a few such stunning episodes as the sleepwalking scene, is a trifle naïve, in the early Verdi manner, and needs a theatrical spectacle to help it along. Tail coats, evening gowns, and Banquo's ghost walking on and off the stage in what looked like a hooded raincoat hardly give it its due as a great work of the theatre. Nevertheless, there were some fine things in this performance besides the quality, amplitude, and range of Miss Rysanek's voice. William Chapman, a last-minute substitute for Martial Singher, sang the role of Macbeth with admirable vitality and dignity, adding some touches of polish and authority to the interpretation he had given it earlier this season in the full stage presentation of the work by the New York City Opera Company. John McCollum and Donald Gramm sang their bits as Macduff and Banquo with excellent taste, and Thomas Scherman presided at the podium with earnestness and care.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Close, But No Cigar

ALTHOUGH jazz began as a vocal music, it has, peculiarly, produced only a handful of full-fledged jazz singers. There have been countless blues singers, ranging from the small, distinguished army of frog-voiced minstrels, like Blind Lemon Jefferson, who once roamed the South, to such clear-toned men as Jimmy Rushing and Joe Turner. But the blues singer is a highly specialized bird, whose technique, which is generally as primitive as

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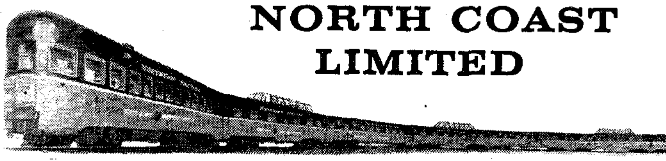

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his materials, rarely allows him to handle any other type of song. (Even Rushing is apt to sound as if he were trying opera in a tune like "Blue Skies.") There have also been innumerable "popular" singers who have been mistaken for jazz singers—Maxine Sullivan, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, and Anita O'Day are some of them—largely because they tint their work with embellishments, blue notes, or husky tonal qualities. But these singers are, like outright popular singers, only the offspring of the Irish tenors and Victor Herbert sopranos who flourished forty years ago. The genuine jazz singer, who remains more of a vision than a reality, avoids sentimentality and, within the limitations of the human voice, parallels the timbres, rhythms, accents, and emotions achieved by the good jazz instrumentalist. The songs he sings, which can be limitless, serve only as casual frameworks for his ruminations. Louis Armstrong is a matchless example. Lately, his voice has bogged down in calculated grunts and rumbles, but he has created improvisations whose lyric invention equals anything he has done on the trumpet. The Billie Holiday of the late thirties and early forties is not far behind; the commonplace original melody of, say, "What a Little Moonlight Can Do" was long ago replaced by her recorded refashioning of it. Bessie Smith was a blues singer, but she used her dark, heavy voice with a majesty that transformed the blues into unique, brooding jazz singing, much as Mahalia Jackson, a gospel and spiritual singer, converts an ordinary gospel song into an inspiriting kind of jazz. There have been lesser jazz singers, including Leo Watson, a demonic scat singer, who made a tune like "Jingle Bells" a boiling, incomprehensible incantation about snowbirds and big bass drums; Leadbelly; Julia Lee, a poignant, large-voiced Kansas City singer; Jack Teagarden, whose voice has a cool, seamless sound; Jelly Roll Morton, who sang with a genteel, yearning melancholy; Hot Lips Page; and Red Allen, a smooth offshoot of the young Armstrong. No new ones—with the exception of a few satisfactory blues singers, an extraordinary gospel singer named Judy Guions, and a variety of bop-style scat singers, who sound like tobacco auctioneers—have appeared during the past fifteen years; indeed, the secret of jazz singing seems to have been lost.

These gloomy thoughts have been provoked by a new album, "Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song

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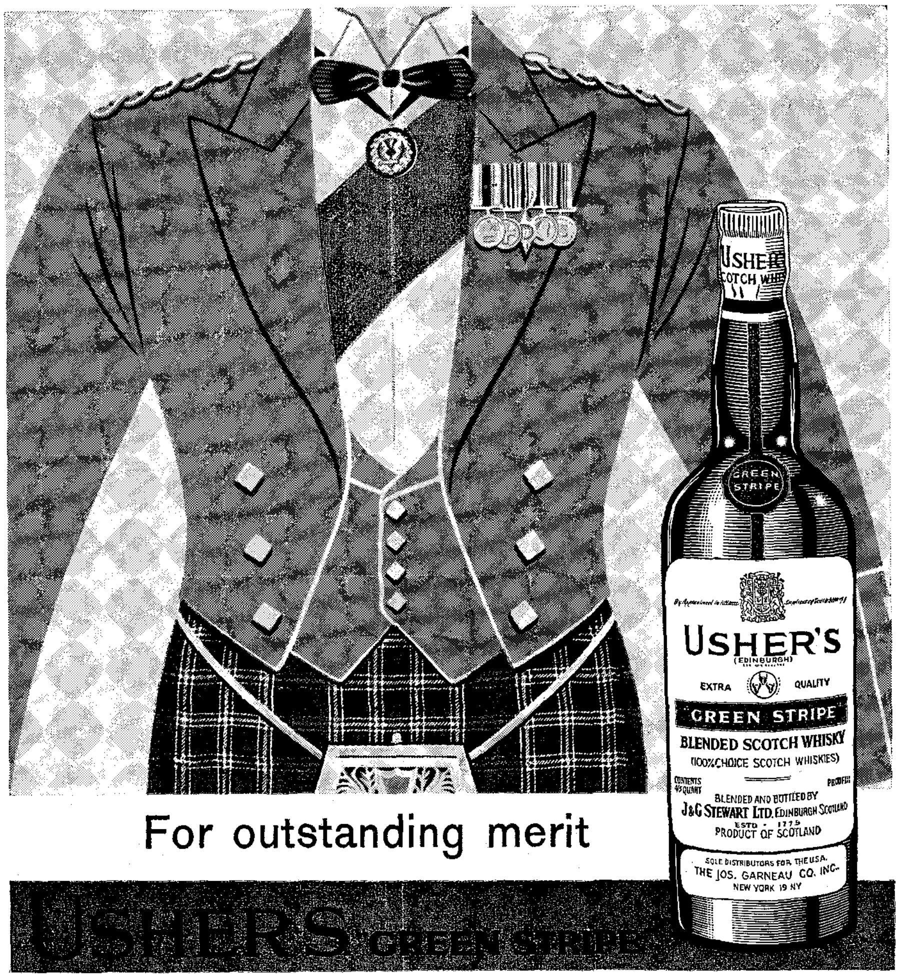
Book" (Verve Records MGV 4010-14), in which Miss Fitzgerald, in the space of four records, sings, scats, hums, and noodles her way through thirty-seven Ellington or Ellington-associated tunes. She is accompanied by his band in eighteen numbers and by two small groups in the rest; she does not sing in the album's "Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald," a new Ellington work in four movements. The album, done in soupy greens, browns, and oranges that leak disconcertingly over into the photographs (Miss Fitzgerald, a washed-out orange, leaning pensively on her elbow), includes lengthy biographical notes by Leonard Feather, written in a fervent sideshow manner ("this dignified, handsome, lusty, euphoric figure [Ellington], gliding through life as one on a throne with pneumatic wheels"). When Miss Fitzgerald, who is thirty-nine, got started as a jazz singer, in the mid-thirties, with Chick Webb, she had a thin, piping, highly rhythmic voice. Since then, it has gradually broadened into a deep contralto, and she has developed a technique that enables her to slide effortlessly up and down the scales, manage large intervals, and maintain perfect pitch. At the same time, her voice has taken on a soft edge that often blots out whatever jazz expression it once had. All the mannerisms of the jazz singer are there—an intensely rhythmic delivery, plenty of embellishment, and unfailing drive and enthusiasm—but they are only an extremely skillful overlay that invariably leaves her materials unchanged. She is a peerless popular singer.

The results, in the "Duke Ellington Song Book," are puzzling. Ellington is primarily a jazz composer who has become a songwriter by accident; many of the tunes in the album were written as exercises for specific Ellington sidemen, and the lyrics were added later. The union has never seemed comfortable, for the lyrics, which are often inconsequential, tend only to get in the way of thoroughly self-sufficient compositions. (Ellington's out-and-out popular songs, on the other hand, have seldom been distinguished.) Nonetheless, Miss Fitzgerald is in perfect form, and she manages—particularly when she restricts herself to straightforward humming or scat singing—to point up just about all of the beauties at hand. Since her roomy voice needs only skeletal accompaniment, the best moments in the album occur with the small groups, which include Ben Webster on tenor saxophone, Stuff Smith on violin, Oscar Peterson on piano, and Barney Kessel



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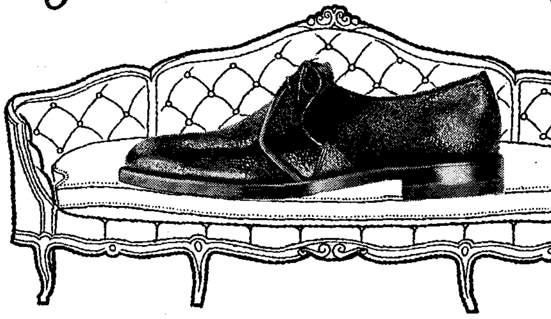

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or Herb Ellis on guitar. She rolls easily through "Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me," "Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'," the witty blues called "Rocks in My Bed," "Satin Doll" (which she hums and scats), and "Just Squeeze Me," an irresistible tune, which gets the most satisfying treatment in the set. Webster, whose rich tone and agile, affecting style are an ideal foil for Miss Fitzgerald's cushioned voice, hasn't played as well on recordings in a decade. It is Webster, in fact, who keeps the Ellington flavor intact. The big-band accompaniments are generally desultory. The band sounds heavy and indecisive, possibly because its drummer, Sam Woodyard, persists in a slogging, ticking afterbeat that becomes hypnotic. On the whole, Miss Fitzgerald sounds buried, but there are brief exceptions. She makes "I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So" into a hearty blues, and her second chorus in "Everything but You" is full of soaring variations that come close to pure jazz singing. Despite the red-carpet titles of the movements of "Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald"—"Royal Ancestry," "All Heart," "Beyond Category," and "Total Jazz"—the piece, described as a "suite," is little more than three mediocre tunes and a blues, all of them patched together by solos and by spoken introductions, which are delivered by Ellington and Billy Strayhorn in their best lemon-verbena fashion:

> As the inspection of our royal subject gains momentum, we imagine we have been granted a confidential glimpse into her diary, and the more we leaf through the pages the more we realize that this *is* a personality of wonderful warmth, that she is all heart.

In the blues number, Clark Terry, the trumpeter, delivers two hair-raising choruses which maintain a shrieking intensity that sounds very much like a man trying to blow his way out of what amounts to a paper bag.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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BOOKS

Child's Play

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD was doubtless correct in his observation that the intimate revelations of young men tend to be marred by plagiarism, but the fact is nothing to wonder at. For as everyone knows who has lived in a college dormitory or fraternity house, these disclosures are apt to be strongly marked by self-regard, and since the language of egotism is a limited one, a certain similarity of treatment is inevitable. The young man who unburdens himself to a friend is likely to say, "You may not believe this, but basically I'm a very deep person," or "Then she said I have a beautiful *chin*, if you can imagine," or "I swear to God, I'm such a lecher sometimes it really embarrasses me," or similar delicate comments on his own greatness of soul, appearance, and vitality. In such fashion, whole generations of young men have amiably bored one another, never dreaming that there might be money in it.

That discovery apparently was reserved for Mr. Jack Kerouac, who is said to be the spokesman of what is said to be the most recent lost generation. For in "The Subterraneans" (Grove Press) he has managed to construct something very like a novel from precisely the sort of material that other young men throw away on freshman confidences. The material has been altered in the process, of course. No freshman, certainly, would call upon angels to attend to his remarks, as Mr. Kerouac often does, with enviable familiarity:

> ... she got involved with him too as she had to get involved with everyone because of knowing me who am nervous and many leveled and not in the least one-souled—not a piece of my pain has showed yet—or suffering—Angels, bear with me.

Still, the authentic tone of dormitory revelation often does make itself heard above the syntactical uproar:

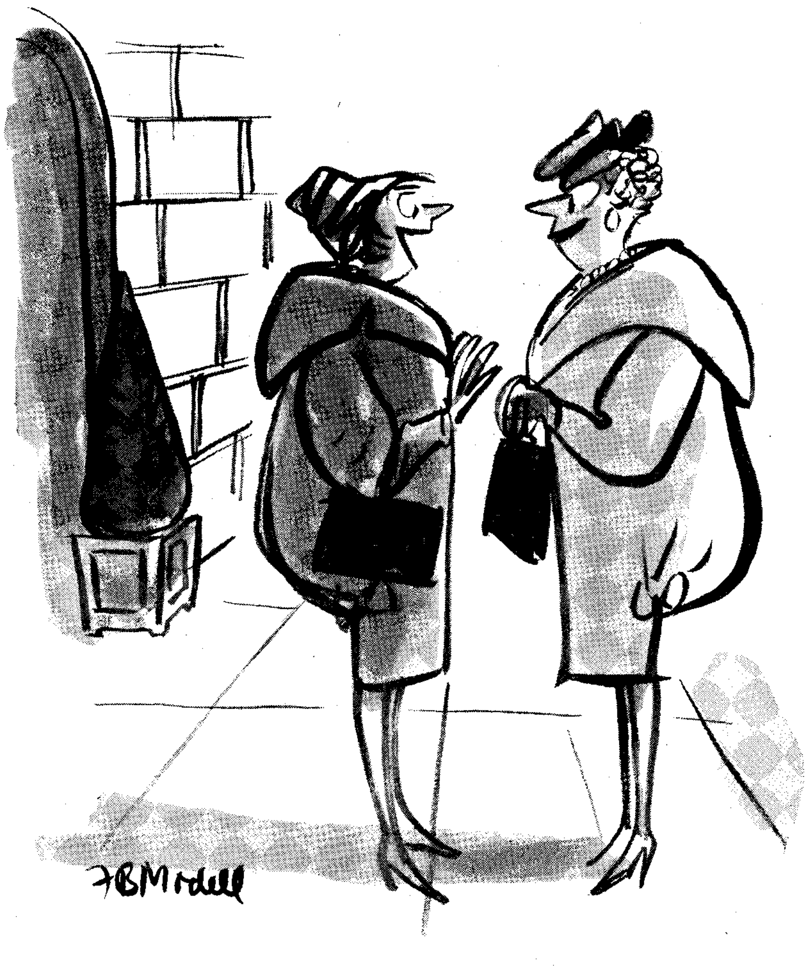
> I am crudely malely sexual and cannot help myself and have lecherous and so on propensities as almost all my male readers no doubt are the same.

These pearls of self-congratulation hang in festoons from a story that involves a group of San Francisco bohemians who are, in the words of the author, "hip without being slick, they are intelligent without being corny, they are intellectual as hell and know all about Pound without being pretentious or talking too much about it, they are very quiet, they are very Christlike." One day a newcomer appears in the diocese. He is Leo Percepied, the narrator of the novel and a young man whose resemblance to Mr. Kerouac is insisted upon by, among other things, the fact that he has just published a successful novel about the "beat generation." Percepied is fascinated by the saintly life of this West Coast Bohemia, as well he might be, since it numbers among its quiet and Christlike pastimes heavy drinking, drug addiction, and abundant sexual intercourse. Eagerly he applies for admission, explaining, "I want to dig them as a group," a remark he hopes will impress the company with his "sensitivity being a stranger to the group and yet immediately, etc., perceiving their value."

Presumably flattered that their value has been immediately, etc., perceived, these "urban Thoreaus" admit Percepied and allow him to dig them. In the course of his excavations, he comes upon a pretty Negro girl named Mardou Fox, and, thanks to his lecherous propensities, they are soon sleeping together and dreaming of the royalty check that will permit them to live at ease in Mexico. But doubts begin to plague our hero. For one thing, virile as he is, he sometimes wonders whether sex is really the essence of life:

> ... that essence, that dingdong essence—something making me now almost so mad as to shout, I GOT MY OWN LITTLE BANGTAIL ESSENCE AND THAT ESSENCE IS MIND RECOGNITION.

Apparently he also begins to feel that his relationship with Mardou is interfering with his ability to recognize minds, for presently we find him treating her shabbily. He deserts her at parties and abandons her in taxis. He makes dates and fails to appear; he makes promises and breaks them. And all the while a youth named Yuri Gligoric is watching from the sidelines, "wanting, naturally, as a young unpublished unknown but very genius poet to destroy the big established gods and raise himself—wanting therefore their women too." When Mardou at last has had enough of Percepied's "scowlingness



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and writer-ness," Yuri Gligoric is on hand to seduce her. Percepied, the big established god, is destroyed. Too late, he realizes that, deep down, he loved Mardou all along, and now the intensity of his grief is such that he can only cry out:

> O forgive me angels of the heaven and of the earth—even Ross Wallenstein will go to heaven.

I could explain Ross Wallenstein, but it would only confuse things. A far more interesting puzzle is the one involved in Percepied's casual remark that he has given lessons in the art of writing to several of his friends. Is it possible, then, that he had something to teach? This question so tormented me that I reread the novel until I had the secret of its art. I cannot pretend to know exactly what Percepied told his friends, but I am prepared to guarantee that the student who carefully observes the following simple procedures will have little difficulty producing another work like "The Subterraneans."

The first thing the beginner must know is that a novel, even a short one, contains a lot of words. Prolixity is the novelist's basic concern, and to this end nothing is more useful than a gift for inanity. Consider the first paragraph of "The Subterraneans":

> Once I was young and had so much more orientation and could talk with nervous intelligence about everything and with clarity and without as much literary preambling as this; in other words this is the story of an unself-confident man, at the same time of an egomaniac, naturally, facetious won't do—just to start at the beginning and let the truth seep out, that's what I'll do—. It began on a warm summernight—ah, she was sitting on a fender with Julien Alexander who is . . . let me begin with the history of the subterraneans of San Francisco . . .

There. Nearly a hundred words have been used up already, and nothing has been said. The beginner cannot expect to do as well on his first try, but let him keep this passage before him as a model and an inspiration.

When the student has thoroughly mastered the art of inanity, he will be ready for the slightly more difficult miasmatical mode of composition. There are many advantages in converting language to vapor, but the undoubted chief is that it relieves an author of the necessity of saying what he means. Thus, like Mr. Kerouac, he may describe a girl as having "special cool lips and Indian-like hard high soft cheekbones." No one will understand this, but readers who like girls with hard cheekbones will

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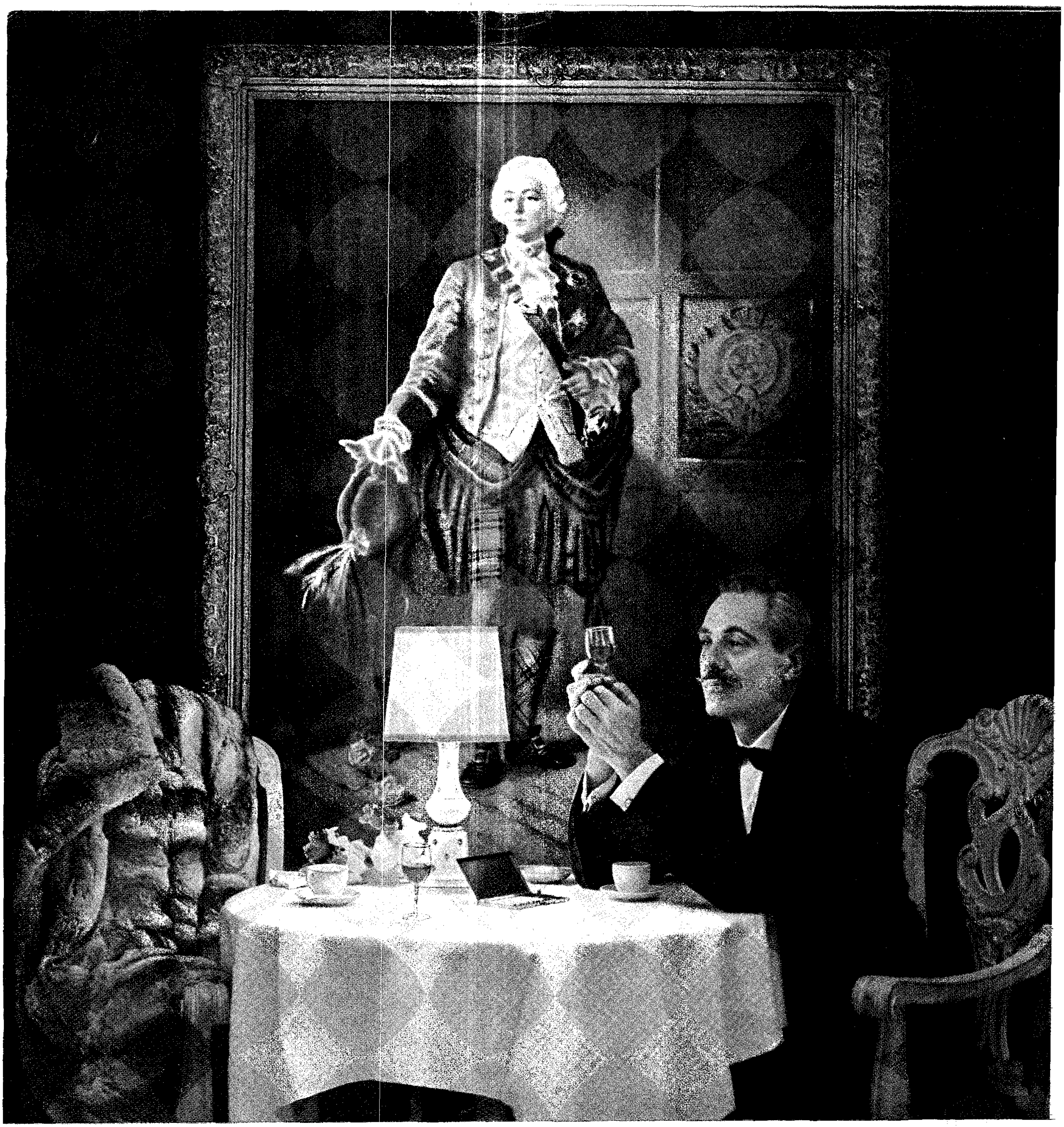

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be pleased, and readers who like girls with soft cheekbones will be pleased, too. (It is not necessary to include the antonym of "high." Nobody likes a girl with low cheekbones.)

Beyond this, the writer of vaporous prose will find it possible to hint at wonders and produce dead cats. Here is the reverie of Leo Percepied, an acknowledged literary genius:

> . . . the visions of great words in rhythmic order all in one giant archangel book go roaring through my brain, so I lie in the dark also seeing also hearing the jargon of the future worlds—damajehe eleout ekeke dhdkdk dldoud,—d, ekeoueu dhdhdkehgyt—better not a more than lther ehe the macmurphy out of that dgardent that which strangely he doth mdodudltkdip—baseeaatra—poor examples because of mechanical needs of typing.

Having solved the major problems of literary production, the student now is free to concentrate wholly upon Art. One way to impress a reader with your stature as an artist is to distribute verbal combinations of your own throughout the text. Then he will see that the English language, as commonly written, is far too coarse an instrument to trace the delicate shadings of your thought. When you wish to report that you stared vacantly at a wall, say instead you looked

> straight ahead into the *sadglint* of my *wallroom.*

And when you mean to remark that a girl has pretty feet, put it this way:

> . . . her feet in thongs of sandals of such *sexuality-looking greatness* I wanted to kiss her, them.

And when you undertake to describe someone younger than yourself, call him

> *kidlike* and *othergenerationey.*

Besides striking a high aesthetic tone, words like those italicized above will give your reader the fun of guessing what you might be driving at, and a great surprise if he finds out.

But the easiest way to add polish to your work is to borrow lustre from the achievements of others. This the student may do by casually bracketing himself with an artist, saint, or philosopher of acknowledged eminence. Thus we find Mr. Kerouac speaking, with considerable effect,

> of the need for my return to a world-wide love as a great writer should do, like a Luther, a Wagner.

The passage would be even more effective if the great writers he mentions by way of illustration had been great

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writers. But in matters of this sort it is quantity that counts, and once again the student will find "The Subterraneans" a reliable guide. Leaving jazz musicians and movie stars out of the account, the novel finds room in its hundred and eleven pages for this additional roster of luminaries: Ezra Pound, Isadora Duncan, Truman Capote, William Shakespeare, Fëdor Dostoevski, Charles Baudelaire, Georges Rouault, Alfred Kazin, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, Antonio Vivaldi, Paul Verlaine, Marcel Proust, William Faulkner, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Christopher Smart ("Chris" to Mr. Kerouac), Joan of Arc, Arthur Rimbaud, Tennessee Williams, Béla Bartók, William Blake, Crabbe Robinson, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, Mahatma Gandhi, T. S. Eliot, Geoffrey Chaucer, Giuseppe Verdi, Giacomo Puccini, and Jesus Christ.

It is not necessary to mention a writer by name in order to profit by his achievement. One can merely say, with Mr. Kerouac,

> I'd just read her the first few pages of "Finnegans Wake" and explained them

and one has made a profound impression on the reader. By such innocent contrivances, a writer may vastly add to his intellectual standing without inconvenience to himself.

And that, I think, is everything the student needs to know in order to produce a novel on the pattern of "The Subterraneans." These principles may appear simple and few, but by means of them any young man who is wasting his intimate revelations upon a few unthankful friends should find it easy to secure a wider audience. For this, Mr. Kerouac deserves the credit. Let us try to be grateful. —DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LOOKING GLASS HEART, by Myron Brinig (Sagamore). A study of a selfish girl who remains merely a selfish girl long after she has passed into middle age. Mr. Brinig starts his long and generally entertaining account of the career of Sally Greenshields in the Greenshields family's New York house, an imposing brownstone on lower Fifth Avenue. The year is 1911, and the Greenshieldses, whose fortunes are dwindling, are searching eagerly for a rich husband for one of their three grown-up daughters, of whom the prettiest is Sally. Sally's adventures in her life-

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long pursuit of pleasure and amusement reflect a nature more perverse and idle than passionate, and as we last see her, she is standing watching the demolition of her girlhood home and planning to take herself over to the Lafayette for a lonely drink, because she can find no one to join her.

THE NARROWEST CIRCLE, by Katharine Shattuck (McDowell, Obolensky). A youngish married couple, the Geigers, invite their friend Edith, who is twenty-four, to spend the summer with them in their big, ramshackle country house in Kansas. The Geigers have no money, and Edith has none either. George Geiger is a professor, and his wife, Nancy, is a disappointed painter who dislikes housekeeping and enjoys dramatizing her resentment of her little daughter, Weezie. Nancy is pregnant. Quite soon after her arrival as a guest, Edith finds herself doing most of the work around the house, and *she* enjoys dramatizing and dissecting her new state of servitude. Nancy grows snappish. So does Edith, in a timid way, and George, an indeterminate figure whose masculinity is monotonously applauded and deplored by both women, talks a great deal. Everyone in the book talks a great deal, in a dreadfully reedy parody of some heard-of, far-off conversation in which the words are all witty and every moment turns on a new revelation, cutting or consoling. Edith and the Geigers and their friends are anxious and gallant in their determination to put on a good and satisfying and illuminating performance, but as we leave them, on the last page of the book, they are still rehearsing, and growing tired. Miss Shattuck has given us a remarkable picture of three furiously colorless personalities in the deepest throes of their common curse, boredom.

CHEERS, MAJOR BARLOW, by William Fain (Crown). An inconclusive but occasionally funny study of an opaque iconoclast, Major Dick Barlow, a former sportswriter from Texas, who attempts, with the help of a small, fervent band of underlings, to trick, bully, and shout his way into being appointed the chief public-relations officer for the American Air Forces in England during the months leading up to the Normandy invasion. Those who get in his way receive some classic blasts of sarcasm and end up as small-time P.R.O.s at remote Engineer Corps posts or take heavily

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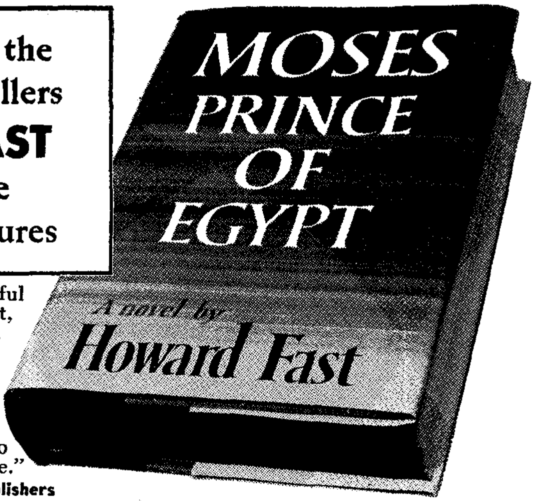

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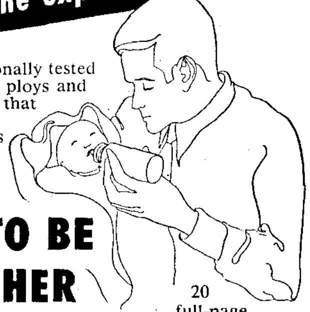

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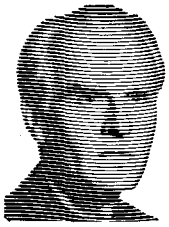

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to drink. Nonetheless, Barlow fails, because of the defection of his most trusted subordinate to a rival P.R.O. from the Pentagon, and the book abruptly goes to pieces with him, fading away into a sentimental ending laced with a pale dash of irony. Mr. Fain is a lively, scrambling writer whose sentences sometimes get balled up and who plants words like "statelily" and "sicklily" in the reader's path.

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, by Frédérique Hébrard, translated from the French by Irene Ash (Little, Brown). The sweetly sad story of a quite beautiful, well-to-do young Parisienne who witnesses, with relentless sensitivity and understanding, the development of a romantic attraction between her husband and an alarmingly beautiful, good-natured Italian movie actress.

MAN OF MONTMARTRE, by Stephen and Ethel Longstreet (Funk & Wagnalls). Mr. and Mrs. Longstreet give some cheerfully sympathetic attention to the troubled life of Maurice Utrillo, but their main interest is in a vividly colored presentation of more than three decades of work and play among the artists of Paris.

GENERAL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE FORMATIVE YEARS, by Carleton Putnam (Scribner). The first volume of a four-volume biography—a massive project indeed, if this installment, which runs to more than six hundred pages and takes T. R. only up to 1886, is any indication. There is a great deal of new material here from Roosevelt's youthful journals and from personal papers made available to the author by Alice Roosevelt Longworth, by the custodians of the Henry Cabot Lodge correspondence, and by the archivist of the Harvard Library. But it is the galvanic character of the man himself and the way he crowded his years that really justify the length and breadth of this study, for every day of his life was, almost literally, an event. At the end of his "formative years," where this volume leaves him, he had "remade" his body by a tremendous feat of will power; he had graduated from Harvard; he had published three books and many magazine articles (at top prices); he had ranched successfully in the Bad Lands of South Dakota; he had become a first-class hunter and a proficient

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naturalist; he had built a manor house in Oyster Bay (for the lovely young bride he lost after only three years of married life); he had travelled extensively in Europe and the United States; he had served with explosive distinction in the New York Assembly, in Albany; and he was, to any percipient eye, one of the coming men in American public life. He was just twenty-eight.

RUSSIA, THE ATOM, AND THE WEST, by George F. Kennan (Harper). This book contains the text of the Reith Lectures that the author delivered over the B.B.C. in London, causing a wide flurry of debate in the free world. Mr. Kennan was accused at the time of negativism, and it is true that he seems to offer only cold cheer to the West. His long and intimate acquaintance with the Russian mind has convinced him of the futility of summit talks, for, he says, the Russians do not understand the terms we use and have conditioned themselves to disbelieve in our good will and sincerity; moreover, the votes of censure they receive in the United Nations mean nothing to them, since they have historically defied all other governments. As for armaments, he says that they are the result of political differences and rivalries, and that "to attempt to remove the armaments before removing these substantive conflicts of interest is to put the cart before the horse." This is negativism of a sort, but Mr. Kennan then goes on to explore the possibilities of a true accommodation with the Russians, and outlines a positive program for the West, the gist of which is "Set thine house in order first."

POWER AND DIPLOMACY, by Dean Acheson (Harvard). Another series of lectures examining foreign policy, by another former State Department man. Like Mr. Kennan, Mr. Acheson believes that the foundation of American political power is at home—that the stronger, healthier, more energetic, and more selfless Americans are, the greater their chances to influence the free world and the greater their chances for survival. In a critical but by no means captious spirit, he reviews recent developments in foreign affairs as they affected, or were affected by, the United States, and he probes into some of the more sensitive areas of our foreign policy—Formosa, for example, and the Middle East. (He would cancel our obligations to

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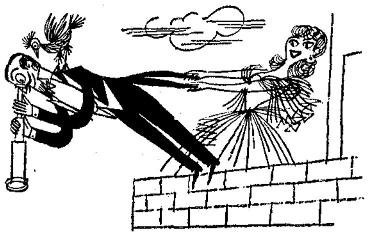

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

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John Brooks
in his new novel about a Wall Street proxy fight "handles the mechanics of such a contest with authority and relish."—*Time*

THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS
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Chiang Kai-shek, which he says are no longer binding and are a source of potential danger, and he would drastically revise our attitude toward the whole Middle East problem and the problem posed by the French troubles in North Africa.) What he proposes is the establishment of an honorable non-Communist world system that would be strong enough to oppose the Russians and would replace the world system that was fairly successful in keeping peace throughout the nineteenth century but that was blasted to bits in 1914.

NEW BOTTLES FOR NEW WINE, by Julian Huxley (Harper). Thirteen excitants to mental activity by one of the few contemporary scientists capable of saying exactly what they mean, and also of saying it with style and grace. The subjects to which he here applies his admirably informed curiosity include the scientific concept of progress, new developments in the field of heredity, protective form and coloration in insects, climatic change, love, and the increasingly awesome proliferation of the human race. The essay on population is the longest of the group, and in many ways the most urgent. "Is there then no remedy?" he writes. "Of course there is. The remedy is to stop thinking in terms of a race, and to begin thinking in terms of a balance. . . . We must give up the false belief that an increase in the number of human beings is necessarily desirable; and the despairing belief that increase is inevitable; and the fatuous over-optimism that shuts its eyes to the grievous effects of over-population; and the airy assertion that 'science' will surely find a way out." Photographs, maps, and charts.

THE HISTORY OF FANNY BURNEY, by Joyce Hemlow (Oxford). An affectionate and really definitive biography of the author of "Evelina," based on reams of Burney manuscripts that practically nobody except Miss Hemlow has looked at in a hundred years. Fanny's lively relatives and her famous friends—Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Burke, and others—are entertaining to read about, but the chief beneficiary of all the new research is Fanny herself, who emerges from it as not only an interesting writer but an extremely likable human being.

KISSING COUSINS, by Emily Hahn (Doubleday). A pleasant, brief, and not very consequential prose ramble in which the author takes her two

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English daughters—Amanda, seven, and Carola, fourteen—on a tour of the United States. (It seems that when the girls reach their majority, they can choose either British or American citizenship, and Miss Hahn thought it might be a good idea to pry them loose from their home in Little Gaddesden, thirty miles from London, and show them something of the States.) The subtitle of the book is "America Through My Children's Eyes," but that is not quite accurate; we do not get much information on what the girls thought of this country, because Miss Hahn does most of the talking—about England, about her large family, which is sprawled over Winnetka, Illinois, about her childhood, and about anything else that comes into her head. Luckily, she is not a bore.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Singing in the Shrouds, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Nothing, of course, is more agreeable than a homicidal maniac loose on a ship, and Miss Marsh's talent is shapely enough to make the most of such a situation. The hero is Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, his suspects are varied and picturesque, and altogether the product is well up to standard.

The Lost One, by Dana Lyon (Harper). A woman whose child has died in an incubator steals a living one from the hospital nursery and for a time succeeds in convincing everybody, including her husband, that the baby is her own. Mrs. Lyon's book focusses partly on the gathering insanity of the kidnapper and partly on the mother's gradual withdrawal from life, and though both characters seem a little oversimplified, they are reasonably credible, and the suspense is very skillfully sustained.

The Woman in the Woods, by Lee Blackstock (Doubleday). The reader won't have much trouble figuring out who is responsible for the skeleton a couple of boys find a mile or so out of town, but the identity of the victim is a harder problem, and its solution, made by piecing together bits of knowledge that are in everybody's possession, is original and ingenious. This is apparently Mr. Blackstock's first mystery, but he writes pleasantly and professionally, and his characters are a good deal more lifelike than those customarily involved in such entertainments.

Overdue, by Francis Clifford (Dutton). When a Los Angeles-New Orleans plane crashes in the desert

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near Tucson, the only survivors are a young man trying to resolve his doubts about entering the priesthood; the teen-age son of a moving-picture actress; a criminal on his way to stand trial for murder, and the elderly police lieutenant to whom he is handcuffed; and an airline stewardess, who soon dies of her injuries. These conveniently assorted personalities behave just about as you'd expect them to (the story, in fact, could be transposed almost intact to the cinema or television), but Mr. Clifford makes the most of his materials, and occasionally you will probably be persuaded to share his obvious excitement.

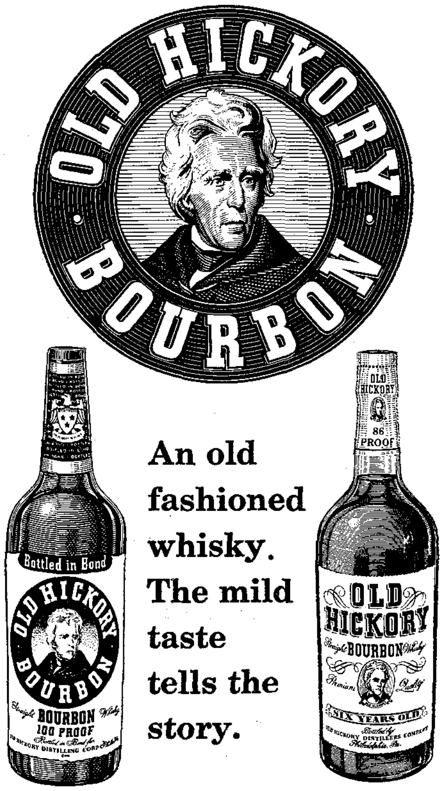
THE MIDNIGHT PLUMBER, by Maurice Procter (Harper). Mr. Procter, whose "Somewhere in This City" was one of the best British contributions in the past few years, is busy again with the contest between Chief Inspector Martineau and the underworld of the town of Granchester. This time, the gang is organized with almost American efficiency and its methods are just about as ruthless, and Martineau's triumph is correspondingly gratifying. The growing incidence of gunplay in British mysteries may be a little disconcerting to old-fashioned readers, but unfortunately the march of civilization cannot be stayed.

•

All Department of State employees with or without emergency assignments should follow this procedure: If you are prevented from going to your regular place of work because of an enemy attack—or if you are prevented from reporting to any emergency location, keep this instruction in mind: *go to the nearest Post Office, ask the Postmaster for a Federal employee registration card, fill it out and return it to him.* He will see that it is forwarded to the office of the Civil Service Commission which will maintain the registration file for your area. When the Civil Service Commission receives your card, Department of State officials at the emergency location will be notified. They can then decide where and when you should report back for work. There is another important reason why you should mail in a registration card as soon as you can do so. This card will also enable the Department to keep you on the roster of active employees, and enable it to forward your pay.

You should obtain and complete the registration card as soon after enemy attack as possible but not until you are reasonably sure where you will be staying for a few days. If you change your address after you have sent in a card, get a new one and send it in.—*Directive received by an employee of the State Department.*

But not on Sundays or holidays, of course.



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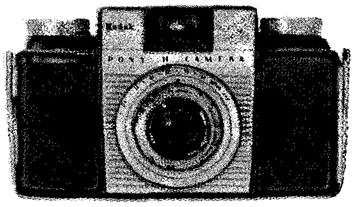
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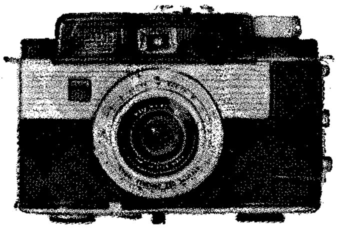
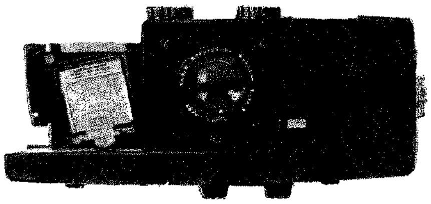


New Kodak Signet 50 Camera . . . $82.50—Built-in exposure meter, *f*/2.8 lens. With flasholder, 2 reflectors. $8.25 down.



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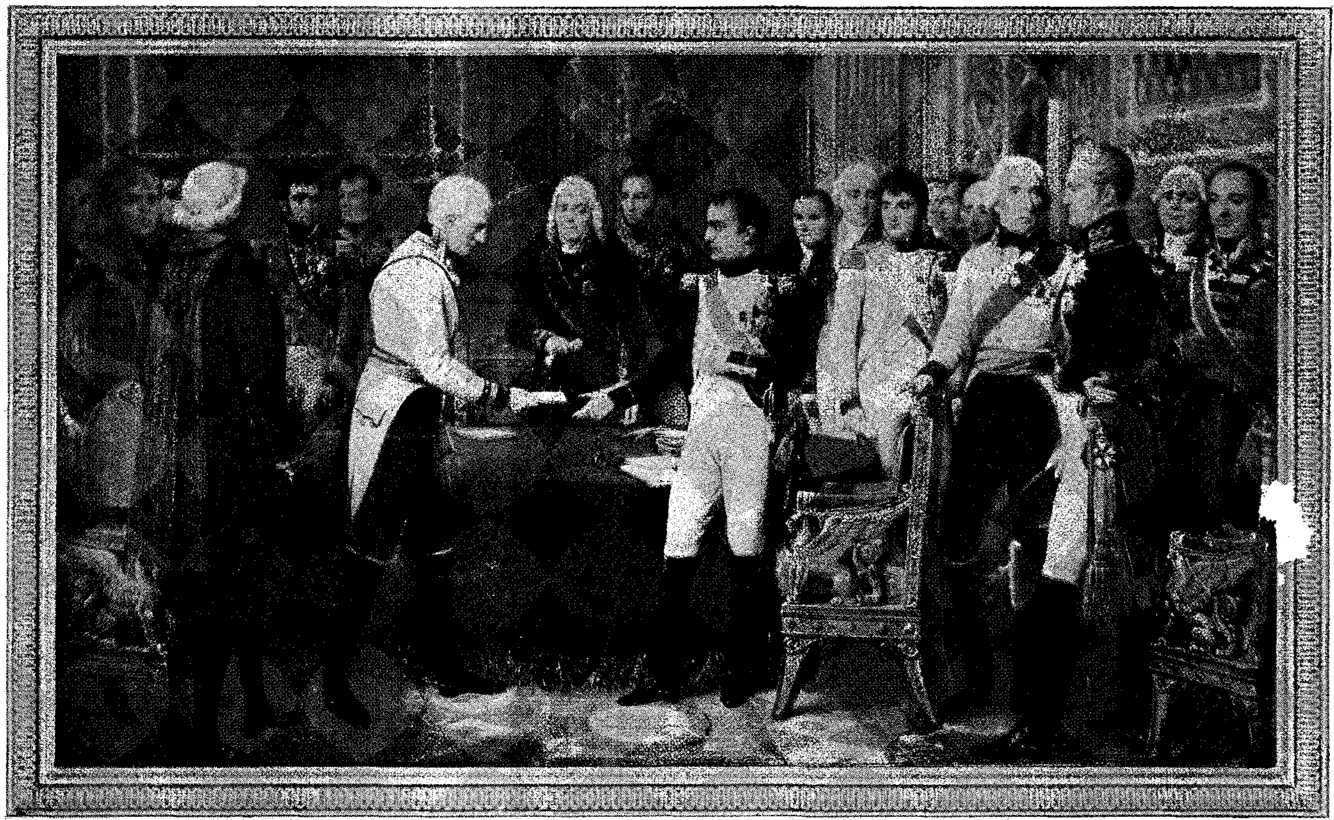

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